

GRAND RAPIDS TRIBUNE.

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DRUMB & SUTOR, Publishers.

Grand Rapids, Wisconsin, Saturday, Dec. 7, 1901.

VOL. XXIX, NO. 31.

New Furniture Store.

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They have gone on improving. Every year has made them better and more capable of producing beautiful music. Ingenuity seems to have reached its top notch in the products of the 20th century. It would be hard to imagine anything more perfect than the Pianos and Organs we sell with their clear ringing tone and easy action. Durable, beautiful, economical.

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JOHN McGLOIN.



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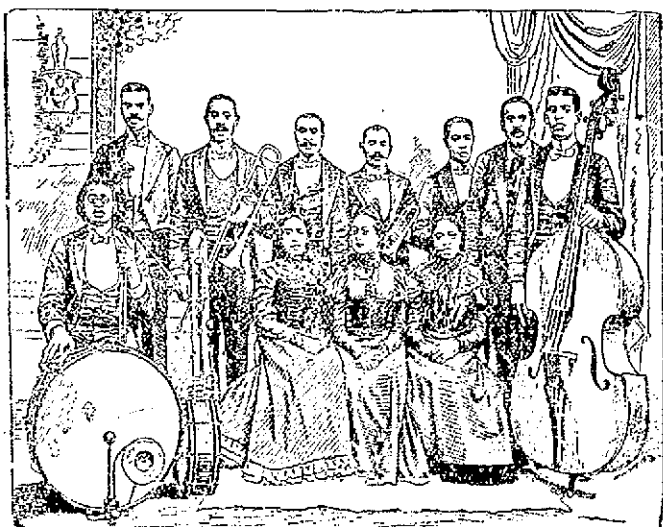
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Grand Rapids Milling Co.

Famous Canadian Jubilee Singers AND IMPERIAL ORCHESTRA.



M. E. Church, Tues. Dec. 10
Tickets on Sale at 20th Century Places

DESTROYED BY FIRE

T. E. NASH'S NEW HOME BURNED

Cause of Conflagration Unknown.
Loss Will Probably Amount
to About \$18,000.

Fire was discovered in the fine new residence of Thos. E. Nash on Monday evening and in spite of the efforts of the fire companies from both sides of the city and the assembled spectators, nothing effective could be done and when day dawned on Tuesday nothing but the walls and a heap of tangled debris remained to mark the spot where but a short time before had stood one of the finest residences in this section of the country.

The fire, when discovered, was in the basement, and was not large, being confined to that part of the house, but before a stream of water was obtained it had spread to the upper floors and by the time the first stream was secured flames were bursting from the upper windows.

At this time the entire building appeared a mass of flames but inside of an hour it seemed as if the fireman had gained the upper hand and were in a fair way to save much of the structure, which was not the case, however, and the fire continued to burn until there was little left, but a pile of ruins.

The fire was discovered about eleven o'clock and it was then in the northeast corner of the basement near the furnace. An alarm was sounded at once and the east side fire company and the steamer were soon on the ground. Those with the steamer were unable to find a place on the steep bank on which to place the steamer until the water had got so low in the boiler that it was dangerous to work the machine. It was taken back to the east side engine house and the boiler refilled when it was again brought to the scene of action and worked with good effect.

In the meantime the west side company was slow to assemble and when they did get their hose wagon out there was no team to haul it. In the extremity the wagon was drawn nearly half way to the fire by hand, when a team was secured and the remainder of the distance made in good time.

It was reported that forty-five minutes elapsed between the time of sounding the first alarm and the securing of the first stream of water. The west side company soon had the flames subdued enough so that it seemed as if a greater part of the building would be saved. Soon after one o'clock, however, the flames broke forth again and in spite of the efforts of both companies the roof and its supports were so burned that everything but the walls fell in a heap of ruins.

This last outbreak of the fire was caused by the failure of the west side water works, so the firemen were left without water of any kind until the engine got to work. It seems that there had gradually accumulated in the stack at the pumping station a deposit of soot, which took fire and heated the stack red hot, so that the engineer in charge had to shut down the pumps and draw the fire, fearing the building was going to burn.

The two companies worked until eight o'clock in the morning and after that the west side company kept a stream playing on the ruins until the last vestige of fire had disappeared.

Mr. Nash estimates his loss on the building at from fifteen to eighteen thousand dollars, and there is an insurance of \$9,000 on the structure.

How the fire originated is not known and the mystery will probably never be solved. Many thought that because the flames started near the furnace that this must have caused the disaster, but Mr. Nash thinks this could hardly be possible. The furnace room had a cement floor with brick sides and a brick arch overhead.

Mr. Nash is of the opinion that one of the workmen may have thrown a match into a corner or emptied a pipe where coals were formed and smoldered along until late at night when it broke into flame. There is a possibility of there having been some oily rags or waste left about which under certain conditions will cause spontaneous combustion in a very short time.

The house was not occupied at the time of the fire, it having been Mr. Nash's idea to move into the new home sometime before the holidays. All of the interior woodwork had been finished and in fact everything of a permanent nature had been placed in position and the painters were gradually closing up their work and but a few days more would have seen the building ready for occupancy.

The new house was to have been one of the handsomest in this part of the state and it was calculated at the start that the outlay on the buildings, etc., would aggregate \$30,000. It is understood, however, that this amount would have been much exceeded before the work was finished. The interior of the building had been finished in the choicest woods, and all the fittings were of the very best, and the building had every modern convenience that it is possible to put into a home. The construction had been along the fireproof plan as much as possible without using brick and steel altogether as is done in the great city buildings, the lathing being of steel to be more permanent as well as to add to the resistance against just such a catastrophe as overtook the building.

Mr. Nash, while greatly disappointed over the frustration of his plans of occupying his new home, accepted his loss philosophically and immediately set about having the work restarted, as much as can be during the cold weather that will soon be prevalent.

The walls of the building are in fairly good condition, only one showing the effects of the heat and it is thought that they can be saved intact, as the heat was not great enough at any time to injure them materially, the fire having at no time reached a stage that would be destructive to brick work on account of the steady application of water.

In speaking of the fire Mr. Nash said that any danger from fire to the new building had never entered his mind as so many precautions had been taken to make the structure fire proof and to surround everything where any fire was to be carried with fire proof material. Mr. Nash and family have occupied their old home for the past twenty years and it being a frame structure and at this time pretty old, it would not have been such a surprise to have been driven out by a conflagration at almost any time.

People who witnessed the destruction of the new house were universal in their regret, not so much on account of the pecuniary loss, but for the disappointment that it must of necessity cause the owner.

Mr. Nash had several experts on the ground on Wednesday, when the loss to the building was estimated to be between \$18,000 and \$20,000. A contract was also immediately entered into by which the reconstruction of the building will commence at once, and the contractor agrees to get it under roof inside of twenty days. After this the work in all parts will be rushed forward as rapidly as possible.

Game Warden's Estimates.

Wausau Record: Geo. W. Brown, deputy game warden for this district, was in town Saturday and in conversation with a representative of the Daily Record stated that the amount of deer being shipped was something enormous. He states that during the shipping season which began Nov. 15, that the express companies have been taxed to their utmost capacity. He estimates that the average shipment over the Wisconsin Central has been at least one hundred per day. The Northwestern has carried about the same number per day, while the valley division of the St. Paul has averaged about fifty per day.

Mr. Brown has made a great many seizures of game, but wherever he has made the discovery that the hunter was trying to comply with the law, he has released the seizure. He has good cases against about twenty persons in this district who have violated the law, who will be arrested and prosecuted as soon as the season is over.

Mr. Brown states that the country north of Marshfield is full of quail, chickens, partridges, etc., and that there are lots of market hunters on the ground who have resorted to all sorts of schemes to get their game to market. These violators have all been spotted and will soon be arrested and tried.

Change in Time.

The Wisconsin Central has inaugurated a change in their time which will no doubt prove quite an improvement over the old schedule.

The run between here and Marshfield is now made in one hour. The morning train leaves Marshfield at 7:30 and arrives here at 8:30. Returning, leaves here at 9:45 and arrives at Marshfield about 10:45. The afternoon train leaves Marshfield at 2:14 and arrives here at 3:20 and, returning, leaves here at 3:35 and arrives at Marshfield at 6:05.

Leaving here at 9:45 in the morning Minneapolis is reached at 5:35 p. m. A train leaves Minneapolis at 7:25 a. m. which arrives here at 3:30 p. m. Close connections are also made in both directions between here and Ashland. A complete time table will be published next week.

Amherst News.

The Jubilee Singers were last night given an immense ovation in the M. E. church, that building being packed to the doors. Every item on the program was first class, everyone was perfectly delighted and in some instances regret seemed to be experienced in not getting some of the artists to give more than three or four encores. The entertainment throughout was such a treat that Amherst would well welcome a return performance. At M. E. church Wednesday, Dec. 11.

Assembly at Port Edwards.

A lodge of the Equitable and Fraternal Union has been organized at Port Edwards and on Wednesday evening the following officers were installed by District Deputy Emil Spear and local deputy Andrew King: President—W. A. Brazeau. Vice president—Emil Grerison. Secretary—C. A. Jaspersen. Treasurer—Hugh Micol. The lodge starts out with 12 members and will be known as Port Edwards Assembly No. 227.

Back in Business.

Alex M. Muir has purchased a half interest in the shoe business with G. S. Kern and will hereafter devote his time to that industry.

Mr. Muir needs no introduction to our readers as a shoe man, and no doubt all will be pleased to hear that he is again engaged in business in our city, and the Tribune has no doubt that he will receive his share of patronage.

Adjudged Insane.

Stephen Kingston was taken to the hospital for the insane on Tuesday, he having become unmanageable by his relatives. Mr. Kingston is a young man only about twenty-five years of age, and being healthy, strong and athletic his case is an especially sad one.

COUNCIL IN SESSION.

Report on the Condition of the Bridge Submitted.

At the meeting of the common council on Tuesday evening, Mayor Wheeler made a report on the condition of the bridge which spans the Wisconsin river at this point. The examination of the bridge was made by Jacob Winger, who is employed by the St. Paul company in the capacity of bridge builder and who is thoroughly conversant with such matters.

Mr. Winger's examination was quite thorough and he found that the bridge is in bad condition, although in no immediate danger of dropping into the river, as some people imagine. The uprights on the bridge were bored into and found to be pretty generally rotted near the center.

Mr. Winger said that the condition of the bridge was not alarming, and that it was not unsafe at the present time, but that in order to maintain it for one year it would be necessary to make extensive repairs, which would probably cost \$1,000.

Mr. Winger stated also that if care were taken to properly distribute the weight of loads crossing the structure that it would undoubtedly stand for one year without any repairs, and he suggested that a man be employed to look after the bridge, to keep the snow cleaned from the structure and to see that no undue weight was assembled in any one part. Mr. Winger also stated that there was no danger of the bridge collapsing suddenly, but that there would be a gradual spreading of the uprights which would give warning of a coming disaster.

The mayor appointed Aldermen Jackson, McCarthy and Kellogg a committee to report on the cost of a new wagon bridge and also for repairs on the present structure.

The application of the Grand Rapids Lighting & Power company for a franchise to put in an electric railway through this city was denied by the council.

Supervisor J. W. Cochran tendered his resignation as a member of the county board from the 6th ward, and H. Flewellan was appointed to fill the vacancy.

Chief Lutz of the east side fire company presented a petition asking that the city purchase a hose wagon, rubber coats and one-half dozen pairs of rubber boots for the east side department. The purchasing committee was instructed to purchase same.

G. Bruderli presented a claim of \$300 against the city for injuries received on account of a defective street crossing. This matter was referred to the city attorney.

The council resolved itself into a board of health at the close of the regular business and a resolution was adopted for the investigation of cases where small pox has been prevalent in a family and the matter has not been reported. It seems that there have been several light cases of smallpox in the city where no physician was employed and the heads of the families have not reported the matter and the families were not quarantined, thus exposing a great many to the disease. There is a fine of from five to twenty-five dollars for negligence of this sort and it is the intention of the board of health to punish the offenders as the law provides.

The council then adjourned.

New Train Service.

The new train service on the Northwestern road started in on Monday morning, and there is now a train each way every day between this city and Marshfield and two each way every day between this city and Milwaukee and Chicago.

Under the time now in operation on the road it is possible to make the trip to Chicago or Milwaukee and return the same day, leaving here at 5 o'clock in the morning, and getting back the same night at 10:25. Leaving here at 5 o'clock in the morning, Milwaukee is reached at 10:45 and Chicago at 1:15. Returning, leave Chicago at 3 p. m. and Milwaukee at 5, arriving here at 10:25. These two trains only run as far as Grand Rapids.

The Marshfield train leaves that city at 8:45 in the morning, arriving here at 10 and at Milwaukee at 3:35 p. m. and in Chicago at 6:10. Returning the train passes through here at 1:35 and arrives in Marshfield at 2:45 p. m. In another column will be found the time table of the new branch and connections.

Organized at Nekoosa.

Nekoosa Assembly, No. 226, of the Equitable and Fraternal Union was organized at Nekoosa on Tuesday evening, Dec. 3, by Emil Spear, district deputy, assisted by local deputy, Andrew King. The following officers were installed:

President—C. L. Stephens.
V. Pres.—Geo. Hinkley.
Post P.—H. E. Herrick.
Secretary—H. E. Fitch.
Treasurer—F. S. Brazeau.
Advisor—W. Sanders.
Warden—S. E. Tracey.
Trustees—Joseph Berard 1 year.
Fred Krenkey 2 years, Herman Ross 3 years.
The new lodge has about 20 members.

Fire at Stevens Point.

The mammoth dry goods store belonging to I. Brill's sons at Stevens Point was destroyed by fire on Thursday morning together with all the contents. The building cost \$10,000, but what the loss on stock will be is not stated.

Several other buildings adjacent were damaged to a limited extent. The origin of the fire is unknown and it was under full headway before discovered at about 2:45 in the morning.

CHAS. S. WHITTLE SEY, FIRE INSURANCE AND REAL ESTATE

Office over Bank of Grand Rapids, West Side.

All business promptly attended to. First class fire insurance at Current Rates.

Over 20,000 acres of wild and improved farming lands for sale. Houses and lots for sale in the city. General agent for The United States Fidelity & Guaranty Co.

Fidelity, Judicial and Contract Bonds furnished.

Will insure banks and business houses against burglary.

HOUSES TO RENT.

FOR SALE—100 acre farm, 40 acres cleared, good house and barn, team, stock and farm machinery, situated town of St. Edwards, one mile from city limits.

FOR SALE—100 acre farm, 35 miles east of city, good house, small barn, cheap.

FOR SALE—80 acre farm, fine house and barn, machinery, situated town of St. Edwards, one mile from city limits.

FOR SALE—Two lots with fine 10 room house, improvements, good location close to business part of city, west side.

FOR SALE—One lot with fine house, modern improvements, good location close to business part of city, west side.

FOR SALE—One lot with fine modern residence, good barn, French St., close to business part of city.

FOR SALE—Two good farms, town of Ardena, Juneau county, 120 and 200 acres respectively. Prices and terms very reasonable. Prices, terms and full particulars furnished at my office.

C. S. WHITTLESEY,
GRAND RAPIDS, WISCONSIN.

Our Store

...is an...

Exposition

...of...

Furniture

every day in the year, and we have demonstrated the fact that we are catering to your wishes always.

Our Stock of

Parlor Furniture,

Bed Room

Furniture,

Dining Room

Furniture

has never been excelled in quality or excellence in price and our many Novelties and Specials are the talk of the town.

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The Furniture Man,
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All business entrusted to my care will have prompt and careful attention. A qualified lady assistant. Special attention given to night calls.

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GRAND RAPIDS, WIS.

SPECIAL NOTICE!

To our many friends and patrons we beg to announce that on and after January 1st, 1902, we will do a strictly cash business. No discounts and only one price to all will be our motto.

Very respectfully yours,
SPAFFORD, COLE & CO.

ALL KINDS OF

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PRICES RIGHT.

E. C. KETCHUM.

TELEPHONE:

Office, 164. Residence, 51.

White Hand

A Tale of the Early Settlers of Louisiana.

BY AUSTIN C. BURDICK

CHAPTER XXI.

Slowly and painfully dragged away the hours and the days to the poor sick wife in New Orleans. Old Loppa was very kind, and so was the physician. Yet Louise had a very strange sickness, and a part of the time she was out of her head. But gradually the delirium passed away, and she was at length able to sit up. Three weeks had she lain thus ere she could rise from her bed; but on the fourth week she was able to walk about the room. It was at the close of the fourth week that her husband returned.

"Have I been away longer than you expected?" he asked.

"No," was the quiet reply, "for I've expected nothing about it."

"Ah!" uttered Simon, with show of chagrin.

"I have been too sick to expect anything," explained Louise.

"Oh?" interposed the husband, more mildly.

"Yes—I have been very sick. I even feared at one time I should never see you again."

There was something so piquant in this that Simon was sure there was sarcasm in it, but he chose not to expose his doubts.

"I, too, have been laid up," he said, after gazing into her face for some moments.

"Ah—how? I noticed your hand was rolled in rags. What has happened? Have you been fighting the wicked Indians?"

Again Simon bit his lip, but he kept calm.

"I have had a duel on your account."

"Is it possible? How was it?"

"I heard you insulted most grossly, and I would not bear it."

"You should not have borne it, at least, if you loved your wife. But who was it?"

"Goupart St. Denis."

Louise started.

"Explain," she said, earnestly and eagerly.

"Hail the name moves you, does it?"

"Why should it not? You know he was once a lover of mine."

This open avowal, so frank and honest, seemed to please Louise, and he went on to explain:

"No matter what was said, but St. Denis struck me. Of course I challenged him. We chose swords. Your father was present. He would have stopped it if he could, for he feared I should get hurt."

"As you did."

"Listen. We fought awhile, and I found that the boy was at my mercy. Twice I refused to press my point upon his open bosom. Finally, when I saw that I would be downright murdered for me to kill him, I made him put up his sword. He asked me for what I had done. He knew not that I only toyed with him. This is only boy's play," said I. "Then put up your sword," said he. I did so, and just as my point touched the ground he brought me a blow across the hand. What do you think of that?"

"Perhaps I ought not to speak my thoughts."

"Surely you ought. What do you think of it?"

"Well, then, I think you have told me very fine story."

"Oh? Do you doubt my word?"

"Doubt you? Doubt the word of Simon Lobo?"

Believe that my own husband could speak falsehood? Never, Simon—never!"

Sharply the scamp looked into Louise's face, but he could detect nothing there, save a calm, cool expression of utter simplicity; yet he knew she was quizzing him.

"But you did not tell me how this all came out," she said. "What did you do after Goupart had struck you on the hand?"

"What could I do? My hand was powerless. I might have knocked him down with my left hand, but I spared him. He was beneath all notice, save that of mere contempt."

"Poor Goupart! Did he know how deep was your contempt for him?"

"What mean you?"

"Why, simply that you could have inflicted no worse punishment upon him than to have let him know that you held him in contempt. It must have nearly killed him."

"Look ye, my fine girl, you are venturing on dangerous ground. You may say too much," uttered Lobo, now showing his anger.

Louise bowed her head a moment, and she seemed to think that her companion spoke the truth, for she quickly replied, after she looked up:

"Excuse me—pardon me. I have but just recovered from a severe sickness, and my first feelings were naturally those of joy and gladness, and you know how often you and I have joked and pestered each other. We have often said very hard things to jest, and I have even pulled your hair till you fairly cried with pain, and yet you never got provoked before."

This was spoken so earnestly, and with so much apparent feeling, that Simon was mollified in a moment.

"Let it pass," he said; "only in future choose a light occasion for light conversation. And now to something of more importance. When can you be ready to go up the river?"

"At any time," answered Louise.

"Very well. I will see the physician this evening, and he governed somewhat by his advice."

Shortly after this Lobo went out, and when he returned he reported that the doctor would come in the morning. So that night Louise was left with Loppa, and on the next morning the doctor came, and with him came the anxious husband. The former examined his patient carefully, and he expressed the opinion that the wife should not undertake the journey under a week at least.

"Then I believe I shall go to Blot. There is a ship ready to sail, and I have some business to do there."

Louise expressed her entire willingness, so Simon resolved to go. In truth he was now expecting soon to be master of

an immense fortune, and he was preparing the way to put it to immediate use. His main object being to obtain a profitable cargo to return to France, which he meant to take his wife as seen as he could dispose of the few remaining obstacles that stood in his way. He started that very night for Blot, and his wife was once more left to the kind care of her faithful attendant.

A week passed away, and her husband came not. She had now so far regained her health that she could walk out in company with Loppa, and the rest was all back to her check.

Another week passed, and she was well and just as she began to wonder if any accident had happened to her husband he made his appearance. That very day there was a large to start up the river. New Orleans was all alarm and excitement. The garrison at Natchez had been surprised by the Indians, and nearly every soul murdered. Only six had escaped, and four of those had this very morning reached the town. Gov. Perier had sent messengers up to the plantations along on the river to put the French on their guard; and now this large, full of soldiers, was about to start up to see if any assistance was required anywhere on the way, and in the meantime a council of officers was to be held to determine what further should be done.

Lobo gained passage for himself and wife, but they were forced to put up with such accommodations as the others had, save that a sheltered place was fixed for Louise, near the stern, in consideration of her recent illness.

Of course the passage up, against the current, was slow, the heavy barge not making a headway of over three miles an hour, and stopping sometimes at the few plantations on the way, so that it was not until the morning of the fifth day that they reached the establishment of Brion St. Julien. But the captain of the boat concluded not to go up to the plantation, so Simon and his wife were landed at the mouth of Walnut river, and from thence they made their way up on foot.

They had gained about half the distance when they were startled, on making a turn upon the river's bank, by seeing a small canoe ahead with two Indians in it.

"Why?" uttered Lobo, after gazing upon the strange scene a few moments.

"They are Natchez Indians. Do the villains mean harm here?"

"Rather a small party for that," said Louise, upon whose mind the sight of a Natchez had not that peculiar effect that it had upon her companion's.

"But we'll watch them. Here—let us keep further away from the bank, and then we can follow them, and not be seen. They surely mean to approach the house. Come, let's hasten, and we'll have them captured. Of course they had a hand in the dreadful massacre."

Louise made no objection to this, and accordingly they took the cross path, and ere long they reached the garden. Half way up the wide path they walked, and here they came to the closed gate of the barricade; but a few loud calls from Simon brought old Tony forth, and they were soon within the enclosure. The faithful negro could at first hardly believe his eyes. He gazed upon the "apparition," as he afterwards called it, and finally a big tear rolled down his sable cheek.

"Mum's the word!" he gasped, extending his broad hands. "Bless heaven!"

With glittering eyes she returned the faithful fellow's grasp and salutation, and then bounded away towards the house, for she saw her father upon the piazza; she waited not for her husband now.

"Father!"

The frailest parent caught his child to his bosom, and with streaming eyes he murmured his thanks, for in that moment of reunion he forgot the dark cloud that hung over his loved one. Before the old man had found his tongue Simon had reached the piazza.

"My father," he uttered, "forgive me if I am abrupt—but you have heard of the dreadful massacre at Port Rosalie?"

"Yes."

"Well, there are two Natchez Indians making their way up here in a canoe. Perhaps they know not of our habitation. Let men be sent out at once to capture them, and we will interrogate them, at least."

That was enough for Tony, for he had followed Simon to the house, and heard this remark. Ever since the abduction of his young "mas'r and missus," he had longed to get hold of an Indian, and here was a chance.

"Only two ob' am, d'y'e say, Mas'r Simon?"

"That's all, Tony."

"I'll hab 'em!" and with this the stout Afric disappeared, and in a few moments more he had four stout companions at his heels on his way to the river.

In the meantime, Simon followed the marquis and his child into the house, and when they reached the sitting room, they found St. Denis there. He looked up and saw the marquis; then he saw Simon Lobo, and then—his eye rested upon that female form. He started to his feet and turned pale as death. That loved face was turned upon him; those soft eyes, now swimming in tears, were bent upon his own, and her name dwelt upon his lips.

"My wife, Monsieur St. Denis," said Lobo, in malignant triumph.

"O, my soul!" burst from the wretched man's lips, and covering his face with his hands, he sank back upon his chair.

Louise seemed upon the point of speaking, but at that moment the tramp of feet and the sound of voices were heard in the hall, and in a moment more the door was thrown unceremoniously open.

CHAPTER XXII.

"Bless heaven!" cried old Tony, bounding into the hall at a wild hop and planting himself directly in the middle of the floor. "We's cotched 'em, mas'r—we's cotched 'em, ah here dey am!"

At this White Hand and Cequala came forward. Simon Lobo was the first to recognize, beneath the Natchez garb and the walnut stain, the youth whom he had hoped to destroy, and a stifled cry broke from his lips, while he turned pale and trembled like an aspen.

The next to recognize the living truth was Louise, and with one bound the brother and sister were in each other's arms. Their stifled exclamations of joy awoke the parent to his senses, and in a moment more he held them both upon his bosom.

"My children," he cried, raising his streaming eyes to heaven, "O, how bliss is this moment! Almost it makes me feel to bow in humble resignation to the

dreadful blow that has been inflicted upon me!"

"Louis, my dear boy," at this juncture exclaimed Simon, having now recovered his presence of mind sufficiently to hide his real emotions of fear and chagrin.

"Dear Louis, let me welcome you back to our home."

And as he spoke he advanced and extended his hand. The youth gazed upon him a moment in stony silence.

"Simon Lobo," he uttered, drawing proudly up, "I did not think you would offer me that hand!"

"How—a ch?" gasped the wretch, turning pale again. "You should not thus reject the hand of your brother-in-law."

White Hand started.

"Brother-in-law?" he repeated. "Are you mad?"

"No—I am a husband."

White Hand crossed over to where Louise stood and took her by the hand. They whispered together a moment, and then the youth turned towards Simon.

"Villain!" he exclaimed, "you forced her to this!"

"She consented to the marriage," returned Simon, triumphantly.

St. Denis sprang to his feet. He moved to Louise's side, and grasped her hand.

"Louise," he said, in a broken voice, "tell me all; tell me if you gave this man your heart; for in the years of darkness that shall follow this blow, it will afford a glimmer of light to know I am not all forgotten by my soul's idol."

"Goupart, he forced me to the marriage."

"Silence!" thundered Lobo, starting towards where the speaker stood. "Louise, remember you are my wife, and as such I claim obedience. Breathe another word of calumny on my head and I'll make you wish your tongue had been torn out by the roots ere you used it so."

"Simon, you know you did force me to become your wife."

At this moment St. Denis started up, and his dark eyes burning with fire, he said:

"Stand back, villain! You are her husband, but dare to interfere now and I'll suit you as I would a venomous reptile."

"And I am with you, Goupart," added White Hand, starting forward, and clenching his fists. "Go on, sister."

Simon Lobo gazed first upon St. Denis, and then upon the dark-skinned youth, and he feared them. Then he looked towards the aged parent, who stood with his hands to his eyes sobbing as though his poor heart would break; and the villain evidently felt uncomfortable.

"I refused him at first," continued the unfortunate one, "and told him I loved Goupart St. Denis. Then he told me he had seen my father's wealth accumulate under his care, and had looked on a part of it as belonging to him, and he would not now see another come in and snatch that wealth away. He determined to have his share. I told him if he forced me to become his wife I would beg of my father to give me not a son. Then he swore if such a thing were done, he would make my life such a scene of torture I should pray for death to come and relieve me."

"Liar!" hissed Simon.

"No—no," calmly replied Louise; "I speak but truth." Then turning to her listeners: "But I refused to marry him, and on the very next night, after midnight, two stout men came and carried me away. I was weak and faint then, for I had but just recovered from sickness. Yet they carried me away—and locked me in a dark prison house. They refused me both food and drink. There I came night fasting with hunger and thirst. At length the villain came to me; and when I begged for a drop of water he swore I should have none till I had promised to be his wife! My mind was dithering, and thirst made me frantic. I promised to be his wife! Then he brought me bread and milk; he took me from the prison, and soon arrangements were made for the wedding. He had obtained the consent of the colonial governor, and we were married in the church. When the priest put his questions to me, I was burning with fever, and a dreadful sickness was upon me. Yet my mind was not shaken. I promised to the best of my abilities to do all he had asked of me. Then we were pronounced man and wife, and I begged of him to hurry away, for I was faint and sick. I reached our home; the fever seized me, and I raged for many weeks. Health came at last, and I reached my father's house."

(To be continued.)

When the Roosters Crow.

The feelings of some honest folk from the country when they visit a large city have been very accurately described by a Chicago paper, and as this old farmer says, there's very little difference between city and country if you only look for the things which they have in common.

"I'm all right in Chicago if I can hear the roosters crow once in a while," said John, "but when I don't hear them I get pretty homesick, and want to hurry back to the old farm in Ford County. That's why I always pick out lodgings as close as I can get to South Water street."

"I come up here once in a while on business of my own, and I feel at home well enough down at the stock-yards in the daytime, where the hogs grunt and the cattle bellow, but I'm lonesome at night when I can't hear the roosters."

"I reckon if you was down on my farm a night or two, you'd be mighty glad to hear a street-car gong, or a steamboat whistle, or a wagon clattering over the stones. When a fellow has heard a rooster crow about sunup every morning for forty years, he doesn't feel just right when he gets where there are no roosters."

"You can talk all you please about your clean city and your 'city beauties,' as the newspapers call it, but I'd rather smell a clover field in this town when I'm lonesome than the sweetest flowers you've got on State street."

"I recollect Parson Cross saying once, in a sermon, that a touch of nature makes the whole world kin. Somehow when I hear a rooster crow up here, or a sheep bleat, or get the smell of a stable, it makes me feel that Chicago people ain't so much different from us on the farm, after all."

PAPERS BY THE PEOPLE

Distribution of Immigrants.

The number of immigrants coming into this country between 1820 and June 30, 1890, was 19,115,221. Prior to 1820 the government did not take account of immigration, but the generally accepted estimate of the total immigration between the adoption of the constitution and 1820 is but 250,000. This number is not included in the above total.

The character of the immigration has changed in the most interesting way. From 1821 to 1850 23 per cent of our immigration came from Canada and Newfoundland; during the next decade, 1851 to 1860, the percentage was the same, and during the last decade only 0.1 per cent of the immigrants were from those sections. From 1821 to 1850 24.2 per cent came from Germany, and in the next decade 36.6 per cent, this being the highest percentage reached by the Germans. During the last decade the Germans supplied only 13.7 per cent of our foreign immigration. During the period first named, 1821 to 1850, Great Britain furnished 15 per cent of the immigrants, and in the next decade 10.3 per cent. Then came a large increase from Great Britain between 1861 and 1870, the percentage being 26.2; from 1871 to 1880 it was 19.5, while for the last decade it was but 7.4. From 1821 to 1850 Ireland furnished 42.3 per cent of our immigrants, and between 1851 and 1860 35.2 per cent. Since then there has been a rapid decrease, and between 1891 and 1900 Ireland furnished but 10.5 per cent of our immigrants. These from Norway and Sweden constituted only 0.6 per cent between 1821 and 1850. The Scandinavians increased in numbers between 1881 and 1890, when their proportion was 10.8 per cent; during the last decade it was 8.7 per cent.

The immigration from the whole group just named, Canada and Newfoundland, Germany, Great Britain, Ireland and Norway and Sweden, shows a marked relative decrease. While the immigrants from these countries constituted 74.3 per cent of the whole number of immigrants during the entire period under discussion, they furnished between 1821 and 1850 54.4 per cent of the total, and during the next decade 31.2 per cent, since which time there has been a rapid decrease, this group of countries during the last decade furnishing but 40.4 per cent.

These figures enable us to bring into direct and sharp comparison the immigration from countries which fifty years ago furnished hardly any increment to our population. From 1851 to 1860 Austria-Hungary sent no immigrants to this country, or not enough to make any impression upon the statistics, but between 1861 and 1870 the immigration from that country was 0.4 per cent, during the next decade 2.6 per cent, from 1881 to 1890 6.7 per cent, while during the last decade it was 16.1 per cent. Italy, beginning with 0.2 per cent during the period from 1821 to 1850, increased to 2 per cent between 1851 and 1860, and to nearly 6 per cent during the next decade, while during the last decade that country furnished 17.7 per cent of our total number. The proportions for Russia and Poland are almost identical with those of Italy. Those two countries, taken together, beginning with only 0.1 per cent of our total number of immigrants between 1821 and 1850, increased but slightly until between 1881 and 1890, when they contributed 5 per cent, and during the last decade 16.3 per cent. These three sections—Austria-Hungary, Italy and Russia and Poland—taken together, contributed during the last decade 50.1 per cent of our immigrants, as against 40.4 per cent, as stated, for the group of five countries first named; 9.5 per cent came from elsewhere.

During the year ending on June 30, 1900, the total number of immigrants was 448,572. Of this number, 2,392 belonged to the professional class, 61,443 were skilled laborers, 103,508 were laborers, while 131,941, including women and children, had no specified occupation. The State having the largest percentage



age of foreign born in 1900 was North Dakota, that element constituting 35.4 per cent; the next largest being Rhode Island, with 31.4 per cent. The other extreme is found in the Southern States, where the lowest percentage is in North Carolina, her foreign born constituting but 0.2 per cent of her total population. Nearly all the States in the southern section come below 5 per cent. The number of foreign born in some States seems to be decreasing; in fact, the percentage in the whole country has decreased 1 per cent.

CARROLL D. WRIGHT,
United States Commissioner of Labor.

Women Should Preach.

Women should be substituted for men in the pulpit as evangelists and exponents of the gospel. Women preachers would present the woman's side of religion, and that is something that the men preachers rarely or never do.

How frequently and with what unctious the preachers select and dwell upon the thirty-fifth chapter of Proverbs, in which the worth of virtuous women is put far beyond rubies and fine gold.

"But virtue in women is given such a narrow interpretation by many. It has so much broader significance. By this I mean that a virtuous woman is a woman who is a good mother, one able to conduct her household in the best way, who could manage a business or any large enterprise."

"This is the woman whose worth is not to be measured by rubies or fine gold."

"Again, sermons dealing with 'The Increase of Mother Love' are very popular, but how often do you hear one on 'The Responsibilities of Fatherhood'?"

"If women were in the pulpit they would handle these subjects from their point of view and show to men that they, too, have responsibilities that must not be disregarded."

"The virtuous woman of the proverb is increasing in numbers every day. You will find her in nearly every business—as clerk in a coal office, as stenographer in a bank, as bookkeeper in a department store—in a score of other occupations."

"She is self-supporting and therefore independent. She has numerous avenues of effort opening before her. She does not have to marry; she does not have to ask any one for money."

"It is this independence that will finally solve the social problem."

"Let the womanhood of to-day realize that strength, wisdom and every talent or grace which develops Christian character affords an example that shall last through the ages. And the heart of the pulpit should hold ascendancy over the intellect, as truly as the heart of the individual should control the brain."

ELIZABETH B. GRANNIS,
President of the National Christian League for the Promotion of Social Purity.

Laws Against Anarchy.

The anarchist is not the foe of one nation or form of government, but the enemy of all. For this reason there should be joint action in every civilized land to stamp out the brood entirely.

For an attempt on the life of a President I would make the penalty much more severe than for an ordinary assault. Life imprisonment, probably, would be a fitting punishment for the crime. We have outgrown the idea of inflicting the death penalty for a lesser crime than murder, and I would not return to it. Nor would I make such im-

prisonment at solitary confinement, as has been recommended. The object of punishment is twofold: to serve as an example to others and to protect society by removing the criminal from a position where he might further endanger lives and liberties. As to the deterrent effect of the punishment upon others, life imprisonment would probably serve as well as capital punishment. Conspirators against the life of a ruler or high official of our own or any country, when the conspiracy results in the death of the person plotted against, should be held equally guilty with the one by whose blow death is inflicted, and all doubt should be removed, so that there should be provided the same degree of punishment as for the murderer.

Laws should also be enacted making it a misdemeanor, punishable by long imprisonment, either in writing or by spoken words, to incite to violence against the life of any person. This law should be, however, carefully safeguarded so that it would not interfere with the rights of free speech guaranteed by the constitution. Incitement to acts of general violence during a strike or other disturbance, for instance, should not be punished so severely. The law should especially aim to prevent the promulgating and teaching of the doctrine of anarchy.

There is, in my opinion, no necessity for amending the constitution of the United States to secure proper laws for the treatment of anarchy. State laws are or can be made amply sufficient, and the prosecution for conspiracy or other encroachment of anarchy properly belongs in the State where the crime is committed. Convictions are more readily and quickly secured, also, under the State laws.

At present the punishment provided by the federal statutes for such crimes as have been mentioned is wholly insufficient. No one has thought of the possibility of anarchy and attempts upon the President's life, and hence there is none in force where Congress has jurisdiction to sufficiently punish the criminals and avert such calamities as that at Buffalo.

Anarchy differs from rebellion in that it opposes all law and seeks the overthrow of all government. It is a crime not against a nation but against civilization, and must be so treated.

FOSTER M. VOORHEES,
Governor of New Jersey.

Labor Unions and Workingmen.

The question of organized labor is not a question of wages. It is a question of moral vitality. It is a question of administration, of running your own works in your own way.

I have nothing to do with labor organization, but if I was a workingman, and I was at one time, I would not belong to a labor organization. They put all men on the same level. If I was a bright, alert, competent man, I would not be put in the same class with the poorest man. Organized labor means that no man can advance unless all the others advance.

CHARLES M. SCHWAB,
President of the U. S. Steel Corporation.

American Schoolhouses.

The school houses in this country are for the most part dreadful and are a matter of the greatest surprise to me. I have seen some which are little more than barns and which seem positively unsafe and unhealthy.

Such a state of affairs is not right in this land, where there is a justifiable boast of the public school system, the best of all agencies in the advancement of humanity. But I know the trouble with your schools—you have too much politics mixed with your education. I have ascertained approximately the amount of money expended by the people for school houses, and the results are not at all commensurate. There should be a better showing for the generosity of the people, but there has been a dreadful leakage, and the people will have to be generous again to remedy the conditions.

ELIZABETH P. HUGHES,
Educational Agent of the British Government.

Pressure in Ocean's Deepest Depths.

There are spots in the ocean where the water is five miles deep, and it is true that the pressure of the water on any body in the water is one pound to the square inch for every two of the depth, anything at the bottom of one of "five miles" holes would have a pressure about it of 13,200 pounds to every square inch.

An Exact Fit.

Cumso—The band played a most appropriate tune at the horse show.

Cawker—What was it?

"Listen to my tale of woe,"—Philadelphia North American.

Timour the Tartar

Tamerlane, the Tartar conqueror, had a club foot. His real name was Timour Lenk, or Timour the Lame.

An old bachelor says being possessed is nine points of the law with women.

Entered at the Post Office at Grand Rapids, Wis., as second-class mail matter.

SUBSCRIPTION RATES.

One Year.....\$1.50
Six Months......75

Grand Rapids, Wis., Dec. 7, 1901.

A Brutal Murder.

John O'Brien returned on Thursday from Antigo where he had been to attend the funeral of his brother, conductor F. M. O'Brien, whose funeral occurred on Wednesday. Mr. O'Brien was brutally murdered on Sunday by a man named Phil Ryan without any provocation whatever.

The story of the murder is about as follows: Mr. O'Brien was returning from church with his wife on Sunday and stepped into a saloon to buy a cigar, his wife walking on ahead.

In the saloon he met Ryan whom he asked to have a cigar with him, which the latter refused. Ryan had been shipping pulp wood and a car that he wanted had not been set out onto the sidetrack for him and he asked Mr. O'Brien why it had not been done. He replied that the work would be done that day and was in the act of leaving when Ryan drew a revolver and shot Mr. O'Brien in the head, from the effects of which he died the same day.

Ryan immediately gave himself up and stated that he did not intend to kill O'Brien at all. Ryan has borne a hard reputation for a number of years and has been in jail before for having drawn a revolver. When the people of Antigo found that Mr. O'Brien's injuries had proven fatal there was a movement to lynch Ryan, but he was saved by the officers of the law.

The murdered man was 35 years old and leaves a wife and four children, who reside at Antigo. He was well liked by all his associates and has been an employee of the Northwestern railway company for many years. He had visited this city several times but had never made his home here. Miss Ella O'Brien of this city accompanied her father to Antigo to attend the funeral.

Unclaimed Letters.

East Side.

Following is the list of unclaimed letters in the east side postoffice, for the week ending Dec. 5, 1901:

Cawford, Miss Maude	Douglty, Mathew
Drexler, Miss Mary	Dutkiewicz, John
Haugen, Mrs. N. J.	Engstrom, Martin
Knutson, Mrs. Louise	Foss, G. L.
Klein, Miss Minnie	Francis, Lee 2
Ackerman, Aug	Hall, H. A.
Balt, S. J.	James, Geo
Bell, David	Jungens, Gillmore
Brown, John	Kanderson, Aug
Burgelt, J. S.	Knight, Mathew
Clyn, F.	Libbey, Chas
Shabban, I.	Marshall, Sam
Vaughn & Son, Messrs	Parfent, Chas E
Yorkick, H. C.	Stoler, R. R. Frank
Cortigan, J.	Stoler, R. R. Willie
Delaven, Carl	Ryerson, J. C.
Olson, Oliver	

Persons calling for the above please say "advertised."

A. L. FOSTAINE, Postmaster.

West Side.

List of letters unclaimed in the west side postoffice, for the week ending Dec. 4, 1901.

Roden, Chas	Ruchera, J
Shaw, Lizette	Mc Gillin, Lyndall
Smurkey, Ray	Wister, Albert, 2

Persons calling for the above named letters will please say "advertised."

W. H. COCHRAN, Postmaster.

How's This?

We offer one hundred dollars reward for any case of catarrh that cannot be cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure.

F. J. CHENEY & Co.
We, the undersigned, have known F. J. Cheney for the last 15 years and believe him perfectly honorable in all business transactions and financially able to carry out any obligations made by their firm. West & Triax, wholesale druggists, Toledo, O. Walding, Kinnam & Marvin, wholesale druggists, Toledo, O. Hall's catarrh cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Price 75 c. per bottle. Sold by all druggists. Testimonials free. Hall's Family pills are the best.

Commissioners Appointed.

Stevens Point Journal: W. J. Conway of Grand Rapids was in the city today and secured the appointment by the circuit court of three commissioners to appraise certain lands in the town of Almond. The lands were taken and are now used by the Chicago & Northwestern railway for right of way and it will be the duty of the commissioners to fix the value of the same. The commissioner appointed by the court are Robert Maine of this city, A. E. Bourn of Plover and J. L. Dopp of Belmont. Each will receive \$10 a day and expenses for the time employed. Their first meeting will be held Dec. 10 in the office of the circuit court. Later they will view the land and may take testimony as to the value of the same if they choose to do so.

Brain Food Nonsense.

Another ridiculous food fad has been branded by the most competent authorities. They have dispelled the silly notion that one kind of food needed for brain, another for muscles, and still another for bones. A correct diet will not only nourish a particular part of the body, but it will sustain every other part. Yet, however good your food may be, its nutrient is destroyed by indigestion or dyspepsia. You must prepare for their appearance or prevent their coming by taking regular doses of Green's August Flower, the favorite medicine of the healthy millions. A few doses aids digestion, stimulates the liver to healthy action, purifies the blood and makes you feel buoyant and vigorous. You can get Dr. G. G. Green's reliable remedies at Johnson & Hill Co. Get Green's special almanac.

Rockers

For young or old, large or small, black or white, at prices that will fit any size pocketbook. Remember a picture goes with every sale at GEO. A. BAKER'S furniture store, East Side.

CRANMOOR.

Thanksgiving coming on our report day last week we took a lay off though we might have noted the return home of Miss Harriet Whittlesey after a three weeks sojourn with friends at Green Bay and vicinity—of the visit home of Atty. H. E. Fitch and Chas. Whittlesey to eat turkey at their respective homes—the home coming Friday night of the high school boys for a two days' stay—of Rev. Kroll holding the church service Tuesday evening—of the trip down Wednesday of A. C. Bennett of Grand Rapids—and of Edward Kruger attending the ball game Thursday at Grand Rapids and whose son Charles is one of the team.

S. N. Whittlesey took the morning passenger train Monday for Grand Rapids and the noon train from that point for Milwaukee and Chicago, where he is spending a week.

Mrs. Dolph Demarais of Minneapolis went through here Monday noon en route for her home. She has some warm friends at this place that would enjoy a visit from her.

U. R. Burn of Berlin, arrived on the evening train Wednesday and left on the noon train Thursday, making but a short stay this time.

Rev. Kroll spent Tuesday afternoon here, instructing his class of four for confirmation and calling on some of the people.

Miss Cora Grunshaw visited with friends up town first of the week returning home on the Tuesday evening train.

Harry Whittlesey and Emory Bennett made their regular weekly trip to Prof. Reuter's music room Thursday.

Mrs. Grunshaw and younger children have gone down the line for a visit to the old home.

Miss Dorothy Fitch returned to her post at Nekeosa Monday a. m. after a week at home.

Chas. and Edward Kruger and Roy Lester resumed high school work Monday.

Mrs. Caroline Fitch was a city visitor the middle of the week.

J. W. Fitch transacted business at Port Edwards Tuesday.

Robt. Skeel and wife spent Tuesday at Grand Rapids.

BABCOCK.

The boys have the laugh on Chas. Miller now. On Wednesday Chas. took the afternoon train for Grand Rapids. Coming home on No. 2 he fell asleep and as no one aroused him he slept until the train arrived at New Lisbon. Imagine his surprise and chagrin on awakening 30 miles from home with the train carrying him still farther away.

The dance at the Oakland given by the A. O. U. W. was a success in every way. The attendance was very large, there being many couples from out of town. Despite the crowded condition of the hall, everyone reports a royal good time.

Miss Della Polifka of Tomah, who has been teaching the seventh grade in the Merrill schools, passed through here Saturday night on her way back to Merrill. She had been spending her Thanksgiving vacation at her home.

On Sunday p. m. last, the Rev. Mr. Brierly conducted services in the M. E. church. In the evening Sunday School Missionary W. J. Large of Lacrosse held a meeting to discuss the matter of starting a Sunday school here.

Wm. L. Boyce of Grand Rapids, who is traveling salesman for Weeks & Weeks marble works of Plainfield, drove down from Pittsville on Tuesday and on Wednesday he drove back to Grand Rapids.

A party consisting of Homer E. S. Potter and wife, Mr. Potter's father and Mrs. Dimpke all of Necedah drove down from Pittsville Friday p. m. and took the south bound train for home.

Miss Mary Bunge of Pittsville stopped over in Babcock Friday, while on her way back from Grand Rapids, where she had been spending Thanksgiving at her home.

Attorney Fitch of Nekeosa, who assisted at the A. O. U. W. dance on Thursday, took the north bound passenger Sunday morning.

Miss Eva Miller, who was confined for some time with diphtheria, has improved so rapidly that the quarantine has been raised.

The Lyceum held its regular meeting on Wednesday evening. A very interesting program was rendered.

Miss Clara Schultz spent Thanksgiving with her parents here. She remained with them over Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. E. S. Hunkins of Pittsville were in town for a few minutes on Friday p. m.

On Thursday E. W. Ring and J. D. Potter of Pittsville drove down to Babcock on business.

Sheriff McLaughlin dropped in upon us Sunday. Jim appears to be just as good natured as ever.

Miss Lulu Emmons returned on Friday from her visit with relatives at Grand Rapids.

C. H. Finley of Pittsville transacted business here on Wednesday and also on Thursday.

J. P. Molloy departed Monday morning for an extended visit among relatives in Iowa.

T. T. Cummings made a business trip to Pittsville and vicinity on Saturday.

Frank Remington killed another deer out at North Bluff one day last week.

B. G. Chandos of Grand Rapids was in town on business the first of the week.

W. C. McGlynn of Pittsville transacted business in this village on Friday.

Jesse Hopgood of Grand Rapids stopped over between trains on Saturday.

Mr. and Mrs. Jack Disher departed Saturday noon for a visit in Chicago.

Miss Mamie Malloy of Pittsville spent Sunday with her parents.

Henry Sampson of Grand Rapids was seen in town Saturday.

Mrs. J. A. Close visited over Saturday and Sunday in Necedah.

Mrs. Wm. Sullivan departed Sunday night for Milwaukee.

C. O. Baker was seen on our streets Sunday.

VESPER.

On Monday C. R. Goldsworthy leased the saw mill to Spencer, Johnson & Spencer of Milwaukee, Ill., for one year. The new firm will commence operations at once and will buy logs and do custom sawing.

C. R. Goldsworthy has, during the past week, sold lots to John Remus, Chas. Trentel and Mr. Calvin of Waukesha, the new engineer at the mill.

Mrs. F. A. Goedecke left for Milwaukee Tuesday, where she was called to attend the funeral of a brother-in-law.

John Flanagan attended services at the Catholic church at the Rapids on Sunday.

C. R. Goldsworthy made a business trip to Milwaukee on Tuesday.

Dr. Goedecke transacted business at Grand Rapids on Monday.

A good Cough Medicine.

From the Gazette, Toowoomba, Australia: I find Chamberlain's cough remedy is an excellent medicine. I have been suffering from a severe cough for the last two months, and it has effected a cure. I have great pleasure in recommending it.—W. C. Wockner. This is the opinion of one of our oldest and most respected residents and has been voluntarily given in good faith that others may try the remedy and be benefited, as was Mr. Wockner for sale by Johnson & Hill Co.

Society and Club Notices.

The Woman's Club will meet next Monday evening with Mrs. R. T. Harmon.

The Ladies' Aid society of the First Congregational church, west side, will meet next Wednesday evening with Mrs. Frank Garrison. All are cordially invited to attend.

The Historical and Literary society will meet on Monday evening with Mrs. Charlotte Renne.

The Ladies' Aid society of the M. E. church, west side, will meet on Wednesday afternoon with Mrs. C. F. Kellogg.

The Ladies' Aid society of the First Congregational church of the east side will meet Thursday evening, Dec. 19, with Mrs. A. L. Fontaine. Articles will be on sale for Christmas. Refreshments served. All are cordially invited.

Saw Death Near.

"It often made my heart ache," writes L. C. Overstreet, of Mgin, Tenn., "to hear my wife cough until it seemed her weak and sore lungs would collapse. Good doctors said she was so far gone with consumption that no medicine or earthly help could save her, but a friend recommended Dr. King's New Discovery and persistent use of this excellent medicine saved her life." It's absolutely guaranteed for coughs, colds, bronchitis, asthma and all throat and lung diseases. 50c and \$1 at John E. Daly and Johnson & Hill Co.

Remember Strogoff.

Next Thursday evening December 12, is the date set for Michael Strogoff, which will be produced at the opera house that evening by home talent. The show promises to be a good one and no doubt a large crowd will be in attendance. Special scenery and costumes have been engaged for the occasion, and no pains will be spared to make the production one of spectacular merit. Reserved seats will be sold at the usual places at 35 and 50 cents.

A Woman's Awful Peril.

"There is only one chance to save your life and that is through an operation" were the startling words heard by Mrs. I. B. Hunt of Lime Ridge, Wis., from her doctor after he had vainly tried to cure her of a frightful case of stomach trouble and yellow jaundice. Gall stones had formed and she constantly grew worse. Then she began to use Electric Bitters which wholly cured her. It's a wonderful stomach, liver and kidney remedy. Cures dyspepsia, loss of appetite. Try it. Only 50 cts. Guaranteed. For sale by Johnson & Hill Co. and John E. Daly.

—Smoke the Winneschek cigar
The best ten cent smoke on earth.

A Great Curiosity.

Wausau Record: Dr. Russell Lyon Thursday received from Alaska a mastodon's tooth which is a great curiosity. The tooth weighs about twenty pounds and is supposed to be in the neighborhood of four thousand years old. It was picked up by his brother Rube, who, knowing the doctor's weakness for curiosities, forwarded it to him.

If You Could Look
Shiloh's
Consumption
Cure

Guaranteed to cure Consumption, Bronchitis, Asthma, and all Lung Troubles. Cures Coughs and Colds in a day. 25 cents. Write to S. C. WELLS & Co., Le Roy, N. Y., for free trial bottle.

Karl's Clover Root Tea purifies the Blood

(First Publication 11-23-01)

Notice of Final Settlement.
State of Wisconsin—Wood County—
In County Court.

In the matter of the estate of Dora King, deceased.

On application of Theodore Lipke, Administrator with annexed of the Estate of Dora King, deceased, for the adjustment and allowance of his account, and for his discharge as such administrator.

It is ordered, that said account be examined, adjusted and allowed, at a special term of said court, to be held in the court house, in the city of Grand Rapids, said county of Wood, on the 10th Tuesday of December, to wit, the 26th day of December, A. D. 1901, at nine o'clock in the forenoon of said day.

And it is further ordered, that notice of the time and place of the examination and allowance of said account, be given to all persons interested, by publication of a copy of this order, for three successive weeks before said day, in the Grand Rapids Tribune, a weekly newspaper published at the city of Grand Rapids, in said Wood County.

Dated November 15th, A. D. 1901.

By the Court, JOHN A. LAYTON, County Judge.

TRADE
Where the
MAJORITY
TRADE.
IT PAYS.

Here is a great Outfitting Establishment doing business along the most modern and progressive lines. A retail outlet for immense quantities of merchandise each season. A store that gives its public the advantage of Lowest Price Always, quality considered. Large buying, and unhampered buying facilities afford money saving opportunities here that are most emphatic.

Men's Suits.

Loudly might we proclaim the merit of our Fall and Winter Suits for Men. Strong adjectives might be used to emphasize their price lowness. We prefer the moderate tone, the believable story. The carefully stated fact, you can tie to truth. You can believe facts. You never find an untruth in a K. & O. ad.

Men's fancy Cheviots and Tweeds,..... suits.....\$5 to 7.50
Men's blue serges, black worsted suits, single or double breasted.....\$5 to 22
Fancy worsted checks & stripes \$10 to 18.50
Vicunas and Oxford Greys at....\$10 to 20

Overcoat Weather.

There's just enough nipping in the air to wear one with comfort. Have you one to put on? No! Then you should see the very big variety we show. Prices begin at \$5 and advance to \$30.

The \$5 Coats Are Good Ones.

The \$10 ones better, the \$12 and \$15 are still better, and then up to \$30 range the fine and finest. The cheapest will keep you as comfortable as the best. They'll all give satisfaction for the full of their cost. Our stock is large enough that we can furnish every man the size and style, color and goodness required.

Top Coats for the Boys.

From the little tot of three to the big boy of twenty, and such garments! Oxfords and Coverts, Whipcords and Vicunas, just like the men's, exactly, in cut, style and shade.

\$3 to \$5 for the Children's.

\$5 to \$15 for the Big Boys'.

Reefers for the boys, ages three to fifteen, nobby and neat with warmth that protects against colds. They allow freedom for winter sports. Chinchillas, Kerseys and Friezes. Have deep storm collar, price \$2.00 to \$6.00

Boy's Vestee Suits, ages three to ten, price.....\$1.00 to \$6.50
Young Men's Long Pants Suits in neat patterns and splendidly trimmed and made, ages fifteen to twenty, price.....\$3.00 to \$12.50

Furnishing Goods Department.

Grander Stocks, Bigger Assortment. Every article in the smaller fixings for perfectly dressed man is here new, snappy and up-to-date. You can rely on our price being the lowest and styles absolutely correct. If you want the right furnishing for any and all occasions you must buy them of us.

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Men's finer grade fleece lined, pure lamb's wool, warranted not to wash off, the best garment in the world for the money, our price.....50c

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All wool sweaters in navy, maroon, black and green colors, also fancy combination in stripes, any size.....\$1.00 to \$4.00

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Men's lined gloves and mittens.....10c
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Men's and boys' caps, any style, any color you wish is here, and if here it's right, price from 25c to \$2

We carry a large stock of Men's Rubber Boots and Lumbermen's Rubbers with or without leather tops. In Men's Overshoes and Felt Boots we are giving good quality as well as reasonable prices. Not too cheap but good.

MEN'S NECKWEAR.

Our neckwear has that tone and air of exclusiveness about it that cannot be found in other lines. In this department, as well as all others, we strive to give extra values at popular prices—25c, 50c and 75c. You can buy cheap, commonplace neckwear any place, but for something exclusive and fashionable you must come to us.

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Corliss Coon Collars and Cuffs made from finest Irish linen in all the very latest styles. Collars, 15c, two for 25c. Cuffs, 25c.

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A List of What We Carry.

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All coats with quilted linings are provided with leather sweat shields and our new wrist protector. Each and every garment is made with a view to service and durability. We will replace any skin found to be defective or repair any defects in workmanship free of charge within one year. These facts are worthy your careful consideration and should be fully taken into account when making your purchases. Others may quote you lower prices on some grades but we know we can give you better values. Fifty cents to one dollar and a half more on a coat should not weigh against from one to three years additional wear.

GRAND RAPIDS TRIBUNE.

HOLIDAY NUMBER 16 PAGES. PART 2, EIGHT-PAGES.

DRUMB & SUTOR, Publishers.

Grand Rapids, Wisconsin, Saturday, Dec. 7, 1901.

VOL. XXIX, NO. 31.

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"Spafford."

SPECIAL SALE

Monday, December 9th, we will place on sale 5 Gross of Ebony and Sterling Silver novelties. This assortment is comprised of the following articles:

**Slipper Horns
Button Hooks
Tooth Brushes
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Paper Cutters
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Rotary Blotters
Letter Seals**

These are articles that formerly sold for 25c each; some people have sold them for 10c each.

Our price 5c Each.

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NUMBER
ONE

DAN MASON'S CHRISTMAS

BY
**JOSEPH A.
ALTSHELER**

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Joseph A. Altsheeler.

THE soldiers were in a splendid humor. They had won a victory the week before and were now resting securely among the hills, with no prospect of hard duty for at least a month. All the scouts brought news that the enemy was continuing his retreat into the west, and, moreover, the weather did not invite to active service. There was nothing for the men to do but make themselves comfortable, and that they did the best they could.

They occupied a shallow basin in the crest of a low but very wide hill—a basin large enough to hold the entire army and seemingly intended by nature as a place of camp and defense. Their great guns made a ring around them and covered every point of approach. The soldiers felt that they could hold such a natural fortress against the assaults of ten times their number, but they knew that an attack would not come, and they turned their minds to other things.

Nearly all the camp work was finished, and they were eating their suppers. Innumerable fires were burning, and the flames rose up in the clear, frosty air. Sparks flew off into the sky, troubled there a moment and then went out. The metal dishes rattled, and the hum of talk and laughter arose.

"This is comfort—solid comfort, I call it," said Dan Mason, the Kentuckian, to his comrades, leaning back and luxuriating a little in the unusual rest and peace. The others did not reply, but devoted themselves body and soul to the food. Mason looked thoughtfully at them for a minute or two and then resumed his task. Yet he himself was worth the contemplation of any one.

Dan Mason, like his comrades, was young, but he was taller, larger and stronger than any of those who sat near him; a splendid specimen of the Kentuckian of the hills, a man of powerful muscles, open face and frank, brown eyes that looked straight at you, and yet at times would flame into a sudden passion that might prove dangerous.

"Isn't this good, Tom Settle?" he said to the man immediately on his left.

"Of course it is," replied Tom, with a sigh of content. "I like soldiering well enough, but I'm not such a glutton for it that I must have it every day in the year. A month of steady marches and battles and skirmishes before we came into these hills had just about finished me up. If there's any fighting to be done before spring, Dan, you can have my share, and there won't be any charge for it. Now you hear me talking."

He resumed his attack upon the food, and the others laughed. It was in truth a most comfortable camp. The tents were raised already, and the men might take their ease without worry. Mason leaned back against a hillock and, drawing a tiny pamphlet from an inside pocket of his faded army coat, studied it attentively. The others did not notice him for a minute or two, and then it was Settle who spoke:

"Reading, Dan?" he asked.

"Yes, Tom, I'm reading."

"Is it so mighty interesting?"

"Yes."

"Tell it, then."

"I'll let you know directly."

Settle said no more. He was happy, and he would not allow even his curiosity to disturb him. Mason continued his study of the worn little pamphlet, his brow wrinkling now and then with a mental effort which evidently proceeded from an attempt to calculate something complex.

"Boys," he asked presently, "what day in the week is this?"

"What funny questions you ask, Dan Mason!" exclaimed Settle. "How do you expect fellows who have been fighting for a month without a break to keep track of such little things as the days of the week?"

His pronouncement was received with approval by the majority, but a third man—Johnston—who took the question to heart, asserted that it was Friday, whereupon Settle, being compelled to return to the issue, staked his faith upon the day being Sunday. Johnston maintained that it was Friday, and both found supporters, while others held that it was neither Friday nor Sunday, but were divided in choice between the remaining days of the week. Then a dispute arose and waxed hot. It was at its height when it occurred to Settle to ask why they debated with such spirit a question that was unimportant.

"What difference, Dan, does it make what day of the week it is?" he said to Mason.

"It makes a lot," replied Mason. "I want to tell you in the first place, boys, that this little book I'm studying so hard is an almanac. I've been keeping track of the days, and this is Saturday, and what's more than that, it's the 24th of December. Now, Tom Settle, just you tell me what's coming."

Settle uttered a low whistle.

"Boys," he exclaimed, "it's Christmas night coming across yonder!"

There was a trace of awe in his tone as he pointed toward the east where the red sun was sinking and the shadows had begun to gather on the horizon. A silence fell over the group and soon extended to the whole camp. Hardened by war, immersed in constant fighting and

drawing a free breath this day for the first time in a month, these men had lost all track of time. So Mason's sudden announcement came with all the greater force. Peaceful memories rushed upon them like a torrent, and the silence in the great camp endured. The minds of these men—boys most of them were in years, though old in experience—went back to other Christmas nights, when there was no thought of war and all was peace on earth and good will among men. They thought then of those who were left behind them, and they spoke softly and without oaths.

Lower sank the sun. It seemed ever after to Mason when he thought of that night that it was a globe of intense, molten fire. Its rays lay blood red on the hills, but the shadows continued to creep up nevertheless. It was gone by and by, and the east was in a darkness which soon extended to the four quarters of the heavens. Christmas night had begun, and the sentinels on their beats called, "All's well!"

"Ought to be snow tonight. It's Christmas," said Settle.

"You have your wish," replied Mason. "Didn't you notice the clouds before the dark came? Here's your snow."

Settle looked at the heavens, and a broad smile settled upon his upturned face. It was followed by another, and then many more, and in five minutes they were falling down upon the camp like a great white veil. The ground was soon covered, and the flakes continued to come down until the snow lay several inches deep. But it ceased by and by, and a clear silver moon shone in the cold, pale heavens. It was very beautiful to Mason, who had in his soul a little of the poetry of his native hills. This was the grace of God after a month of battle. He sat in the lee of a tent and looked at the white expanse of the earth and the dim line of the horizon.

The content of the soldiers did not decrease. It was a well sheltered and well provisioned army, and this was what they wished. The solemnity which they had felt at first began to wear away, and their spirits rose. The camp was filled with jest and laughter. Bright flames, flickering over the snow, shot up from a hundred fires, and beside each some good story was told. The camp was luminous with light and good feeling.

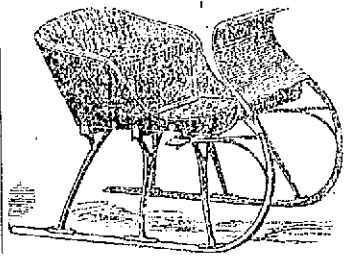
A clear voice was uplifted presently, and some one began to sing. It was a song of Christmas:

"The shepherds went their hasty way
And found the lonely stable shed
Where the Virgin mother lay;
And now they checked their eager tread,
Far to the babe that at her bosom clung,
A mother's song the Virgin sung."

(Continued on page 12.)

CUTTERS

CUTTERS



CUTTERS

Just received another consignment, several different styles. All Grades.

Look us over before you buy

STOVES.

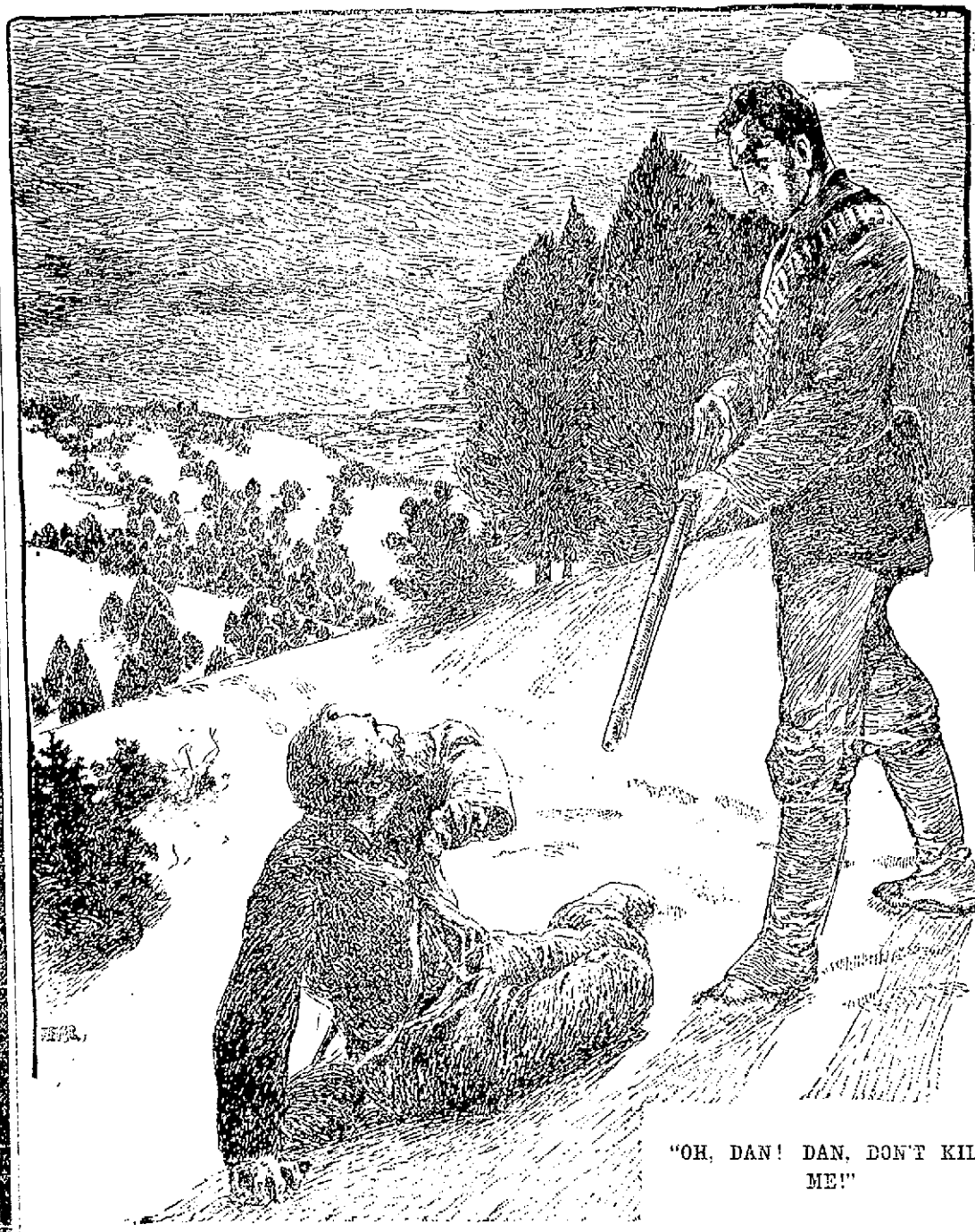
We still have a few carloads to select from and if you should happen to be in need of anything in this line you cannot do better than to call on us. Our stock comprises Hard Coal, Soft Coal, and Wood Heaters, Cook Stoves and Ranges. We handle the Famous Round Oak Heaters.

Xmas Presents.

We have many useful and beautiful articles suitable for Holiday gifts. Among these you will find granite ware, fine cutlery of all kinds, nickel plated ware for the housewife, games for the children, and many articles we cannot enumerate here.

CENTRALIA HARDWARE COMPANY,

West Side, Grand Rapids, Wis.



"OH, DAN! DAN, DON'T KILL ME!"

THE OLD GARDEN.

I know of a haunted garden where the old-time flowers grow;
There are hollyhocks and lilies in a long and stately row;
There are lilac trees by the gateway, and roses white and red
And the Southern wood's spicy fragrance follows the careless tread—
A memory haunted garden, out of life's busy way,
Where the spell of vanished summers lingers the living day.

The hands that planted these flowers have moldered back to dust,
But their hearts are true and steadfast, and they seem to hold in trust
The memories of the old-time, and those whom men forget.
Perhaps for the lilac and lily the dead are living yet,
Those whom our eyes can see not may tend them still—who knows
Of the strange, sweet secrets hidden in the red heart of the rose?

Does grandmother come to gather its pinks and its pansies still
From the grave which kind hands made her in the churchyard on the hill?
Does she know when the lilacs blossom that she planted long ago?
The question must go unanswered, but I fancy it may be so.
And so from the dear old garden not a flower I take away,
But leave them all to be gathered by the hands that are dust to-day.

"When Tom Proposed."

TOM was wont to declare that his environment had eradicated every vestige of sentiment that he had originally possessed.

"How can a fellow retain any feeling of sacredness in regard to proposal or an engagement after hearing such things canvassed by the girls as I have?" he would say, pathetically. "It's my firm belief that most women have no more sentiment than oyster. If ever I propose it will be in such a way that the girl can't make fun of it afterward among the other girls."

Tom was an only son. He had seven sisters and innumerable girl cousins. Tom was thoroughly conversant with the love affairs of all of them.

There was good ground for his belief that he knew more of the inside facts as to how men propose than any other man living. His presence had never interrupted or postponed any account of a girl's adventure, a flirtation or a proposal.

"It's only Tom," the girls would say. And Tom rather enjoyed the revelations.

From the height of his superior knowledge, Tom occasionally advised his comrades, who were less blessed with sisters and cousins.

"It's no use, Billy," he said to Billy Baxter, who had suggested a proposal by letter as an easy way; "it's no use trying to dodge the inevitable. If there is any particular 'she' in your case, don't try writing, for even if she insists to refuse you she will write asking you to call, and you must go over the whole thing by word of mouth, before she drops you into the depths with a 'no'."

"Besides, it gives the girls an awful chance at a fellow," he continued. "I'm not calling any names, but less than a week ago I heard a letter proposal read by the recipient, and a dozen girls assisted in composing a suitable reply. I furnished the stamps and posted the letter. The poor devil is in Germany. I also cabled my condolences. I know they will be appreciated when that letter reaches him."

Billy groaned dismally. "I infer you've already sent your letter," said Tom, cheerfully.

Billy groaned again in reply. "Now, I like the 'Barkis is willin' plan," went on Tom. "You know Bob—Bob Treherne? Well, Bob has what Sam Weller calls 'the gift of gab very gallopin'." He made elaborate preparations; rehearsed before the glass; left hand in coat front, right used in appropriate gestures, head thrown back, chest expanded—favorite attitude with men who are photographed in dress suits. Told the story of his love (to his own reflection in the mirror), using the choicest diction and the most beautifully rounded sentences. Made big stock of 'ideals,' 'passionate devotion,' 'life's inspiration,' and all that sort. Pictured to himself Bessie's downcast eyes, softly flushed cheeks and trembling lips.

"Bob confessed all this to me recently. I was about 8 years old, and was in the room when the actual occurrence took place. Bob took my sister's kitten on his lap and said 'Pussy, ask your mistress if she will marry me.' And Bess looked Kitty's tail, saying, 'Tell him yes, Pussy.' Then she said: 'Tom, go tell father and mother that Bob and I are engaged.'"

"I suppose the regulation things happened after I went out. But that goes to show of how little avail are great preparations."

"But such abruptness might displease some girls," suggested Billy.

"So it might," admitted Billy; "for instance, when Silvie was visiting Barbara in western Kansas, a good-looking ranchman whom Silvie had met twice galloped up one day, and when Silvie came to the door he said: 'I just rode over to see if you would marry me.'"

"No, indeed," gasped Silvie. "Well, the thing's off my mind, anyhow, and he put spurs to his horse and galloped away. I admire that style myself."

"But, Tom," wailed Billy, "you don't know—you were never in love."

"Much you know about that," returned Tom promptly. "I've been desperately in love over since Alice Dainty came to visit Marie."

"Waiting a good chance?" questioned Billy, eagerly.

NURSE OF CIVIL WAR FAME.



MARY A. BICKERDYKE

"Mother" Bickerdyke, who died recently, was 84 years old. She was in most of the great battles of the Civil War as a nurse, and was with Sherman on his march to the sea. She established various hospitals in the South to care for Union soldiers, and was in charge of field hospitals at the siege of Vicksburg, at Lookout Mountain, Missionary Ridge and Chattanooga. She died at Bunker Hill, Kan., and was buried at Galesburg, Ill.

"Not at all. I've had plenty of chances. I'm waiting until circumstances are such that she can't make me feel I'm dirt under her feet."

The next day Tom took his sister's guest for a sail to Plymouth. Alice was fresh and dainty in a crisp white suit and a becoming yachting cap. Tom's heart thumped violently.

"No chance for me to-day," he thought; "she is as imperious as a queen."

But the day proved unfavorable for pleasure seekers. The water was rough and the great steamer rocked and plowed until even Tom felt qualms. Alice sat watching the unhappy passengers, her face very pale and her lips tightly pressed together.

"Alice," said Tom, kindly, "I hope you're not going to be sick."

She gave him a wild, startled look—there was a convulsive movement, a quick rush to the rail, and Alice had joined the rank and file paying tribute to old Neptune. Tom was at her side in an instant, with a firm arm around her waist and a strong hand supporting her head. It was not a romantic situation, but Tom felt that his opportunity had come.

"Oh, Tom, I am so mortified," gasped poor Alice, presently, "please go away."

"No need of my going away now, Alice," answered Tom, composedly, "for the past ten minutes there has been no concealment of your emotions. Your whole past (gastrologically speaking) has been open to my view. And as we are soon to be married there is no reason why I should not dry your eyes and wash your face, and straighten your cap, and make you presentable." And Tom deftly and tenderly suited his actions to his words. "A man likes to see his fiancée look pretty. There, now you are your own sweet self again."

"Tom," said Alice, humbly, "please don't tell the girls that I was sick."

"Not a word," answered Tom, promptly; "we'll just announce our engagement, and we'll never tell any one how it happened."

HALF A LIFETIME IN PRISON.

Why Michael Werner Knows that Honesty Is the Best Policy.

There is no man in the United States who could better testify to the truth of the adage, "Honesty is the best policy," than Michael Werner, who never lived up to it.

His hair gray, his eyes sunken in, with pale, hollow cheeks, the marks of thirty-two years and one month behind prison bars, he sat in court in Paterson a few days ago, again a prisoner.

Werner is 67 years old and has been a burglar for thirty-four years, all but two of which has been spent in prison. He was born in Chicago and received a good public school education. His parents were respectable and well-to-do. He learned the trade of a blacksmith and made a good living. In 1867, being out of work, he fell in with bad company and was induced to come to New York. Here he took part in a burglary in October, 1867, and was sentenced to five years in Sing Sing. Having served that time, he went back to Chicago, and in October, 1878, was caught in the act of burglary. This time he got fifteen years in Joliet prison. After completing his term he returned to New York. In 1888 he was again arrested in Brooklyn for the same offense. This time he got four years and seven months in the Kings County penitentiary.

Being released, he kept straight until 1894, when he was caught at burglary, and under the name of George Collins he was sent to Sing Sing again for two years and six months. Again in October, 1897, he bungled a job in New York, and was arrested. This time it was five years in Sing Sing and his term expired on July 5 last.

Then he went to Hoboken and was

arrested as a suspicious person. Burglars' tools were found on him, but he managed to slip the law.

Then he started for Paterson, but got off at Passaic by mistake. He entered Lawyer William Scott's residence and got away with \$100 worth of jewelry.

He was caught and sent to the county jail to await trial. He had a full set of tools for picking locks. On his trial he pleaded guilty.

The old man sat in the prisoners' row in tears, and an aged woman, his only friend, tottered to the bar, and spoke a few words for the prisoner. She meant well, but she knew nothing about the prisoner that would help him.—New York Journal.

Packing of Gold Leaf.

"Here is something I wish to inquire about," said a gentleman in a dealer in artists' materials as he held out a tiny booklet for the latter's inspection. "I bought this book of English gold leaf of you a few days ago, and on turning the slats of paper between the leaves I discovered that they contained portions of the Scripture, and seemed to have been cut from various parts of the Bible."

"So they were," answered the dealer, "but there is nothing extraordinary about that fact when you understand it. All English gold leaf, as a regular matter of business, is packed in little books made up of pages of Bible cut to the requisite size and stitched together."

"No desecration is intended, but the practice of packing the material in this way is a well-established custom. The Bible is selected for the purpose because as a general thing the type is more evenly set and the printing finer and better executed than in other books."

"Printed paper has always been in general use for packing the sheets of gold leaf. The slight indentations made by the type serve to keep them more firmly in place. They slip when packed between plain sheets. The Book of Common Prayer is also employed for the same purpose and the same reason."

"Gold leaf books are made up from the sheets in which they leave the press, and before they are folded."—Washington Star.

Sahara's Water Supply.

The wells of Erg, in the Sahara desert, occupy the bottom of the depressions. As the surface of the ground in which they are excavated is covered with a thick layer of sand they have to be protected against the falling in of the latter. Their very narrow orifice is, therefore, hermetically closed by means of wide stones sealed through a mortar composed of sand and mud. Each caravan undoes the work in order to obtain water and then carefully seals the wells up again before departing.

Modern Advice to Students.

An expert tutor declares that the practice of taking strong coffee or of tying the head up with a wet towel in order to keep awake and study is an utter fallacy; that it injures the health and prevents the brain from performing the finer operations involved in learning and memorizing facts. He recommends, when a student grows tired, a little light, vigorous exercise, such as striking a bag or waving the arms around the head, as in club swinging, drinking a cupful of hot water.

Locomotive Statistics.

One hundred and nine thousand locomotives are at present running in various countries. Europe has 63,000, America 40,000, Asia 2,300, Australia 2,000 and Africa 700.

There is something radically wrong with the small boy who wouldn't rather go to a circus than be an angel.

White Hand.

A Tale of the Early Settlers of Louisiana.

BY AUSTIN C. BURDICK

CHAPTER XIX.—(Continued.)

The old chief took the youth's hand, and having gazed into his face a few moments, he said:

"White Hand, you once gave me an oath, but from all oaths you have ever given me I now absolve you. Coqualla has told me all. She has told me how true you are in heart, and how yet you long for the home of your childhood. I do not think your father has fallen in this general massacre, for his place is strong, and the red men owe him no grudge. Yet he may have fallen with the rest. If he has, you may sometime find opportunity to reach your native land. But you are under no oath now. Of what has now happened I will not speak, only to say that you cannot see nor understand all that has led us to this fearful work. The story of the white man's rule is everywhere the same. Where a tribe, or a people, have made peace and accepted the friendship of the French, they have become weak and puny. White Hand, I have a strange love for thee, but I hate thy people. And that thy father almost hates them too has drawn my heart towards him. But we could not see our people being gradually swept away, and our homes torn from us, without striking this blow. Yet Stung Serpent has fallen. The bullet of the white man has found his life. But he dies content. The white man has fallen, too."

The old chieftain sank back exhausted as he ceased speaking, and for some moments he remained with his eyes closed. When he opened them again, White Hand spoke.

"My father," he said, "ere the hand of death has done its work upon thee, wilt thou not tell me why I was taken from my father's house? Surely you cannot object to tell me all now?"

"No, my child, I have no objections, for I never promised not to tell. And when I sent for thee now, I meant to tell thee all. Do you remember when your father met me in the woods near his dwelling?"

"Yes," returned White Hand, bending over with eager interest.

"Well, I had then been to see Simon Lobo. By some means he learned that I was down the river, and he sent for me. He had heard that I was a savage chieftain, and a lover of gold. I met him in the woods, and he proposed to me that I should seize St. Julien's son and slay him, and for this he offered to pay me a hundred pieces of gold. But I spurned the offer and left him. I came home, and told my brother what Lobo had said to me, and he pondered upon the subject in a new light. You know the Natchez often send messengers to the Great Spirit, and the Great Sun had wished to send a white messenger to the white man's God, even as we told you when you first came here. At length I fell in with his views, and I knew of no one whose spirit would be surer of admission to your God than the spirit of Louis St. Julien, for I knew him to be a good youth. So I returned to your father's house and saw Lobo again, and he told me he had hired a party of Chickasaws to kill you, but that you and your companion had killed them all—six of them. I then offered to do what he wished. But this time his wants had received an addition. He not only wanted the son killed, but he wanted the daughter captured and carried off towards New Orleans. I agreed to this; but I made him give me a written promise to pay me the money when the work should be done. He hesitated at first, but at length he wrote the pledge and signed it; and then it was arranged that Louise should be left upon the bank of Lake Pontchartrain, at the end of the middle trail, and I pledged myself to take you with me and kill you, for you know this had been my purpose in seeking you."

"But the paper—the pledge—you had of Lobo—where is it?" uttered White Hand.

"It is safe. Coqualla goes to my closet, and you will find it in the oaken chest." The princess went, and in the box she found the paper, which she handed to her father. He took it and having opened it, he handed it to White Hand, saying, as he did so:

"Here it is yours. And now all I ask is pardon."

"For all that you have done to me," murmured the youth, "I pardon you from the bottom of my soul; for you may have been an instrument in the hands of heaven for saving my life. Had you not taken me, another would, and I should not have lived. So I shall, after all, remember Stung Serpent with more of gratitude than of complaint or anger."

"Do you mean that?"

"I do."

Stung Serpent raised himself upon his elbow, and caught the youth by the hand. "Coqualla," he whispered, "where art thou?"

"Here, my father."

"I have been kind to thee. If it lays in thy power, help White Hand to his people. Is it Coqualla I see?"

"Yes. Are you faint?"

"Faint? Stung Serpent faint? No! Up, warriors of the Natchez, and strike for your homes! Who shall fear the darkness now? My braves, remember the trophies you have won under Stung Serpent's lead. Strike—strike, now, for your honor, your homes, and for the tombs of your ancestors! Sink your blades to the hilt, and leave not a man of them all to tell their king the tale! Now! On—to the death!"

One long, loud wailing followed this paroxysm, and as it ended in a low, guttural sound, the chieftain sank back. Coqualla moved to his side and knelt over him, and in a moment more the loud cries of the women rent the air, for Stung Serpent was dead!

CHAPTER XX.

There was consternation for a while in the village of the White Apple when it was known that Stung Serpent was dead, for he had been an important man among the Natchez. At the end of four

days, the body was made ready for the grave, and nine persons, with ropes about their necks, remained fasting by it.

"And are all these people to die?" asked White Hand, after he and Coqualla had retired to their own dwelling.

"Yes. And but for the intercessions of my father himself, many more would have died."

"It is a cruel practice," said the youth, sadly.

"Cruel?" repeated the princess, in surprise. "Why do you say so?"

"Because one death is enough. Why should so many be added?"

"Ah," answered Coqualla, innocently, "you do not understand. Your people have not such love for the departed as we have. It is a long, dark road which my father has now to travel, and surely it is fitting he should have company."

"And does this always happen when one of your people dies?"

"Certainly; though some have not so many companions; but all have one. When the last Great Sun died, there were one hundred who went to keep him company over the dark road."

"So many?"

"Yes—and of course they were happy, for with him they were at once admitted to the happy home where the Great Spirit is."

"But," queried White Hand, "Stung Serpent has been dead now four days, and these people will not die until to-night. How, then, shall they go together?"

"Ah," returned Coqualla, with a faint smile, which seemed to indicate a pity for her companion's ignorance, "my father's spirit will not start alone. It remains near the old body until the other spirits join it, and then they all go off together. Do you not understand?"

"Yes."

"And is it not right and proper?"

"It is, if you think so; but I should hardly dare give my voice in favor of it. Why, look, Coqualla, and tell me if this very thing has not already reduced your nation from a once powerful people to a mere handful."

"My father spoke of that ere he died," answered the princess, thoughtfully. "He said he wished only his few immediate companions to go with him beyond the grave, and even they must be old people."

"And he was right, Coqualla. I have heard that the Natchez were once a mighty race—a great nation, numbering their warriors by the many thousands, and now they have only a very few hundred. In a large community, under ordinary circumstances, the births will not so often overtake the deaths by nature. But see here—not only do your people die off so do others, but for every one who dies naturally from one to a hundred more must be killed to keep them company."

"I know," said Coqualla, thoughtfully. "I know. But still it was cruel to send my father's spirit away over the dark, long trail alone. Your people do not think of this. They do not think of the loved spirit wandering away in the dark alone."

"Yes they do, Coqualla."

"They do?"

"Yes."

"And yet they send them no company."

"Ah, their company comes from the other way," spoke White Hand, softly and sweetly. "When a human soul departs, we, or I, believe that the loved ones who have gone before come down to lead the new-born spirit away to heaven. I have a mother there, Coqualla, and I think she will come down to earth when my spirit departs, and welcome me to the home of the best ones. Surely they know the way through the dark valley better than we could, or better than any others of earth."

Gradually the Indian girl's hands were brought together over her bosom, and her head was bowed. When she looked up there was a strange light in her eyes and a soft, hopeful expression dwelt upon her dusky features.

"White Hand," she whispered, "tell me that again."

"Is not the theme more pleasing than the strangling of helpless victims over the graves of the dead?" the youth asked, kindly.

"Yes—yes. But tell me more."

And White Hand went on and whispered into his companion's ear the whole of his own pure faith in God and the risen Saviour; and when he had done the princess murmured:

"It is sweet, and it is better than the faith I have been taught."

She bowed her head again, and this time she remained a long while thoughtful; and when she next looked up, a change had come over her countenance.

"White Hand," she said, "I promised my father that I would help you escape from here, if you wished. What have I to remain here for? My father is dead; I have no brother or sister, and the ways of my people are not pleasant to me. May I not go with you?"

The youth threw his arms about the fair speaker's neck and drew her upon his bosom.

"Coqualla, speak but the word, and I'll die in thy service, if necessary, to lead you to my father's home. O, we will not be separated!"

The burial was over. Stung Serpent reposed in his grave, and by his side lay the bodies of those who had, in obedience to the cruel faith and custom, given up their lives that they might keep their loved chief company in his dark journey. And once more the Natchez commenced their mad orgies over their victory, for they were not yet satiated.

Late at night, while the warriors were dancing and bowling in the square, Picket Arm came to White Hand's lodge and called him out. The youth could not see her face in the gloom, but from the manner of her breathing, he could tell that she was deeply moved by something.

"White Hand," she said, "our plot has worked exceedingly well. Not a blow has been struck save here at Natchez; so the great mass of the French are saved. But thou art in danger here. The moment the Natchez find that their plan has failed they will suspect thee, for it has been whispered that you visited the temple, and the Great Sun, when he looked towards the west for the moon last night and saw it not, was perplexed. This night they saw the new moon for the first time, and they remembered, for the first time, too, that the moon ought to have been a week old. Amid their mad joy they have not thought of this before. But they think of it now, and fear has already seized upon some of them, though these few keep it to themselves. Now you can judge how much risk you run."

"And will they suspect me?" the youth uttered, tremulously.

"They will be likely to; for you are of

the hated people, and your powerful friend is dead. Look, angry eyes have been bent upon you, because you have shown your loathing of the cruelties you have witnessed. And, again, the French will soon be on the Natchez trail. The future is dark for us all, but you may escape. Can you not remember the trail by which you came?"

"I fear not."

"But you can follow it part way from here."

"Yes, for it is broad towards the village."

"There you can take the river. You know the southern trail. You went it once hunting with Stung Serpent."

"Yes—I remember that."

"Then all is safe. Follow that trail to the right, and it will bring you out upon the river fifteen miles below here. Among a clump of brakes there you will find a canoe. It is mine. Take it and float down the river. Still retain your present garb, and let the walnut stain be upon your face. In that way you may escape the Natchez, should any of them meet you, and by your speech you could quickly convince the French. I can do no more for you. I would have saved all the French if I could, for I loved them; yet I must follow the fortunes of my own people."

White Hand thanked the old princess for her kindness, and with a thoughtful step he returned to his lodge. Coqualla asked him what Picket Arm had wanted, and he sat down and told her all.

"And will you go?" the princess asked.

"Yes, I must. But, Coqualla, have you changed your mind?"

"Only to be more strongly bound to thee. And yet," she added, putting her arms about her husband's neck, "speak but one word—simply whisper to me—that thou wouldst rather go free from care or thought of me, and—"

"Hush, Coqualla! You wrong me now. O, I should never sleep in peace again, did I think thou remainedst here when thy wish was with me. But we must flee to-night."

"I am all ready, dearest."

"But we need provisions."

"I have such all prepared as we can carry."

"Then you have thought of this?"

"Yes. But O, speak the truth, my love. If within thy inmost soul there dwells a thought—"

"It is all of love for thee, Coqualla," interrupted the youth, seeing at once her drift. "So let me hear no more of it. Now let us prepare."

"Bless thee," murmured the fair girl, sinking upon her companion's bosom. "O, since we first spoke of this, my heart has sunk deep down in its darkest mood when the thought of staying here has dwelt with me. Those sweet words you whispered to me have been with me ever since, and they have wrought a wonderful change in my feelings. When we get to our new home we will talk more about it, and you shall teach me to read the great book wherein those precious truths are written."

"I will," promised White Hand. "But the night comes on; the morning will be speedily approaching. Come—we will talk on the way."

Just as the first gray streaks of dawn appeared in the east, the fugitives reached the great river, and without much trouble they found the brake and the canoe. They easily pulled the light craft from its nest and dragged it to the river. It was a smooth, beautifully finished boat, fashioned from a huge log of yellow pine, and seasoned without crack or check. Into this the adventurers put their little store, and then, with hopeful hearts, they entered and pushed out into the broad stream.

(To be continued.)

PIANO OF MUSICAL STONES.

After Years of Search M. Baudre Collected the Flints.

It was a work of years, says L'Illustration, for M. Baudre to make the collection of flints which constitute his geological piano. The stones do not belong to the class of resonant rocks known as "phonolites," such as are found in Auvergne, not far from Mont-Dore, but are flints collected by M. Baudre with infinite toil and search, each giving when struck a true musical note.

By accident, while taking a country walk one day he picked up a flint and, chancing to strike it, heard a faint note respond to the blow. The idea took hold of him to gather, if possible, enough flints to form a complete chromatic scale. Difficulties in the search for these stones only increased his ardor. For more than thirty years he pursued the quest, making it the principal aim of his life to form out of a collection of flints the instrument he called the "geological piano."

From the neighborhood of the little village of the department of L'Indre, where he lived and first met with the stinging flint, he extended his search far and wide. Only once in a while would he hit on the ideal flint which uttered a true note with generous vibration. That was finding the precious stone which repaid him for his thousand and one disappointments, his toilsome wanderings, his diligent search in stony places.

After many years he had at length got together the full scale in flint notes, and numerous examples of each, with the exception of one. He had been so far unsuccessful in putting his hand on the first "do." Perhaps it did not exist in nature. He gave up hope that he could meet with it in France. He would try Canada. But the new world showed no trace of the initial note of the octave, and M. Baudre returned to his native land resigned to the notion that the chase must be abandoned in his old age. Fortune once again smiled, and the stone of which he despaired suddenly appeared, as he was walking in Berry.

Advanced in years, he now passes his leisure in playing, as he does with skill, on this curious piano.

Tiresome Work.

May—Mr. Huggard called on you last evening, didn't he?

Fay—Yes, and he made me very tired.

May—I suppose he tried to kiss you.

Fay—Yes, and every time he kissed me I had to slap him.—Philadelphia Press.

It was a trained voice that sang, and presently others joined. The pure strain rose over the bushes and the soldiers, walking back and forth in the snow, stood still. More hymns followed, all that the soldiers knew, and then they sang the same over again. Mason listened for a long time, but by and by he arose and walked toward the other edge of the camp.

"Good fellow, Mason," said Settle, following the Kentuckian with his eyes, "but like all the Kentuckians of the hills, he's a powder flash when you touch him on a sore spot. I'd rather have any man than Dan Mason leading me with his gun."

"I ain't got anything but cause to like him," said Johnston. "I remember how he took me off the field of Shiloh when I had that bullet through my leg and couldn't walk. Didn't seem to mind the bullets any more than he mind halibuts."

"He's that way to his friends," resumed Settle, who had grown talkative, "but it's just as I tell you. He don't love his enemies, and I don't know whether a man ought to, either. Ever hear about the quarrel between him and Tom Markham over a girl just before the war came on? Markham lived close by, and it was hot between 'em. They say Markham wasn't fair—played some low down trick—I don't know exactly what it was, for the war began just then, and Dan and I came away to it, while Markham joined the other side."

The others bent their heads nearer, eager to listen to a good story, while Settle proceeded with further details. Mason continued his walk meanwhile to the farthest edge of the camp. His mind had gone back to the same story that Settle was telling. He was thinking of Markham and of the girl over whom they had quarreled. The hot blood leaped to his head, and, clutching his first, he shook it in the darkness. Had Johnston seen him then he would have felt the truth of Settle's words that Mason was not a man who "loved his enemies."

In truth, it was never part of Mason's code to love his enemies. It had been taught to him in his native mountains to exact an eye for an eye and a tooth for a tooth. Even now, as he thought of Markham and the great wrong that he had suffered from him, he longed for the time when the war would end and he might seek his revenge. He bore no animosity toward the soldiers on the other side except this particular one—Markham. He fought the others from a sense of duty, and, the war over, he could be good friends with them. But there could be no forgiveness for Markham. Again he clenched his hand and shook it in the darkness. His sense of the wrong done him was as keen as ever. Two years of incessant campaigning had not diminished it, and when the excitement and danger of each great battle were over he found that the memory of it would come back to him as strong as before.

Mason stood at the northern rim of the camp. The sentinel who walked the beat there was a friend of his and nodded at him as he passed. The moon shone brighter and clearer than ever in the cloudless skies, and Mason, looking back at the camp, saw it brilliant with many lights. Clear and sweet still came the words of the hymn:

"The shepherds went their hasty way
And found the lowly stable shed
Where the Virgin mother lay."

Then the song ceased suddenly as a half dozen rifle shots rang loudly in the frosty air. Mason stopped quite still, and all his thoughts passed abruptly from peace to war. He looked toward another hill, divided by a shallow but wide valley from the one on which the camp lay—a hill on which clusters of bushes grew here and there, affording a cover for daring riflemen. He had marked the place from the first and noted what a good cover it would be for annoying sharpshooters if the enemy were not fifty miles away. Now it seemed that at last some skirmishers were not as much as a mile away. While he looked he saw some jets of flames from the bushes

and heard the crack of three or four more rifle shots.

"Join these men, Mason," said an officer, "and clear those skirmishers out of the bushes. It ought to have been done before we settled into the camp. A picket of ours should be there now."

But Mason did not wait to hear the officer's grumbling. He went mechanically about the bushes upon which he had been ordered, slumbering his rifle and falling in with the party of twenty who were to clear the bushes. He was a good man for such work, a master of woodcraft, cool, cautious and afraid of nothing.

The disturbance in the camp was only momentary. The soldiers were accustomed to such trifles. A few rifle shots fired from ambush could not annoy for more than five minutes men who had gone through many great battles. Nor did the thought of his task lay heavy upon the mind of Mason. Accustomed to such duties, he would perform it presently and return to his place with his comrades. It was merely mechanical.

They made a wide circuit around the valley and approached the hostile hill from the rear. Then they lay close to the earth and listened for sounds of their enemies, but they heard none—only the distant hum of their own camp and the notes of a Christmas hymn rising in the cold night.

"We'd better separate here and surround them," said the commander of the little troop. And the men spread out like a fan, Mason taking his way up a little gully. He was creeping on hands and knees like an Indian. All the instincts of the Kentuckian of the moun-

tains were aroused in him. The flame was in his blood, and he was now the hunter after prey.

Forward he went, searching the interlacing bushes with his keen eyes, his rifle at the cock and every muscle tense and ready for action. His stained and dark uniform would have made a blot on the snow, but he kept to the cover of the bushes, and no one looking there would have known that a man was passing.

He could hear the notes of the Christmas hymn swelling in a chorus of many voices, but it was unheeded. Mason now had work to do, and he meant to do it. He crept on up the ravine and near the hill stopped and listened intently. He thought that he heard a soft crunch on the snow, as of some one moving behind a thick clump of bushes that grew near, but he was not sure whether it was a friend or an enemy. He approached a little, lying down on the snow, and drew himself forward with body outstretched like a snake. He heard the sound again, very faint, as if it came from a distance, but he was not sure if it was

then his own.

Mason felt that it was an enemy behind the bushes—a enemy who knew that danger was approaching and was to be cautious. His hand swelled with the pride of conflict and the ambition of skill. He would watch this way far, and his muscles became more tense as he prepared for the test. He planned only once at his life to see that the weapon was ready and then resumed his hiding and slow advance. He made of the clump of bushes a nest, laying his ear to the snow, could hear nothing. But he was confident that his foe was still on the other side. He could not have escaped himself, and sure as fate in his course and his journey, he began to creep around the bushes. His finger on the trigger, ready to die at the first glimpse. He reached the other side, but nothing was there—only a trail in the snow to show how his enemy, too, had made the circuit—and the bushes still stood between.

But Mason was not discouraged. He did not expect to catch the man without trouble. The unknown would have been a very cheap sharpshooter indeed if he had allowed himself to be overtaken so easily, and Mason felt pleased because the enemy matched against his skill and courage seemed altogether worthy of him.

He began the second circuit of the bushes, more careful now than ever, not making the slightest noise, lest his enemy should hear and take warning. When he was half way around, the sound of shots to both left and right rose, and he knew that his comrades were in battle with the other sharpshooters. But they were too far away to be seen, and he did not take his mind from his own particular part of the work. It was one of the merits of Mason that he knew how to attend to his own business.

He was as patient now as the Indians whom he imitated, creeping forward and then turning back, seeking to entrap his wary foe. But the man seemed to return with him every time and still remained hidden. Mason could not tell whether his enemy was endeavoring to escape or pursue. He laughed noiselessly at the thought that he himself might be pursued while he was pursuing. Well, it did not matter. It merely made the test of skill all the more interesting.

"The shepherds went their hasty way," He heard the notes of the music again, louder and clearer than ever, and then more rifle shots. The skirmish was flaring into increased activity. He listened to it a moment, although he never doubted that his comrades would win. But he trusted that they would not win too soon, as he wished to finish his own affair without help.

Then he turned suddenly and went swiftly back on his own track, catching a glimpse of a dark figure around the curve of the bushes. He raised his rifle and fired, but not quicker than the other man. The reports were simultaneous, and a bullet clipped the clothing on Mason's shoulder. Whether his enemy

was struck or not he did not know, and there was no sound.

Mason was annoyed. He must devise some method of finishing it quickly. He lay quite still and pondered deeply for a minute or two. Then an idea came to him. He took off his cap, placed it on the end of his gun barrel and, lying flat, thrust it out in front of him, raising it slightly in the air. He made no mistake. There was a flash, a report, and a bullet whistled through the cap. Springing to his feet, loaded rifle in hand, he ran forward.

His enemy, trapped so neatly, leaped up, his empty rifle still smoking at the muzzle, and ran through the thickets. Mason followed fast. The passion of the chase was upon him, and he resolved that the man should not escape. He raised his rifle once and marked a spot on the fugitive's back where he could plant a bullet. But he did not like to do it. He would rather shoot him in fight face to face.

The man as he ran made desperate efforts to reload his rifle, but failed. Presently he threw it away, as if he feared that it would impede his flight. Then he ran faster. But Mason, too, increased his speed. The despairing fugitive heard the crunching footsteps on the snow coming closer and closer.

They reached a little glen, and here the fugitive sank down among some bushes, exhausted.

"Throw up your hands!" cried Mason, raising his rifle.

The man raised his hands, saying, "I yield!"

But Mason did not lower his rifle.

"Yes, you yield," he said, "but I don't know that I ought to spare you. I have my opinion of a man who sneaks up to a camp in the dark and shoots from ambush."

"It's war," replied the man.

"I suppose it's allowed," said Mason meditatively, "but if the say so was mine every man who does so would get a bullet. I don't like this sharpshooting anyway. There's too much sneaking business about it."

The glen in which they stood was shaded by the forests and thickets, and only a little light filtered through the branches. The sounds of the combat elsewhere had died, the fighting evidently finished. They could not hear the noises of the camp—only the sounds of the Christmas song.

"You led me a long chase around that thicket," said Mason, laughing a little. "Three or four times I thought I had you before I worked that cap trick on you."

"And three or four times I thought I had you," replied the man.

"Maybe so," replied Mason, who was too polite to dispute his assertion. Yet he was sure that it was his skill and not his luck which had achieved the victory. He noticed now that the man still remained on his knees in the snow. He seemed to be dreading a blow.

"Get up," said Mason. "Of course when I was talking about sharpshooters I didn't mean to practice what I was preaching. I'm going to take you a prisoner to camp, and I dare say they'll treat you well. Come on."

The man did not rise. He crouched even lower in the snow. Mason bent down to put his hand upon his shoulder and jerk him to his feet, but he started back before his fingers touched the kneeling figure.

"Why, you are in our uniform!" he cried. "What does it mean—a spy?"

The man looked at him and then at the shadows of the bushes and then at the dim lights of the howling moon, and then he said:

"What you say may be so, but they'll hang you as sure as my name is Dan Mason."

The man sprang to his feet and ran. But Mason leveled his rifle, calling to him to stop or he would fire, and he called by way of persuasion that he could not miss so good a target. The man went down again in the snow, uttering a despairing cry, and Mason stood over him once more, still holding his rifle for use if needed. They were out of the shadows now, and the moonlight fell upon the face of the fugitive. Mason saw his features for the first time, and when he looked he uttered no threat, no exclamation, but stood perfectly still for a moment, his face turning deathly pale. Then he lifted his rifle again.

"Oh, Dan! Dan, don't kill me!" cried the man, falling at his feet in terror and grasping the snow in his hands.

Mason's body was rigid. Only the fingers of his right hand moved, and they played restlessly with the trigger of his rifle. He looked straight at the subject figure kneeling before him. He thrilled with powerful emotions, and triumph was strongest among them. His enemy was delivered into his hands. God was good and intended to see that he secured his just revenge. How could he doubt it when he looked at the face before him?

"Why shouldn't I kill you, Tom Markham?" he asked. "Would you spare me if it was the other way?"

"Of course I would! You know I would, Dan!" replied Markham.

"You lie!" said Mason. "If you had a chance, you would shoot me like a dog."

You have been a liar and a sneak all your life. Who should know better than I do?

Mason's figure was still rigidly erect, only the finger that strayed so restlessly over the trigger of his rifle moving. His face remained pale, but was as hard as stone, and the eyes, showing no mercy, sought those of Markham, which wavered and turned away in fear.

"You have been a liar and a sneak all your life," he repeated.

"It's true, Dan; it's true—all that you say about me is true!" groined the man. "I know I'm a scoundrel, and I lied about you, and I made her think that you were all that I said you were."

"You made me lose her with your lies," said Mason.

"Yes, it's so, Dan," cried Markham, "but this war will be over some day, and then you can go home, and you'll have another chance."

"I don't know about that," said Mason grimly. "I may be dead when the war is over. But at any rate you'll never go back to tell any more lies about me."

"It would be murder, Dan! You know it would be to kill me now, when I'm unarmed!" cried Markham.

"What right has a hound like you to talk of murder?" said Mason. "I'd be making the world better to put you out of it. Besides, I'd only be rid of the officers of a dirty job. You're a spy, Tom Markham, and, according to the laws of war, you're to be put to death. I send a bullet through your head, and the thing is done neat and quick."

He stepped back a little and cocked his rifle. The man threw up his hands again and begged for mercy. Standing further away now, Mason could scarcely see his face. The moon was hidden now by a drifting cloud, and the shadows had come over the glen. There was no sound in the woods about them. His comrades had returned to camp, having finished their part of the task. He looked up at the hill where the army lay. It was bright with many lights, and now and then he saw a dark tracery appear upon its luminous shield. He knew that it was the soldiers passing and repassing between him and the fires. He would be back with them soon, and there would be one scoundrel less in the world. There was satisfaction in the thought that his own hand would achieve the good work. The fierce mountain blood was hot in his veins and called for the death atonement upon the man who had done him a wrong.

"The shepherds went their hasty way
And found the lowly stable shed
Where the Virgin mother lay;
And now they checked their eager tread,
For to the babe that at her bosom clung
A mother's song the Virgin sung."

The hymn had died for a little while, but now it rose again, borne aloft by a hundred voices, louder, clearer than ever and filling the night with melody. All other sounds were hushed at the distance. It alone sounded in the ears of the two men—the one who knelt and begged for mercy and the one who stood over him, cocked rifle in hand. That same sense of awe which he had felt earlier in the evening and then had shaken off began to steal over Mason again.

"Dan! Dan! Do you hear that?" suddenly cried the man.

"Yes, I hear it."

"Do you know what it means?"

"Yes; it's Christmas night. You need not tell me that. I know it. What have you or the likes of you to do with such a night as this?"

Markham looked up into his face.

"It's not me, Dan; it's you that ought to think about it," he said. "It's murder, Dan, if you kill me—an unarmed man. And think of it, Dan, on such a night as this—Christmas night, with that song ringing in your ears. Whenever you lay down to sleep, you'll hear it again."

"The shepherds went their hasty way."

The note penetrated all the woods and seemed to Mason to increase in fullness. It annoyed him. He wished they would stop. There had been enough of such sentiment. He was not a weak child to be turned aside from his just revenge. He was merely the executioner whom this criminal deserved.

"Say your prayers, if you know any to say," he exclaimed roughly. "Your time's short, and it's going fast."

"Dan, Dan, you won't do it!"

"Listen how they sing, Dan! Are you any better than they are? This is the night that a man ought to forgive his enemies. You wouldn't murder me on this of all nights in the year! Remember, Dan, that we were friends once. You won't forget that, will you?"

"You forgot it," said Mason.

He looked again at the kneeling figure and thought how he had longed more than two years for this moment. He had often pictured it to himself and had imagined in advance the joy which now he did not feel. How could he with the words of that song ringing in his ears? It was only any other night!

"It's not murder; it's a punishment," he said at last.

"It is murder, and you know it, too, Dan! That sound would haunt you! Listen to it, Dan!"

"The shepherds went their hasty way
And found the lowly stable shed
Where the Virgin mother lay."

It was growing darker and darker in the glen as the drifting clouds piled up between them and the moon. Mason could scarcely see the outlines of Markham's face, and he was glad that the suppliant's face was not visible to him. He knew that the man's face expressed abject entreaty. He raised his rifle again and looked at it, but his finger would not press the trigger. The warlike hymn sounded in his ears and echoed again and again.

"Don't kill me, Dan!" said the man. "Take me a prisoner to the camp."

"And if I do," replied Mason shortly, "they'll hang you for a spy. Don't forget that."

Markham was silent.

The song did not cease. It seemed now to Mason that it was addressed to him alone. Would it be murder, and not a punishment, as Markham said? What would he think of himself in the morning? Could he return to the campfires and sit calmly by his comrades, singing of Christmas night?

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"And if I do," replied Mason shortly, "they'll hang you for a spy. Don't forget that."

Markham was silent.

The song did not cease. It seemed now to Mason that it was addressed to him alone. Would it be murder, and not a punishment, as Markham said? What would he think of himself in the morning? Could he return to the campfires and sit calmly by his comrades, singing of Christmas night?

"The shepherds went their hasty way,
And found the lowly stable shed
Where the Virgin mother lay."

"Dan!" said the man.

Mason did not answer.

The song swelled into a great volume of sound, filling all the woods and echoing about them.

Mason felt that it was calling to him, and he could not refuse to listen if he would.

"Goodby," he said.

He turned about suddenly, leaving the kneeling man in the glen and, putting his rifle on his shoulder, walked back to camp, while over his head rolled the words of the hymn:

"The shepherds went their hasty way
And found the lowly stable shed
Where the Virgin mother lay."

LISTEN!

And I
Will Speak
To You,

IF YOU NEED

SHOES

Call on I. Zimmerman, the
West Side Shoe Man where
you will find the best line
of Shoes in the city.

PRICES RIGHT.

ZIMMERMAN,
He Sells Shoes.

M. A. BOGGER,

UNDERTAKER,
EMBALMER,
AND FUNERAL
DIRECTOR.

—Also Proprietor of a—
First Class Livery Stable.
GRAND RAPIDS, WIS.

M. STEINBERG,

pays the highest cash market price for
Second hand furniture, stoves,
and household goods.

Others represent themselves to be in partnership with me, but such is not the case. See Steinberg himself if you want the best prices.

Stores on both east and west sides, Grand Rapids, Wis.

FURNITURE!

—Call on—

D. FAWCET

For furniture repairing, upholstering, picture framing, chair caning, genuine leather chair seats, imitation leather chair seats, upholstery goods, gimps, cords, fringes, mattresses, tickings, linens for loose covers, tow, moss and curled hair, furniture handles and everything that is needed for trimming and decorating furniture. Springs for opening heavy wardrobe closets. Glass cut to any desired shape, or holes bored through glass. Signs made, painted and lettered; carriages painted and trimmed; window and door frames made to order, also all kinds of furniture made to order. All work first class at moderate prices.

D. FAWCET.

TELEPHONE 195.

Patronize Home Industry

by having your work done at the

Riverside Steam Laundry.

All work guaranteed.

GEORGE BOYER, PROP.

West Side, Near Commercial House.

..MUIR..

The Shoe Man

Has taken an interest in his old
Shoe Business, now known as the.

KERN SHOE COMPANY

And will be found at his old stand
where he will be pleased to meet
all of his old customers, and will
in the future as in the past offer
his trade nothing but the best in
MODERN SHOE MAKING, and at
Price as low as good honest goods
can be sold for. And in order to
do so we have decided to do

A STRICTLY CASH BUSINESS.

To start the ball rolling

We will give all during
the month of December

A GRAND DISCOUNT CLEARING SALE

You Will miss it, if you do not take
advantage of buying your winter
supply of FOOTWEAR.

KERN SHOE CO.,

Exclusive dealers in Footwear.

Sign of The Big Red Boot

GRAND RAPIDS, WIS.

HOLIDAY GOODS

FOR

CHRISTMAS SHOPPERS

NO DOUBT you have begun to wonder what you can buy for Christmas for your friends. You want something that is neat, useful, tasty, and up-to-date, and such things are hard to decide on. We are rapidly getting our display of Christmas goods into shape and we think we can please you along this line as you can find at our store one of the nicest assortment of goods anywhere in the city. We are not going to do all the business that is done in town during the holidays, but we feel sure that if you will look over our line we will catch our share. Below are enumerated a few things that always make appropriate Holiday presents.

Toilet Sets, Manicure Sets, Perfumes,
The latest things out in leather and wood.
Fountain Pens, Books, Ebony Sets, Bibles.
DOLLS AND TOYS OF EVERY KIND.

Call in and see us before you buy elsewhere. **OUR PRICES ARE RIGHT.**

Wood County Drug Company,

H. H. VOSS, Manager.

East Side Near the Bridge.

County Board Proceedings.

CONTINUED FROM LAST WEEK.

S. J. Phillips, officer's fees	\$ 5.00
P. B. Anderson, witness fees	2.40
Peter Welch	1.25
J. J. Cooper, Justice of Peace	57.84
State vs. Thomas McCarthy	
State vs. Ed Tyler	
T. W. Brazee, witness fees	1.00
State vs. Benjamin Schenk	
T. H. Huey, witness fees	1.07
Fred Miller	1.07
Frank Laughlin	1.07
State vs. Charles Klevens	
Minnie Henkle, witness fees	2.50
William Henkle	1.31
State vs. F. E. Goedecke	
K. H. McDonald, juror fees	1.58
George Warren	1.58
Robert Rowland	1.58
Oswald Stenzel	1.58
E. O. Voyer	1.58
H. G. McCann	1.58
T. J. McGrath, witness fees	1.58
Lorenz F. Wagner	10.50
J. W. Goss	33.00
Gust Goss	2.25
Winfield Moody	2.25
Chris Doyle	2.25
Chas. Tomford	2.25
F. Pennington	2.25
Wm. Moody	2.25
Casper Elmer	2.25
O. T. Houghen	2.25
John Wickerling	2.25
Charles Schumacher	2.25
State vs. Garrett Loomans	
State vs. Chester Franks	
William Hirth, Justice of Peace	19.00
Wm. Hirth, Justice of Peace	10.47
Michael Griffin, officer's fees	3.50
J. E. Schaefer, interpreter's fees	1.48
Mary Kohn, witness fees	1.95
Lewis Kohn	3.40
Wm. Dillinger	1.95
Joe Dillinger	1.95
Mary Kohn (mother) witness fees	1.95
Mary Kohn (daughter)	1.95
State vs. Joseph Jannusch	
Henry Haro, juror fees	1.95
Fred Rauer	1.95
John G. Kohl	1.95
H. Hinker, witness fees	2.30
Ed Manning	2.30
Elmer Smith	2.30
Arthur Smith	2.30
State vs. Karl Kausen	
Oscar Anderson, witness fees	1.64
Anton Nelson	1.64
Ole Oleson	1.64
Ole Anderson	1.64
Arla Mundt	1.64
Gustav Larson	1.64

Industrial School for Girls	\$ 22.80
T. J. Cooper, Justice of Peace	57.84
Laura Smith, witness fees	3.40
J. A. Gaylor, Co. Judge ex. insano	128.00
D. C. A. Gorman, exam. insano	8.00
Dr. H. Wahl	13.20
Dr. J. C. Haverman	4.40
Dr. A. L. Ridgman	4.40
Dr. O. T. Houghen	12.00
Dr. W. D. Harvey	8.00
James McLoughlin, Sheriff	416.36
June bill	310.27
July bill	325.97
August bill	192.50
September bill	313.09
October bill	429.62

On motion, the claims of Michael Griffin in the Conley case and A. F. Gerwing in the Chas. Thuss case were referred to the district attorney to report on at this meeting of the board.

Supervisor Hiles presented an ordinance, which was read by the clerk, calling for the division of the town of Dexter and forming new towns.

On motion, the same was referred to the committee on town organization.

On motion, the following bills were allowed:

J. W. Cochran, committee work \$12.12
Michael Krings, committee work 16.92

Mr. Adam Paulus addressed the board on the subject of a new county map, requesting the county to purchase same for each county officer and school district. It was moved that the chair appoint a committee of three to report on the same at this meeting of the board.

The chair appointed as such committee, W. D. Connor, James K. P. Hiles, E. P. Arpin.

On motion, the board adjourned until 2 o'clock p. m., Wednesday, November 13, 1901.

E. S. RENNE,
County Clerk.

Court House, 2 o'clock p. m.

Board met pursuant to adjournment and was called to order by Chairman John Juno.

Roll was called and a quorum found to be present.

On motion, reading of the minutes of previous meeting was dispensed with.

A communication from the secretary of state was read by the clerk, as follows:

Madison, Wis., Nov. 12, 1901.—Dear Sir: I have this day audited an account in favor of your county for \$494.98 (the warrant for which is now with the state treasurer) to reimburse your county for moneys belonging to the drainage fund which were appropriated in 1882, 1885 and other years to assist Sauk and Columbia county in building a levee in accordance with chapter 133, laws of 1882, chapter 90, laws of 1885 and other acts. There was taken from the drainage fund in the aggregate about \$18,000, a portion of which has been refunded to certain counties under acts of the Legislature and in order to repay to the several counties from which moneys were taken for the purpose of assisting Sauk and Columbia county, chapter 414 of the laws of 1901 was enacted. It is by virtue of this law that an adjustment was made and the amount due your county has been ascertained and will be forwarded to your treasurer. This amount is to be apportioned to the various towns in proportion to the amount following each town as per memorandum enclosed.

Very truly yours,
Wm. H. PROCTOR,
Secretary of State.

Wood county—\$494.98, of which \$118.63 is to be apportioned to the following towns in proportion to the amount following each town:

Town 21, Range 4	\$118.91
" 21 " 5	40.00
" 22 " 5	963.81
" 23 " 4	40.00
" 24 " 5	40.00
" 24 " 5	120.00

And \$359.44 is to be apportioned to the following towns in proportion to the amount following each town:

Town 21, Range 4	\$424.46
" 22 " 4	80.00
" 23 " 4	120.00

And \$16.91 is to be apportioned to the following towns in proportion to the amount following each town:

Town 21, Range 3	\$129.00
" 21 " 4	386.63

On motion the same was ordered placed on file and the amount properly proportioned.

Supervisor W. D. Connor moved that the police justices reports from the city of Marshfield be reconsidered as to the justice fees and referred to the district attorney to be reported on at this meeting of the board. The motion was carried.

Supervisor P. N. Christensen moved that the rules be suspended and Mr. Dickey allowed to address the board

in regard to annotating the statutes.

Motion carried.

It was moved the chair appoint a committee of three on Mr. Dickey's proposition.

The chairman appointed E. P. Arpin, Wm. Hooper and P. N. Christensen as such committee.

Supervisor James K. P. Hiles, chairman of the committee on printing and stationery read the following report:

It was moved to adopt the report as recommended by the committee, unless objected to. Motion carried.

REPORT.

To The Board of Supervisors of Wood County, Wisconsin.

GENTLEMEN:—Your committee on printing and stationery to whom was referred the following entitled claims, would respectfully report that we have had the same under consideration and, after a careful examination of all items contained therein, recommend that the several amounts as set forth in this report be allowed each claimant respectively, to-wit:

Name of claimant	What for claimed	amt	amt
H. G. Razall & Co., blank books		\$157.50	\$157.50
H. Stedman & Co., stationery		21.80	21.80
R. G. Gile, blanks		3.25	3.25
Palmer, Berg & Co., blank books		100.75	100.75
United Typewriter & Supply Co.		6.00	6.00
R. L. Polk & Co., Wisconsin Gazetteer and business directory		6.00	6.00
A. L. Fontaine, stationery, printing		57.00	57.00
A. L. Fontaine, printing clerks list		271.80	271.80
The Marshfield News, publishing minutes of May meeting of Board of Supervisors		24.00	24.00
Brom & Sutor, publishing minutes of May meeting of Board of Supervisors and notices		26.15	26.15
Marshfield Democrat, publishing minutes of May meeting of Board of Supervisors and notices		24.00	24.00
Williams & White, publishing minutes of May meeting of Board of Supervisors and stationery for county officers		42.55	42.55

The clerk read the reports of the county clerk, county treasurer and clerk of court, also report of the soldiers relief committee, and on motion the same was referred to the finance committee.

On motion the board adjourned until 2 o'clock p. m., Thursday, Nov. 14, 1901.

E. S. RENNE,
County Clerk.

Court House, 2 o'clock p. m.

Board met pursuant to adjournment and was called to order by Chairman John Juno.

Roll was called and a quorum found to be present.

On motion reading of minutes was dispensed with.

Supervisor J. W. Cochran presented a certificate of his resignation from the city clerk of the city of Grand Rapids, as supervisor from the Sixth ward.

On motion same was accepted and placed on file.

Supervisor James K. P. Hiles presented the following resolution:

Resolved, that the county board of supervisors of Wood county, Wisconsin, suspend its rules and proceed now to determine and fix the compensation of the supervisor of assessment,

and to elect a suitable person to perform the duties of that office, as directed and required to do by virtue of Chapter 455 of the laws of Wisconsin, enacted in the year 1901.

And be it further resolved, that the compensation of the supervisor of assessment be, and the same is hereby fixed at the sum of four dollars (\$4.00) per day, which shall include all expenses, for each and every day actually and necessarily spent by such officer in the discharge of his official duties, according to the terms and provisions of said chapter 455, laws of 1901.

I move the adoption of the foregoing resolution.

JAMES K. P. HILES,
November 12, 1901.

On motion the same was adopted.

It was moved and seconded that no compensation be fixed for deputy supervisor of assessors.

Supervisor Hiles moved that the board proceed to elect a supervisor of assessors by ballot, first ballot to be informal, and that the chair appoint two tellers.

First informal ballot J. W. Cochran received 23 votes, J. A. Gaylor received 12 votes, total 35.

It was moved and seconded that the informal ballot be declared formal and J. W. Cochran declared elected supervisor of assessors for three years.

Carried.

Supervisor Michael Krings a member of the judiciary committee, reported favorable on the bill of Frank Leitner for conveying Mrs. Leitner to the insane hospital at Oshkosh \$20.50.

On motion same was allowed.

Supervisor E. Eicksteadt, chairman of the committee on town organization, reported favorable on the ordinance dividing the town of Dexter and forming the new town of Eastfork.

On motion same was referred to the district attorney to report to the next meeting of the board on same, as to being properly and legally drawn.

Carried. Supervisor W. D. Connor moved that the name of Eastfork be struck out said ordinance and the name of Hiles inserted. Carried.

Supervisor E. P. Arpin, of the special committee appointed on James K. Dickey's to sell the county's annotations for the revised statutes reported as follows:

We, the special committee appointed to consider the above proposition recommend that the county clerk be authorized to purchase 8 sets of the above mentioned annotations for the following county officers and the supplements to be issued annually: County Clerk, County Treasurer, Clerk of Court, County Judge, County Superintendent, Sheriff, District Attorney and Register of Deeds.

It was moved to adopt the report.

It was moved to amend the motion to include sets for town, city and village clerks.

Roll was called on amendment and resulted as follows:

Ayes—Jos. Z. Arpin, Mews, Hiles, Rowland, Bassett, Bell, Johnson, Voight, Bean, Christensen, Tallant, Mechler, Halm, Reusch, Connor, Juno, Feckhelm, Krings, Hooper, Eicksteadt, Potter, Pitts, Cotey, Nolner, Davis, Provost, Mc Tavish, Thomas, Johnson Miller 28.

Nays—Berg, Ommott, Scott—3.

Motion carried.

Roll was then called on the original motion as amended and resulted as follows:

Supervisor W. D. Connor presented the following report.

To the county board. The committee appointed by your honorable body to investigate a report with reference to the purchase of maps of Wood county beg leave to report. That said committee recommend that said map be published and that said county purchase of said Aukin Paulus one of said maps of the best make on cloth at four dollars each for each public school room in said county and one for each county office. The committee recommend, however, that said map should show outline of each government fractional tract of land according to the government survey, and that there be printed on each fraction the number of acres contained therein and that before said maps are accepted by county from publishers, same shall be examined and accepted by committee as satisfactory, said committee to consist of county clerk and chairman of county board.

W. D. CONNOR,
E. P. ARPIN.

Roll was called on the adoption of same and resulted as follows:

Ayes—Jos. Z. Arpin, Berg, Mews, Ommott, Hiles, Arpin, Scott, Rowland, Bassett, Bell, Nels Johnson, Voight, Bean, Christensen, Tallant, Mechler, Halm, Reusch, Connor, Juno, Feckhelm, Krings, Hooper, Eicksteadt, Potter, Pitts, Cotey, Nolner, Davis, Provost, Mc Tavish, Thomas, Claus Johnson, Mullen, Jackson, Ayers—36.

Absent—Brazee, Cochran. Motion carried.

Supervisor W. D. Connor moved that the item of \$10 in Dr. H. Wahl's bill allowed at \$5 be reconsidered and allowed at \$10 carried.

On motion the board adjourned until 2 o'clock p. m. Friday, Nov. 15, 1901.

E. S. RENNE, County Clerk.

CONTINUED NEXT WEEK.

The Greatest Trust.

Clintonville Tribune: Howl, you howlers! Curse the trusts and the minute you get \$10 ahead send in an order to some big department store and help to support the biggest trusts in the country. What if you do get the goods a little cheaper? That is just what the trusts claim they do. They crush out competition with their low prices and if you take the benefit you simply sustain them in their contention. Every dollar you send to a mail order house is that much contributed toward building up a trust. If you desire this send them your cash and get credit from your home merchant. Let your actions speak for you and practice what you preach.

MISS CASSIE BISHOP,
GRAND RAPIDS,
GRADUATE NURSE.

217 Seward St. Telephone 198.

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ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
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CONWAY & CONWAY,
GRAND RAPIDS,
LAW, LOANS, AND COLLECTIONS.

We have \$20,000 which will be loaned at a low rate of interest.

WOOD CO.
NATIONAL BANK.

Grand Rapids, Wis.

CAPITAL \$50,000. SURPLUS \$20,000.

F. GARRISON, President.
L. M. ALEXANDER, Vice Pres.
E. J. WOOD, Cashier.

COMMENCED BUSINESS NOVEMBER 1, 1891.

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Safety Deposit Boxes For Rent.

All business connected with banking is earnestly solicited, and we promise prompt and careful attention to every detail. Interest paid on time deposits.

New Second Hand Store
J. SMUCKLER, PROPRIETOR.

We buy and sell everything in the line of Furniture, Stoves, Trunks, Bibles, Bibles, Maps and all kinds of Metal. We pay the highest prices and we sell at the lowest. Remember Jake Smuckler, the west side second hand man. The 4th door north of Third & Brier's next to Mrs. Lefebvre's W. River St.

THE HUNTING SEASON



THE itch for the feel of a shotgun attacks the shooter just as surely and regularly as hay fever grabs its victim. Some men get it in August and start out after plover. Others escape till September brings the chicken season—Still others do not come down until the approach of winter brings the ducks and puts Bob White on the eligible list. A good many chronicles have it the year round and give a rest to nothing that wears feathers.

A crowd of up-to-date sportsmen look more like desperadoes starting out to hold up a train than respectable members of society. These tough-looking citizens are clad in canvas, moleskin, and corduroy that looks like the breaking up of a hard winter. There is nothing disreputable in either of these materials, but no shooter really gets attached to a suit till it is ready to fall to pieces. In fact, you can usually tell just about how good a shot a man is by the dilapidation of his clothes. This outfit is flushed off with any old kind of hat and shoes, a weather-beaten and scarred gun case, and a disreputable old leather or canvas bag with as much shape to it as a potato sack and of great capacity. Like as not the sportsman leads a shambling old dog by a chain, and together they make a pair you would not care to meet on a dark night.

Yet this same disreputable-looking chap is likely enough a good citizen, a loving husband, and a fond father. It is possible he may have worn a pink coat on the golf links, and been the admired of all the fair sex. But now



BAGGING QUAIL.

he has deserted the ladies as entirely as he has shed his pink coat; mighty few petticoats are seen in these outfits. There are a few women who hunt with their husbands, but they are few and far between. Woman doesn't take naturally to the joy of the hunting field, and, besides, when the chicken fever gets into a man's bones, he hasn't much use for the sex.

Hunting is a relic of savagery, and the truly masculine man wants to get off by himself when his fingers itch for the feel of the shotgun. And yet, queerly enough, though woman does not care for hunting, she admires the hunter immensely. To her he represents the strong man, next to the soldier, and strength seems always good in a woman's eyes. The man accepts her admiration, but when he really enjoys her company at times on the tennis court and golf links, and tolerates it on a fishing trip, he looks on petticoats as decidedly out of place when he starts out for the prairie or the marsh. Perhaps this is the reason why he gets himself up in a costume in which no woman would look at him twice.

Long before minstrels sang the glories of the chase, or courtly edict made him master of the feast who first struck the royal game, hunting was a favorite diversion of our ancestry. Researches that unveil prehistoric man, show him pursuing the sport of kings with rude weapons of stone and flint. From that time to this the deep-mouthed bay of the hound and the wailing of the horn have been accounted a sweet music of the forest. Poets of all times have caught its inspiration, even the staid Jonson lauding it as the noblest exercise, making one healthy, active, courageous, self-reliant and free from the evils that thrive where the mind and imagination have to supply the pleasures of life.

And the blood of the sportsman runs as warm now as when some rude chieftain or half-barbarous Diana led the course. But it is not to the sentiment or history of hunting that this article addresses itself. Neither is it proposed to visit the haunts of the wild bear reserved for imperial sacrifice, to follow the bounds over the range within which he is predestined to give brave men and fair women a holiday, nor to visit the exclusive preserves that go with a patent of nobility, where favored sons of fortune find ready at hand the prey that is nurtured that they may revel in its destruction. It has to do

with the game and sportsman of our own country, where mountain, meadow, stream and lake are accessible to all who keep within the laws that are framed to perpetuate their pleasure.

Among the wild ducks, as a table delicacy, epicures that are connoisseurs give the canvas-back a place of unquestionable supremacy. Conjointly with the loathsome terrapin it holds the honor of conferring upon Baltimore the title of gastronomic capital of the nation. Though this idol of the educated palate ranges the Atlantic coast even to the ice-bound regions of the north, the odds are overwhelming that if it be shot outside of Chesapeake Bay or the waters of the Susquehanna as they open into it, the game will be so tough and fishy as to be ordered away when served. This is through no peculiar virtue of the water in the bay or tributary river, nor is it the result of climatic influence. In the shallows there are found vast beds of wild celery. Feeding upon it gives to the canvas-back, and also to the closely related red-head, the exclusive flavor which tickles the cultivated taste. As a rule genuine sportsmen then shoot from "blinds," which are any sort of artificial concealment in a boat or on shore, and use decoys, while the market gunners carry on their slaughter with the aid of "sink boats" and night reflectors. In the wholesale methods of destruction employed by those who kill to sell there is little to attract the sportsman; a statement that is true wherever water fowls are shot.

Belonging to the same royal family with the canvas-back are the mallards and teal, found abundantly in many States. No other ducks are so widely and familiarly known as the mallard. Before the opening of the spring they begin their migration from the South, flying swiftly while they travel, yet tarrying wherever inviting conditions present themselves until instinct assures them that their destination in the far north is comfortably habitable. Mallards are frequently found before departing for the south reveling in corn fields, grain stubble or wooded places. The mallard never affords a daintier dish than when fattened from such bases of supply. They are shot from boats, over decoys and from blinds on shore. The sportsman who can call them in is luck, and he who knows best the ways of the wary duck will bring back the most game, for he can find it in a snow storm, at the ice holes. In the open water or at some of its haunts on land.

The swift-flying Teals, the blue-winged that comes in the earliest fall, and the harder green-winged stays until winter has positively asserted itself. They are a luxury on the table, but it

is an old saying that there is no use of sending slow shot after them and only the keen sportsman brings them in. There is the gaily-feathered Wood duck, Gadwall, Blue Bill, Black Pated and numerous others that can only be named in passing. Be sure of your gun, your shells, your boat, your decoys, your dog and whatever aids to game-getting you may have in your equipment.

Bagging the prairie chicken in these days is a very different proposition from the old-time easy shooting over a dog on the stubble-fields, and the man who brings home birds has earned them. The reason of this is that the prairie chicken has adapted his habits to his surroundings. No longer does he stay in the stubble-fields, an easy prey to man and dog. Nowadays he hides in the cornfields, and it is no joke to find chickens in corn six to eight feet high, or to shoot them when found. The best chicken dog that ever came to a point is practically useless in a cornfield, and when the covey gets up 'tis much like taking a snap shot at a woodcock in the tall brush. You've got just about one second of actual time



BRINGING DOWN PRAIRIE CHICKENS.

to do business in—then find the covey again if you can. The only time to catch the chickens out on the stubble is just before dusk, and on the first alarm they take to the corn.

No game bird is dearer to the heart of the true sportsman than what is popularly known as the quail. Let the savants of natural history dispute whether he be quail or partridge. His "Bob White" can be heard from one end of the land to the other. One hard winter with deep-crusting snow works greater devastation among the quail coveys than can all the men with dogs and guns that take to the field. The farmer boy who pots the quail when they go to the stacks and barnyards to feed is another enemy of the quail, but he is among the evils against which the law has intervened and the sturdy little bird must be killed in legitimate sport or not at all. You can scarcely go amiss in pursuit of quail in case you know their ways. If the weather be fair the birds will be on their feeding ground at sunrise, among the stubble or in the rag-weed patches. About 10 they have satisfied their appetites and seek the sunny side of some covert by the nearest stream where they can

find drink and enjoy the pleasure or repelion. Here they are hard for the dog to find, and the shrewd sportsman will be content to wait until 2 or 3 o'clock. After a rain, do your hunting on the uplands. If the weather has been dry, seek your game in the vicinity of water that drains the lowlands. The proper management of dogs and guns means the bagging of plenty of quail, and you can look for them on almost any countryside, for the "Bob White" thrives with civilization, and promises to always be the game bird of the country. To shoot him requires quick action, a steady nerve and, especially on a cross shot, an appreciation of the fact that he flies with wonderful rapidity.

The finest dark-meat bird that flies is the woodcock, the little russet-coated fowl that has no song and seeks no companionship, and yet is as eagerly sought for by the keen sportsman as is the trout, the grayling, and the small-mouthed bass by the angler. Woodcock is at a great premium for the table with the epicure and the bon vivant, but it has an instinctive way of foiling the ambitious hunter. It is not at home to the casual wanderer through fields and woods, and must be sought for in the deepest and most tangled swamps, where it hides at the approach of danger and can only be lured to take wing by the nearest approach. Then it whisks away in the lines of a cork-screw and no bouncer is going to bring it down. The surest place to get Mr. Woodcock, who runs all family affairs, when you can find him there, is in the alder paths and other less-improved low grounds where he industriously bores for the worms that are his almost exclusive diet. In tramping for woodcock in a country like this, where game is plenty, you are almost sure to rout out some partridge and are thus given sport by two of the most "difficult" birds that attract the hunter.

Though the snipe is very nearly related to the woodcock and, like it, is regarded as one of the daintiest morsels that can be set before a lover of good living, there is a wide difference in their appearance as well as their habits. The snipe is essentially a bird of the open and is very rarely found in

cover. If it can locate a fresh meadow where the soil is rich and the crop of worms prolific, it is sure to make this a feeding ground while the attraction remains. You can detect one of these haunts by the inspection of paths or other bare spots, for the snipe leave their trail in the tiny holes bored by their long bills in the search for food. They also frequent the vicinity of springs and such portion of marshes as are not overgrown with rushes. They are not easy to shoot, for they rise in a zigzag flight, twist, angle, dip and ascend till they are away in a headlong course before any but the experienced sportsman knows just what he should do. Were it not that the woodcock and snipe were fated to disappear as the encroachment of civilization robs them of their restricted feeding grounds, they would divide honors with the quail in the esteem of the hunter.

Perfectly Formed Face.

A perfectly formed face is one-third forehead, one-third nose, and one-third upper and lower chin.

A man doesn't mind being a fool as long as he doesn't know it.

A YOUNG FINANCIER.

How a Small Boy Made Double Profits Out of a Dog.

"There is a small cross-eyed boy living in this city, who if he doesn't lose his life through just retribution will grow up to become a great financier," declared Jones. "For some time my wife has possessed a yellow pup that has no earthly excuse for living. But she thinks that he is the finest dog in the city and spends most of her time tugging and kissing his dirty little nose. Finally the dog worship became so unbearable to me that I resolved to get the nuisance. Chancing to meet a small cross-eyed boy one day, I said to him:

"See here, boy, do you want to earn a dollar?"

"Sure," said he.

"Well, then," said I, "you go up to my house, watch your chance and steal the yellow cur that you will find hanging around there. When you get him bring him down to my office and get your dollar."

"Within two hours the boy was back with the cur tied to a rope."

"What will I do with him, boss?" he asked after I paid him.

"I don't care," I snapped. "Drown him if you want to."

"That night I discovered my wife in tears and I was informed between sobs that poor, dear little Fido was missing. The next day she had an advertisement inserted in all the papers offering \$10 for his return. The third day she met me joyfully at the door and announced that Fido had been found."

"Where?" I asked, concealing a grin.

"A little boy brought him back," she answered.

"What kind of a boy?" I asked, suspiciously.

"A small, cross-eyed boy, with the most honest face that I ever saw on a boy. I gave him \$10, it being all I had, and told him if he would go down and see you that I knew you would be glad to add \$5 to it."

"But the boy didn't show up," continued Jones, according to the Detroit Free Press. "As a matter of fact I hadn't the slightest idea he would, I wouldn't mind giving him \$5 if he would call."

On Japanese Copper Mines.

The total number of persons employed in various services at the Ashio mines and furnaces is about 10,000, and these with their families make up a small city of 17,000. Of these 75 per cent have been born on the spot, as were their fathers and grandfathers, and some have never seen beyond the red hills which close in the village and mines. They are cared for by the proprietor, fed and sent to school until twelve years of age.

The village has a well-equipped hospital, at which the operatives and their families are tended without charge. Only men are employed below ground to dig the ore, working in shifts of eight hours each, while those employed at lighter labor work shifts of twelve hours. Women are employed at the light tasks, such as sorting and washing ore by hand, most of them being the wives of the miners. The average pay per diem for those engaged in manual labor, says a writer in Engineering, is 13 cents in silver money and a stated quantity of rice and fuel, while the miners are paid by the quantity of ore extracted. The furnace and shaft men receive from 11 to 30 cents per day and the women are paid 7 cents.

They Were Whispering.

A conspicuous corner in the business district of Chicago is a favorite resort of deaf-mutes on Sunday afternoons. Here they meet for a social hour, often to the great amusement of the passers-by. One interesting incident of these weekly reunions is reported by the Chicago Tribune:

Two men were at some distance from the others. They were standing three feet apart and talking energetically in the sign language. One of them leaped over to the other, grasped his coat lapels and drew him toward him. When they were close to each other the second man caught hold of the other's coat, and they stood face to face. From where the other deaf-mutes stood it was impossible to see the movements of their hands.

Intensely interested in the performance, one of the spectators, who was not a deaf-mute, took out a pencil and a piece of paper and wrote this question, which he handed to the mute: "Why are you two standing away from the rest and talking with your fingers hidden behind your coats?"

The mute read the question and scribbled the answer:

"I am telling him a secret, and we don't want the others to hear."

Scholarships.

For six scholarships recently awarded by the Georgia School of Technology there were 560 applications. This is accepted as evidence that the young white men of the South are inclining toward manual and mechanical work as a career. Georgia papers note this change of sentiment with much satisfaction. Formerly there was a prejudice against mechanical labor.

Blue Back.

The first spelling book printed in this country was entitled "The American Spelling Book" by Noah Webster. It was issued in 1782, and for considerably more than half a century was the standard work used in all American schools.

Do people occasionally run from you because you are a bore? Watch yourself the next time you stop a man to have a good long "talk."

Wealth is a bottomless sea in which honor and conscience may be drowned.



Maud—I'd hate to think that you'd throw yourself at Fred. Maudie—Why not? He's a good catch.—Harlem Life. Parke—Wiggson married a widow, didn't he? Lane—Yes. Parke—I wonder how he likes her former husband?—Puck.

Clarence Did my proposal surprise you, Charissa? Charissa—Indeed it did, Clarence; honestly, I didn't expect to get it without hinting for it.

Contractor—You won't sell me a car-load of bricks on credit? Dealer—No. Me an' my bricks are very much alike. We're hard pressed for cash.

Smith—What makes so many people crazy to get into society? Brown—Well, what makes so many other people crazy to keep them out?—Detroit Free Press.

Husband—I wonder what we shall wear in heaven. Wife—Well, if you get there, John, I imagine most of us will wear surprised looks.—Smart Set.

Phrenologist—Your bump of destructiveness is very large. Are you a soldier or a pugilist? Subject—Neither. I'm a furniture mover.—Brooklyn Eagle.

"Blumber is getting poetical. He says there is something very rhythmical in the click of a typewriter's keys." "Blumber has a very pretty typewriter girl."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

She—I am told you said some very clever things last evening. He—Yes; it is very disconcerting. She—What is it? He—The surprised manner in which everybody seems to be talking about it.

"That great Italian tenor told me he had a mattress stuffed full of the laurel wreaths that have been given him." "A mattress full? Then he ought to retire on them."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

"She caught a thief in the house and chased him four blocks," said the admiring friend. "Isn't it strange," replied the sarcastic rival, "how some girls are always after the men?"—Chicago Post.

"Wheeler seems to be stuck on that new doctor of his." "Yes, he's up to date. When Wheeler was sick in bed the doctor said, 'Oh, we'll have you on your pedals again in a few days.'"—Philadelphia Press.

"Couldn't she induce him to stay at home?" "No, not even by offering him all the comforts of the club." "What was his argument?" "That the main comfort of the club was that it was the club and not home."

"This gold mining business is being overdone," said the small speculator, with the air of one who knows it all. "That's so," replied Sharpe. "There's one mine that is sure to go to the wall." "What's that?" "Kalamazoo."—Indianapolis Press.

"Now," said the doctor, "if you wish to escape a return of the grip, you must take every precaution to avoid getting your feet wet." "All right, doctor," said the grateful patient. "Shall I wear rubber shoes when I take a bath?"—Baltimore American.

"You haven't explained how you came to have Mr. Smith's chickens in your possession," said the judge. "I'm trying to think, yer honor," replied the accused; "give me time." "Very well," replied the judge, blandly. "Six months."—Cincinnati Enquirer.

Mamma—Tommy, do stop that noise. If you'll only be good I'll give you a penny. Tommy—No, I want a nickel. "Why, you little rascal, you were quite satisfied to be good yesterday for a penny." "I know, but that was bargain day."—Philadelphia Times.

"Biddy," Pat began timidly, "did yer iver think av marryin'?" "Sure, now, th' subject has never interest ed me thoughts," demurely replied Biddy. "It's sorry OI am," said Pat, turning away. "Wan minute, Pat!" called Biddy, softly. "Ye've set me a-thinkin'."—Harper's Bazar.

Professor—If a person in good health, but who imagined himself sick, should send for you, what would you do? Medical Student—Give him something to make him sick, and then administer an antidote. Professor—Don't waste any more time here. Hang out your shingle.—New York Weekly.

Papa (severely)—Did you ask mamma if you could have that apple? Five-Year-Old—Yes, papa. Papa—Be careful now. I'll ask mamma, and if she says you didn't ask her I'll whip you for telling a story. Did you ask mamma? Five-Year-Old—Papa, I asked her. (A pause.) She said I couldn't have it.—Tri-Bits.

Solicitors: Mother—Where have you been, Johnny? Johnny—Down by th' ole mill watchin' a man paint a picture. Mother—Didn't you bother him, Johnny? Johnny—Naw. He seemed to be real interested in me. Mother—What did he say? Johnny—He asked me if I didn't think 'twas most dinner time and you'd miss me.—Harlem Life.

"You are convicted of bigamy," remarked the judge, impressively, while the prisoner glanced over his shoulder at three stern-visaged women. "Now," continued the court, "I intend to give you the severest penalty the law allows." Here the prisoner covered his face with his hands and wept. "I shall sentence you to prison for two years. What are you grinning at?" "I thought," smiled the prisoner, through his tears, "you were a-going to turn me loose."



SHOOTING MALLARDS OVER DECOYS FROM A BLIND.

GREAT CHRISTMAS OFFERINGS.

— The Whole Store Radiant with Holiday Things. —

The Grandest Display of Christmas Goods ever seen in this section of the country. Both the useful and Ornamental. Look us over before spending your money.

Dry Goods.

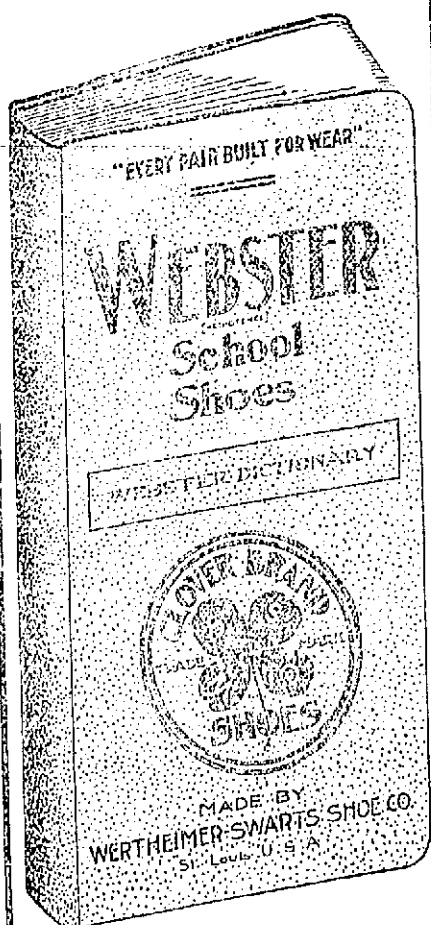
Our Display of Goods in this line is **Always Complete**, but we have made an extra effort to please the ladies this year.

We want the ladies to examine our dress goods, the selection is so complete that it will be worth the while.

Look over our designs for fancy work and novelties of this sort, you will probably find what you seek.

Ribbons, Laces, silks, satins, sofa pillows, trimmings of all kinds.

Articles for young and old.



A pocket dictionary goes with every pair of shoes.

Clothing.

THIS is our long suit. We can fit any member of the family to anything that is needed in this line, from a coarse working suit to the best of dress clothes. There is no line of goods where the price should tell the quality as much as in clothing, and that is what it does at our store.

**Boys and Men's Suits,
Overcoats and Rubbers,
Sweaters and Mittens,
Warm Underwear,
Neckties of all kinds,**

In fact everything for cold weather.

HARDWARE.

Your mind may run to something in this department, and if so you will do well to call on Pete and have him show what there is. It may be only a 10c pocket knife for the boy or a \$60 heater to please the housewife, but we have it just same.

A FULL LINE OF

**Cook Stoves, Heaters
and Ranges.**

FINE CUTLERY.

Novelties in Graniteware

LADIES CLOAKS.

If you are looking for anything in the shape of a Cloth or Fur Cape, Jacket or Cloak, we can probably be of assistance to you.



5 DOZEN FUR COATS.

Don't buy until you have seen ours.

GROCERIES.

Christmas time would indeed be a dull season of rejoicing were it not for the good things that can be obtained at our grocery department.

We not only have everything that is needed on an occasion of this kind, but you will always find it fresh.

All sorts of Canned Goods, Fresh and Dried Fruits, Vegetables, and the finest brands of Teas and Coffees.
Like our other departments the price tells the quality.

Don't fail to look over our China Display while in this department. **Bargains in Lamps and decorated ware.**

DRUG DEPARTMENT.

HOLIDAY ANNOUNCEMENT.

Without a doubt we have the largest assortment of **Toys, Games, Dolls, Fancy Goods, Books, and Novelties** that will be shown in Grand Rapids this season. In making up this assortment we have kept in mind both quality and price and have spared no pains in making our line an attractive one. We feel we can suit everybody's purse. Our prices will be as attractive as our goods.

We earnestly request you to call examine our stock and our prices, feeling confident we can please you. Below we append a few prices. Space forbids giving many.

BOOKS: The Riviere Series, handsomely bound, deckel edges good titles... 35c
The Handy Volume Classics, beautiful bindings, good titles..... 25c
Altam's Young People's Library, Fine..... 33c
An endless variety of good books for young and old at from 11c to \$1.25 per volume.

Copy Right Books, regular price \$1.50, our price \$1.25.

"The Fair," Chicago advertises these at \$1.18, we offer them at \$1.25 and save you transportation.

GRAND RAPIDS SOUVENIRS.

We have a large assortment of **Souvenir Novelties** with pictures of our **Public Buildings, Wisconsin River Bridge and Paper Mills and Dam at Nekoosa.** The price is 25 and 30c.

Plain and Decorated Art Ware. A very good imitation of Rookwood ware in various designs, ranging in price from 50c to \$3.00.

Burnt Leather Goods. Many useful and beautiful articles in Burnt Leather at from 25c to \$7.50.

Cut Glass, Ebony Goods, Japanese Novelties, Fine Perfumes, Elegant Stationery, etc., all at the lowest possible price.

Remember we give you trading stamps with all purchases.

The week between Christmas and New Year will be **Calendar Week** and every one calling will receive a beautiful **Art Calendar FREE.**

Come and see our beautiful Xmas Display whether you wish to purchase or not.

WE WANT YOUR PRESCRIPTIONS.

JOHNSON & HILL COMPANY

Largest Distributers of Merchandise in Wood County.

WEST GRAND RAPIDS,

WISCONSIN.

LOCAL ITEMS.

—Muir the shoe man is back in his old stand selling shoes as before.

The river was frozen over Friday morning, the first time this season.

For Sale—A cutter as good as new used only one winter. For information call at this office.

The Rebeckah's meet next Wednesday evening. This will be a business meeting and a full attendance is requested.

James Howlett has added another rig to his ten cent bus line during the past week. George Thorne has charge of the new outfit.

—Watch for the parade of Michael Strogoff at 12 o'clock on Thursday next.

A party of young people from Byron drove out to the home of Mrs. Thornton on Wednesday evening and enjoyed a candy pull.

Ernest Andrews has his "Merchant's Cafe," in operation, although he still has some fixing to do before things will be running smoothly.

—Remember that the Kern Shoe Co. gives a grand discount cleaning sale all the month of December.

The members of the high school football team were entertained by Charley Podawiltz on Wednesday evening at the Merchants' Cafe.

Canadian Jubilee Singers and Imperial orchestra at the M. E. church on Tuesday evening, Dec. 10. Tickets on sale at the 20th Century places.

—For Sale—A building 16x24 very cheap. Also a lot of studding and joists. Apply to D. F. CARR.

The west side fire company will give a Jacob Reuter concert on New Year's night, which will be followed by a ball, with music by the home orchestra.

The Passion play entertainment at the Catholic church last Friday evening was largely attended and those present expressed themselves as highly pleased with it.

—Seventy-five people will take part in Michael Strogoff at the opera house Thursday evening, Dec. 12. Get your reserved seats now. 45 and 50 cents.

Wm. Suhr and Miss Edith Wansow, of Sigel were married on November 12th at the home of the bride's parents. Mr. and Mrs. Suhr will make their home in this city.

Anchor ice in the river compelled the Pioneer Wood pulp company to shut down their water power on Friday, it being impossible to run under the existing conditions.

—Muir the shoe man has taken an interest in the Kern Shoe Co. and would be pleased to see all of his old customers.

W. G. Scott, the west side jeweler, put in a new 3500 pound safe on Monday. The new strong box is a large one and is built especially for jewelers' use for protection against fire and burglars.

Edward Lynch has purchased the saw mill of A. H. McWhitely situated three miles north of Milladore. Mr. McWhitely intends to devote his time to buying and shipping wood hereafter.

The sale of dolls and doll fixtures given by the M. W. K. club on Tuesday evening was a brilliant success, both financially and socially and a neat sum was netted for the society by the sale and supper.

—One big load of dry kindling wood delivered to any part of the city for one dollar. BADGER BOX & LUMBER CO. Telephone No. 314.

By the preparations our different merchants are making the indications are that they intend doing some Christmas business this year. Several announcements will be found in this issue of the Tribune.

The members of the Elk lodge met at their hall on Sunday and held a special memorial service, the first Sunday in December being the regular day for their service which is commemorative of the deceased members of the order.

—If you want to see Michael Strogoff at the opera house on December 12th you should not delay in securing your seats.

The west side Ladies' Aid society of the Congregational church will hold a social at the residence of Mrs. Frank Garrison on Wednesday evening. A large attendance of gentlemen is urgently requested; in fact all are cordially invited to attend.

—You are liable to hear something about shoes again, now that Muir the shoe man is back in his old stand pushing the shoe trade again.

The Marshfield papers intimate that Assemblyman E. A. Cady will remove to this city in the spring. E. A. realizes that Marshfield is a pretty good town, but that if he really would be in the swim he must be a resident of Grand Rapids.

—Look over the stock of Hirzy, the jeweler, before you decide what to buy for Christmas. Bargains there all along the line.

When you hold the receiver of the telephone to your ear nowadays it sounds as if the members of the Society for Furnishing Filipinos with Fur Overcoats was holding a social session in the next room, and that the grub had not been passed yet.

—Michael Strogoff will be given only one night, Thursday, December 12th, so don't miss securing a seat before it is too late. At the opera house. 35 and 50 cents.

Chilton Times: On Monday District Attorney Kirwan received from Wood county a check for \$180.97 the amount due Calumet county for the maintenance and support of Mrs. Henry Schmidt, a charge on Wood county. The same was turned into the county treasury.

—In order to keep the time, accurate time, all the time, you should see Hirzy's stock of watches and clocks. There are many that would make handsome holiday presents.

The entertainment of the Boston Musical and Dramatic company was largely attended on Thursday evening and all seemed to be pleased with the entertainment. There was enough of the ridiculous to keep the audience good natured and all of the work was first class from start to finish.

Joseph Rick has leased his saloon property on the Sigel road to Joseph Cossely and Mr. Rick will take a rest from work in the interval. Mr. Rick has been in business there continuously for the past fourteen years and considers that he is entitled to a slight respite from labor.

—Georgios costumes, magnificent scenery and special music for Michael Strogoff at the opera house. Thursday evening. Don't miss it. Reserved seats 35 and 50 cents.

It was Cyril Gross's 10th birthday on Wednesday and in order to celebrate the event a number of his young friends assembled at the parental domicile and made merry for several hours. Mrs. Gross served the youngsters with refreshments and a very enjoyable time was spent.

—A large line of white enamel and gold easels at prices that defy competition. A beautiful picture goes with every sale at Geo. W. Baker's, furniture store.

The new five hundred horse power engine at the electric light plant was started up on Sunday and since that time has been operating the two new dynamos to supply the city with electricity. The new engine is a beautiful piece of mechanism and well worth the inspection by any one who takes an interest in this sort of thing.

—If you contemplate getting married you can save enough on the wedding by buying it of Jeweler Hirzy to pay for the marriage license. He is selling all kinds of jewelry and Christmas articles cheap.

About fifteen friends of Willie Derrick assembled at his home on Tuesday evening and treated that gentleman to a surprise party. It was William's 20th birthday and to say that the event was properly celebrated does not express it at all. Refreshments were served at 11 o'clock but the young people kept up their fun until 2 in the morning.

—A large assortment of couches in velours, tapestries, plushes and leather any of which would make a welcome Christmas gift. Remember and call for one of those beautiful pictures which goes with every purchase at Geo. W. Baker's furniture store.

There is one thing that the average man should be thankful for, at any rate, and that is that the women of the nation have not as yet been able to compress themselves into the shape that a woman is pictured in the modern fashion plate. If present styles will only change before something is invented to accomplish the trick the country may still be safe for awhile.

—Used by the ladies of fashion all over the world. It's without doubt the greatest beautifier ever offered the American woman. 35c. Made only by Madison Medicine Co. Johnson & Hill Co.

The post office department has decided to place the late President McKinley's head on the new issue of postal cards which will appear shortly after December 1. The design as explained by Acting Postmaster General Madden, includes the year of birth immediately at the right and left, respectively, of the name "McKinley," which will be directly under the head.

—Susan—The phimples, sore and blackheads are danger signals. Take Rock Mountain Tea. You'll give a farewell reception to your troubles. 35c at Johnson & Hill Co.

The connection between the east and west side water systems was completed this week and soon the west side will be able to take a drink without the bother of straining the wiggles out through their teeth. It is possible that the new water will taste rather flat and insipid for a while, but they will in time get used to the absence of the nourishing properties.

—If you would have an appetite like a bear and a relish for your meals take Chamberlain's stomach and liver tablets. They correct disorders of the stomach and regulate the liver and bowels. Price 25 cents. Samples free at Johnson & Hill Co.'s drug store.

By a combination of circumstances over which the proprietors had no control the readers of the Tribune were deprived of their usual quota of continued story last week. We sincerely hope that the heroine was not kept in a perilous position these two weeks by this circumstance but have no doubt it will come out all right in the end, as the continuation of the story will be found in this issue of the Tribune.

—Puts gray matter in your head. Brings a rosy glow to faded cheeks. Restores vim, vigor, mental and physical happiness. That's what Rocky mountain tea will do. 35c at Johnson & Hill Co.

Wausau Herald: Asher Boyles, of Nekoosa, who has been here for the past two weeks assisting at the Wausau Business College during the illness of his father, Prof. C. M. Boyles, has decided to engage permanently in the work with his father and consequently resigned his position with the Kellogg Bros. Lumber Company at Nekoosa. His resignation is to take effect January 1st, at which time he will move his family to Wausau. Asher is a bright young man, well equipped for the work he will take up and has already had considerable experience in that line.

—No one can reasonably hope for good health unless his bowels move once a day. When this is not attended to, disorders of the stomach arise, biliousness, headache dyspepsia and piles soon follow. If you wish to avoid these ailments keep your bowels regular by taking Chamberlain's Stomach and liver tablets when required. They are so easy to take and mild and gentle in effect. For sale by Johnson & Hill Co.

The opening of rural mail routes and instituting telephone lines through country districts is making life on the farm seem very different from what it used to be. Think what a telephone would mean many times to a farmer's wife. Penned up in her house for weeks, almost, at a time, overworked, tired and more than half sick, as many a farmer's wife is, what bliss it would be for her to call up some neighbor a few miles away, and swap experiences with her. The rural mail route brings to the farmer daily paper for breakfast, and maybe a trolley line will go past the door some day.—Ex.

—John Dengler's Capital for 5 cents is a gentleman's smoke.

PERSONAL MENTION.

Mrs. John E. Daly has been quite ill for two weeks past.

Oil Inspector C. H. Wood made a trip to Medford on Monday.

L. E. Card of Dexterville transacted business here on Tuesday.

E. W. Ring of Pittsville was a business visitor in the city on Tuesday.

Miss Edith Nash left on Thursday for Chicago to be absent several days.

Mr. and Mrs. W. F. Sanderson are in Chicago this week on a pleasure trip.

Mrs. E. M. Platt left on Wednesday for Chicago, Mr. Platt having left on Sunday.

John Bell, Jr., spent Sunday in Oniro visiting with relatives and friends.

Wm. Corcoran departed on Monday for Bruce to do some surveying for the Arpin's.

Chairman John Juno of Marshfield transacted business at the court house on Tuesday.

Rev. W. A. Peterson went to Wausau again on Thursday to assist in the revival work.

Andrew Donhard of Marshfield, spent Sunday in the city the guest of Orson Cochran.

Wilbur Briere left on Tuesday to resume his duties in the lumber business in Kentucky.

Jacob Lutz made a trip to Almond on Wednesday, making his first trip over the new line.

S. L. Alexander of Menomonie spent Sunday in this city visiting his numerous friends here.

Charles Johnson of South Bend, Indiana, visited friends in the city several days this week.

Floyd Moore, Louis Schall and Henry Wakely took in the sights at Wausau a few days last week.

Miss Jessie Stetzer spent Thanksgiving day with friends at Wausau, returning home on Friday.

Wm. Scott, S. N. Whittlesey and Arthur Sickles went to Chicago on Monday to attend the stock show.

Will Carey is confined to his home by an attack of diphtheria, which developed during the past week.

John McGloin, the furniture man, was called to Winona on Tuesday as an expert witness in a lawsuit.

Mrs. Charles Hiler left on Monday for Chippewa Falls where she expects to make her home in the future.

Miss Clara Krensb of Stevens Point spent her Thanksgiving with Miss Estella Lutz and stayed till Monday.

Mrs. Wm. Kellogg is still confined to her home by her recent illness, although somewhat better at this writing.

Orson Potter departed on Monday for Wausau where he intends to take a course in the Toland business college.

Morris Silber, formerly of this city but now of Milwaukee, was in the city Saturday and Sunday visiting friends.

Theodore Klett of Mukwanago interviewed the butchers about town on Wednesday on the hide and tallow question.

M. G. Fleckenstein, one of the proprietors of the tissue paper mill at Marshfield, transacted business here on Saturday.

Messames Geo. W. Paulus and Renlah Biron made a trip to Stevens Point on Thursday, returning the day following.

J. A. Wright, proprietor of the city bakery at Marshfield, was in the city Tuesday looking for a boy to learn the baker's trade.

Chas. Klevene has accepted a job sealing for the Arpin Lumber company at Catawba, Wis., and left for that place last week.

Chas. Hinkle left Monday evening for Gates county where he will work in the woods the coming winter for the Arpin Lumber company.

Mrs. Phillip Jacobus of Marshfield has been visiting the past week at the home of her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Henry Birringer of the west side.

W. C. McGlynn of Pittsville, was in the city Thursday. Mr. McGlynn reports the land business still good at Pittsville for this time of the year.

Contractor A. H. Dustin spent Saturday at Marshfield. This was Mr. Dustin's first visit there since the big fire and he was surprised at the wonderful growth.

Will Raymond has accepted a clerkship in the dry goods department of Johnson & Hill's store. Will's many friends will be pleased to see him back in his old position.

Miss Elfrida Timm has finished her season's work with Miss Grace Getts and after spending a week among friends at Nekoosa will go to her home in Milwaukee.

C. E. Lavigne expects to leave on Monday for Washington where he resumes his duties with the census bureau. Mrs. Lavigne will remain here for a time yet to visit her relatives.

Joseph Balderson of Prairie du Chien, spent the later part of last week in the city the guest of his mother, Mrs. Jeannette Balderson, and other relatives. He returned home on Monday.

Attorney T. W. Brazear made a trip to Marshfield on Sunday, going up on the Northwestern. This was the first trip over the road by the passenger crew and they experienced considerable difficulty in finding the stations along the road.

Mrs. J. W. Cochran went to Milwaukee yesterday, where she will be the guest of Mrs. J. W. Cameron over Sunday. Next week she will visit Mr. Cochran's cousin, Mrs. Wm. Crawford, at Mazomanie, and the week following will be at Janesville, Wis., with her son William, who will return home with her about December 21st for the holiday vacation.

Rev. Sam Goenfeldt and E. W. Long of Sturgeon Bay were guests of the Rev. John Greenfield in this city on Tuesday and Wednesday. Mr. Greenfield has charge of the Moravian congregation at Sturgeon Bay and Mr. Long is the foreman in the Advocate office at that place.

Herman Straecker of Thorp and John Eckhoff of Marshfield were in the city on Thursday inspecting our electric light plant and looking over the new machinery. Mr. Eckhoff is manager of the electric plant at Marshfield and Mr. Straecker occupies a like position at Thorp.

Oscar Morterud received a telegram on Saturday announcing the sudden death of his father at Bloomingdale. A sad feature of the affair was that his mother was on her way to this city to visit her boy for a short time and Mr. Morterud had to break the news of the unfortunate event to her. They both left that evening for home.

W. E. Gardner is visiting his daughter, Mrs. Frank Rafferty at Spring Valley, Minn., and reports that he is picking up fast, and that if the improvement continues he will soon tip the scale at the 200 mark. If the improvement continues until spring he will seriously consider the advisability of going to his claim in Douglas county and cutting four or five hundred cords of wood during the coming summer. He may reconsider this proposition before spring, however.

Mr. and Mrs. F. MacKinnon left last Tuesday evening for Los Angeles at which point they will be joined by Miss Grace Hoskinson who also sails on the 5th of Dec. for San Francisco. They expect to spend a most enjoyable winter in making a tour of southern California. Mr. MacKinnon will be absent about a month, returning after the holidays. Mrs. MacKinnon and Miss Hoskinson expect to arrive home about the first week in May, after visiting friends in New Orleans and Natchez, Mississippi. All join in the hope that Mrs. MacKinnon's health will be greatly improved by the change of climate.

A Card.

We, the undersigned, do hereby agree to refund the money on a 50 cent bottle of Greene's Warranted Syrup of Tar if it fails to cure your cough or cold. We also guarantee a 25 cent bottle to prove satisfactory or money refunded.

JOHNSON & HILL CO.
JOHN E. DALY.

Closuit-Podawiltz.

As we go to press we learn that Ben Closuit and Miss Vinnie Podawiltz of this city were married at Appleton on Thursday. The details of the happy event are lacking but the Tribune wishes them success in their venture just the same.

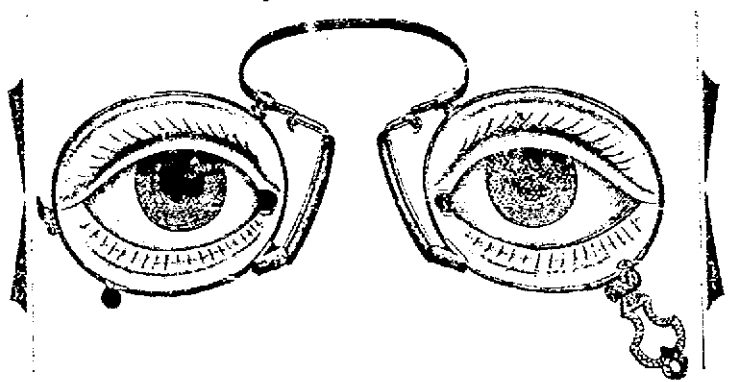
Says He was Tortured.

"I suffered such pain from corns I could hardly walk," writes H. Robinson, Hillsborough, Ill., "but Bucklin's Arnica salve completely cured them." Acts like magic on sprains, bruises, cuts, sores, scalds, burns, boils, ulcers. Perfect healer of skin diseases and piles. Cure guaranteed by Johnson & Hill Co. and John E. Daly. 25c.

—A. J. Snell wanted to attend a party but was afraid to on account of pains in his stomach, which he feared would grow worse. He says, "I was telling my troubles to a lady friend, who said: 'Chamberlain's colic, cholera and diarrhoea remedy will put you in condition for the party.' I bought a bottle and take pleasure in stating that two doses cured me and enabled me to have a good time at the party." Mr. Snell is a resident of Summer Hill, N. Y. This remedy is for sale by Johnson & Hill Co.

On Dec. 24, 25, 31 and Jan. 1st the Wisconsin Central will sell round trip excursion tickets to any point within 200 miles at rate of one and one third fare for the round trip with a minimum rate of one dollar. Tickets good returning Jan 2nd.

Defects in Eyesight



Can be corrected by having your eyes fitted accurately to a pair of glasses by J. R. CHAPMAN. Satisfaction guaranteed or money refunded.

If you will watch closely our advertisements hereafter you will find something new every week.

EVERY WEDNESDAY Is A Sales Day

Next Wednesday there will be a sale of Ladies', Gents' and Children's Outing Flannel Night Robes. Ladies' and Children's Cloaks will be sold at reduced prices from now on owing to the lateness of the season.

You will find something nice for a Christmas present among these goods. N. B. No trading stamps given on goods advertised on sales day

MRS. J. HAMM,
EAST SIDE, TELEPHONE NO. 268.

PHOTOGRAPHS!

LATEST STYLES.

You will probably want some photos during the holidays to give your friends, and if so I think it entirely probable that I can please you at my studio. Photos finished in any style to suit the customer. You cannot appreciate how many new styles there are to select from unless you visit my gallery and look them over.

Views, Crayon and Photo Enlargements, Carbon Prints, etc.

I have an extra nice selection of views from this part of the country. Come and look them over.

O. MORTERUD,
The Photographer.

SALE

Wednesday Afternoon and Evening, Dec. 11.

Sofa Pillows, Autograph Quilt, Various Fancy and useful articles for Christmas by the Willing Workers Sewing Society in the Basement of the Moravian Church.

Refreshments Served.

Must be Sold

The R. Austin place, about 5 acres of land with dwelling house. Well of coldest and purest water, situated in a beautiful pine grove. At a sacrifice for cash. Title perfect. Inquire at law office of J. W. COCHRAN.

PILES CAN BE CURED by local treatment alone. First step is to remove the piles and then to prevent the return of the same. CLARK MEDICINE CO., Chicago, Ill.

C. M. DOUGHARTY,
Electric Light and Bell Wiring.

Full line of Batteries, Electric Fans and Electrical Supplies. Telephone 386. Grand Rapids, Wisconsin.

HOLIDAY FURNITURE

Call at

Geo. W. Baker's
FURNITURE STORE, EAST SIDE

—And see those beautiful—

AXMINSTER RUGS

Extra fine quality made in choice colors and will wear many years. Sizes 9x12 feet.

Kensington Art Squares

Extra super, all wool. Beautiful designs, sizes 9x7½ to 9x10½ feet.

Philippine Brussels Art Squares, extra fine, in solid two tone effects, exquisite designs. Sizes 9x7½ to 9x13 1-2 feet.

Smyrna Rugs, sizes 18x34 to 30x60 in all of which will go at lower prices than can be obtained at any other place in the city. Make your selections early as these goods are bargains.

Your Choice of a Line of Beautiful Colored Pictures GIVEN WITH EVERY PURCHASE.

REWARD BADGER BRAVERY

Congress Asked to Honor Capt. French and Newton.

TWO GALLANT OFFICERS

Congressman O'Brien Submits Resolution Adopted by the Wisconsin Legislature.

Washington, D. C., Dec. 3.—Congressman O'Brien today laid before the House of Representatives the resolution adopted by the Legislature of Wisconsin, relating to the gallant acts of Capt. Frank L. French and Harry W. Newton, during the campaigns in the Philippines, participated in by the Wisconsin volunteers.

Capt. Frank L. French resides in Sparta, Wis., and was a captain of the Thirty-fourth United States volunteers, and distinguished himself in the expedition which resulted in the rescue of Lieut. Gilmore, U. S. N.

Capt. Harry W. Newton of Superior was with Gen. Funston on the expedition which resulted in the capture of Aguinaldo.

The President of the United States and Congress are urged by the resolution of the Wisconsin Legislature to suitably recognize the gallantry of these two Wisconsin soldiers.

ADE ENJOINS STUDENTS.

They Were Selling His Book at Too Low a Figure.

Madison, Wis., Dec. 3.—Two university students, H. E. Miller and W. F. Mabbott, have been enjoined by the courts, at the instigation of George Ade, from selling any more copies of the football story entitled "Grouch at the Game," written by Ade after the Wisconsin-Minnesota football game. In their agreement with Ade, it is said, 10,000 copies of the story in book form were to be sold in the state of Wisconsin, the first 1000 to be sold to students at 50 cents a copy and the remainder at 25 cents. The two students, it is alleged, violated the contract and sold many copies to the students for 25 cents, and Ade has secured a temporary injunction until the affair can be satisfactorily arranged.

GO BACK TO KLONDIKE.

Two Rivers People Decide to Return in Quest of Gold.

Two Rivers, Wis., Dec. 3.—[Special.]—William Zahn and wife, who recently returned from Dawson City, where they had been engaged in mining for gold, have decided to return to the Klondike gold fields at once, and will leave today, accompanied by Fred Grunmann, a brother of Mrs. Zahn.

Mr. Zahn recently sold his share in a claim he owned for quite a large sum. In returning from the gold fields this summer Mr. Zahn and wife nearly lost their lives when the islander, on which they were passengers, was wrecked. They lost all of their belongings, including quite a lot of gold dust. Mr. Grunmann, who accompanies them, has two brothers, Albert and George, living near Dawson City, where they have been successful in mining operations.

FARMER IS HELD UP.

Two Masked Men Secure \$285 from Helmik Hansen of Tish Mills.

Kewaunee, Wis., Dec. 3.—[Special.]—Helmik Hansen, a farmer residing at Tish Mills, was held up and robbed of \$285 about eight miles from this city, by two masked men.

PETITION FOR A RECEIVER.

A La Crosse Company is Alleged to be Insolvent.

La Crosse, Wis., Dec. 3.—[Special.]—Morris & Hartwell, attorneys for the Exchange State bank of this city, today served notices of a motion to appoint a receiver for the La Crosse-Brown Harvester company, which capital is \$200,000, on the ground that it is insolvent and has not for the past two years used its charter as contemplated. The suit is based on an unpaid judgment. There is much litigation with the stockholders already in the circuit and supreme courts.

HUSTING STICKS TO LAW.

"Pete" Declines Offer to Play with National League.

Fond du Lac, Wis., Dec. 3.—[Special.]—Pete Husting, the well-known baseball player, who recently associated himself with his brother in the practice of law in this city, received a telegram yesterday from Harry Davis, now at Sacramento, Cal., playing in the American league, offering Husting a place in the National league for the winter. "Pete" promptly wired his declination, being determined to give his whole attention to the law.

GIVEN A LONG SENTENCE.

Five Years for Stealing Two Bags of Flour.

Janesville, Wis., Dec. 3.—[Special.]—Hugh Tulley of Beloit was given the next five years behind prison walls at Vandalia on account of entering a Milwaukee road warehouse in Beloit and stealing two bags of flour. The five-years sentence was given him by Judge Dunwidy in the circuit court this morning. Tulley has already spent thirty months in the Waupun prison.

GIRL ATTEMPTS SUICIDE.

No Longer Loved by the Man of Her Choice.

Janesville, Wis., Dec. 3.—[Special.]—On account of being no longer loved by the man of her choice, Anna Smith, a domestic employed at the Highland house in this city, attempted to commit suicide last night by the use of chloroform. She will recover.

FIRE IN SORORITY HOUSE.

Co-Eds at Madison Nearly Lost Their Home.

Madison, Wis., Dec. 3.—[Special.]—A fire broke out in the kitchen of the Phi Beta Phi society house yesterday afternoon, and after the fire department had extinguished it another was discovered in the basement. Beyond a little damage from the smoke the girls suffered no loss.

FARMER IS TAKEN IN.

Janesville, Wis., Dec. 3.—W. A. Dean, a prosperous farmer, made out a promissory note to show a stranger how to do it. He left the amount blank, but after the stranger had left the paper was missed. Mr. Dean notified the banks of the city and neighborhood not to accept the paper if it is presented for discount.

YOUNG GIRL HAS DISAPPEARED.

Leaves Arcadia November 9 to Go to Eau Claire—Nothing Heard from Her Since.

Eau Claire, Wis., Dec. 3.—[Special.]—Theresa Wytsch, a girl of 17 years of age, bought a ticket at Arcadia, November 9, to come to Eau Claire to see her father, who is at the poor farm here. She has not arrived and no trace of her whereabouts can be found. Her father is almost crazy with anxiety.

NEGROES ASSAULT AN AGED MAN.

Watchman at Racine Is Attacked by Two Strangers and Terribly Beaten.

Racine, Wis., Dec. 3.—[Special.]—August Dievertz, night watchman at the Sator Trunk factory, is in a precarious condition, the result of an assault by two negroes. Dievertz is 60 years of age. Shortly before midnight he was making his customary rounds when he noticed two colored men skulking about the factory. One of the men struck the old man a blow on the head, knocked him down, and next kicked him into insensibility.

DR. AND MRS. ADAMS LEAVE MADISON.

Start for California Where They Will Spend the Winter—Health Greatly Improved.

Madison, Wis., Dec. 3.—[Special.]—Ex-President and Mrs. Charles Kendall Adams left this city late yesterday afternoon over the North-Western road for Hollands, Cal., where they will spend the winter. Their health has improved greatly, during the past two weeks, and it is expected that the journey will be entirely safe and that the change of climate will be most beneficial. Dr. Adams has been able to spend quite a considerable amount of time in the open air recently and his family and friends are very hopeful of his ultimate recovery.

PORTAGE TAX TOO HIGH.

Special Meeting of Columbia County Board Is Called—A Clerical Error Was Made.

Portage, Wis., Dec. 3.—[Special.]—The determined opposition of Mayor Jones to the action of the equalization committee of the county board of supervisors in increasing the city's personal property assessment nearly \$200,000 may result in a special session of the board to reconsider its action. County Clerk Hughes has sent a copy of the proposed call to each member of the board, along with an explanation signed by the members of the equalization committee, stating that the great increase in assessment was largely due to a clerical error, and giving a number of reasons why it is deemed advisable for the board to meet in extra session.

The city authorities claim that in making the assessment the committee ignored both the assessor's figures and those recommended by the special committee appointed at the 1900 session of the board to propose figures on the valuation of the personal property of the different cities, towns and villages in the county, looking toward a fairer and more equitable tax levy. For years the percentage of taxation has compared to the selling price of real estate in the city has also been greater than in any other part of the county, as is shown from the considerations in sales recorded in the office of the register deeds.

Under the new law requiring real estate to be assessed at its full value the common council at a special meeting last week adopted a tax levy of 1½ per cent. This with other estimated resources will amply provide for the current expenses of the city during the year.

DIES IN PULPIT.

Depere Woman Stricken While Making an Address.

Sioux City, Ia., Dec. 3.—Mrs. F. I. Hopkins, who came here recently from Depere, Wis., and who has been one of the leaders of the Epworth league work, died while speaking in the pulpit of the Rosin Avenue Methodist church. The remains have been shipped to Depere for burial. Heart disease was cause of death.

PIONEER OF BADGER STATE.

Greenwood, Wis., Dec. 3.—[Special.]—Mary Ann Harrison died Sunday at the home of her son, Postmaster Harrison of this city. She was nearly 87 years old and was ill but a few days, a cold being the immediate cause of death. Deceased was one of nine children, having an older sister still living in Vermont, and a younger brother, Amias Chamberlain, living in Columbus, this state. She came to Wisconsin in 1843 and has resided in Clark county since 1872. Besides the son, with whom she has spent her last years, deceased leaves a daughter, Mrs. George R. Brooks of Lynn. The funeral occurred this afternoon from the residence.

Mrs. C. Strawn, Wantoma.

Wantoma, Wis., Dec. 3.—[Special.]—The funeral of Mrs. C. Strawn, an old and highly respected lady of this town, was held here yesterday and was largely attended. Deceased was about 70 years of age and leaves several sons and daughters.

Henry Kaser, Sparta.

Sparta, Wis., Dec. 3.—[Special.]—Henry Kaser, one of Sparta's foremost citizens, died today from a complication of diseases. Deceased was one of the proprietors of the Sparta Flouring mill. The funeral will be held Friday afternoon.

John Dakers, Wantoma.

Wantoma, Wis., Dec. 3.—[Special.]—John Dakers, an old resident of this town, was buried today. Deceased was 75 years of age and leaves a widow.

J. Edwards Brown, Dartford.

Dartford, Wis., Dec. 3.—[Special.]—J. Edwards Brown is dead, at an advanced age. He formerly lived at Berlin and at Eureka.

Maggie Zeilke, Oakfield.

Oakfield, Wis., Dec. 3.—[Special.]—Miss Maggie Zeilke of this place died at St. Agnes' hospital, Fond du Lac.

Owen Hartman, Pardeeville.

Pardeeville, Wis., Dec. 3.—[Special.]—Owen Hartman, one of the first settlers here, died, aged 84.

Other Deaths in the State.

New London—Mrs. Fred Abel.

Janesville—H. B. Kenniston, aged 65 years.

Appleton—Mrs. Otto Schaefer, died, aged 33 years.

Janesville—Mrs. Richard J. Whitten, aged 26 years.

New Richmond—Mrs. August Hein, a sister of Dr. F. C. Hahn of this city.

Appleton Man Is Appointed.

Madison, Wis., Dec. 3.—[Special.]—Charles O. Goehner of Appleton has been appointed mailing clerk in the state insurance department at \$67.50 per month.

ENGINES ARE WRECKED.

Railway Trains in a Smash-up at Fond du Lac.

CAR ON ROOF OF DEPOT.

Passenger Train Crashes Into Cars and One of Them Is Thrown on Top of Station.

Fond du Lac, Wis., Dec. 2.—[Special.]—Two wrecks occurred Saturday evening in the North-Western railway yards in this city. The first occurred at about 11:30 o'clock, when a passenger engine, which had been called in as a helper, ran into a switch engine on the main line. No one was hurt, but the engines were badly damaged. This accident occurred near the West Second street crossing.

The second and most important wreck took place Sunday morning when the passenger train, scheduled to arrive here at 3:10 o'clock from the north, ran into an engine and a number of passenger cars standing upon the switch at the north end of the passenger station. This accident is said to have been due to the carelessness of the switchman in throwing the wrong switch.

The train was going at a considerable rate of speed and the front of the passenger engine, as well as the rear of the engine with which it collided, was badly demolished. The "bumper," at the end of the switch, was knocked down and one of the passenger cars slid up over it onto the roof of the passenger depot, tearing a hole in that part of the roof above the operator's office. No one was injured as a result of the collision.

Some of the engines were so badly damaged that it was necessary to take them to the repair shops at Chicago.

RIPON BANKER GIVEN THE RIGHT TO WED.

L. D. Moses Will Not Have to Wait a Year as the Law Provides.

Ripon, Wis., Dec. 2.—[Special.]—L. D. Moses, a banker of this city, who was divorced a short time ago, has obtained a dispensation from Judge Kiwan which makes it possible for him to marry again without waiting a year, as a law enacted at the last session provides. In the petition asking for the dispensation Mr. Moses stated that he was about to marry when knowledge of the law came to him, and that unless he can take unto himself the wife which he has selected for a partner it will result in a great loss to both of them.

DAIRYMEN MEET AT MANITOWOC.

Organization Comprising Manitowoc, Brown and Calumet Counties Is Formed.

Manitowoc, Wis., Dec. 2.—[Special.]—About fifty cheese manufacturers from Manitowoc, Brown and Calumet counties met at the Hotel Victoria Saturday for the purpose of organizing a dairymen's association, which is to be a branch of the Wisconsin Protective Cheese Manufacturers and Buyers' association. Joseph Wolfinger of Dundas, Calumet county, called the meeting to order. C. W. Sweeting, assistant state dairy and food commissioner, was elected chairman and H. P. Meyer of Greenleaf, this county, secretary. The meeting was addressed by E. Adersheldt of Neenah and A. C. De Land of Sheboygan.

MONEY FOR LAWRENCE.

The New Gymnasium Is Nearly Out of Debt.

Appleton, Wis., Dec. 2.—[Special.]—In view of the fact that the actual cost of the new J. M. Alexander gymnasium of Lawrence university is about \$3500 above the amount received by former subscriptions, further solicitations by the committee in charge were commenced a few days ago, with the result that first contributions of \$500 each and one of \$200 have been made, leaving an indebtedness of only \$800 on the entire building. John McNaughton of this city was the first to give \$500 and closely following came L. M. Alexander of Milwaukee, whose name the gymnasium bears; Isaac Stephenson of Marinette, Wis., W. Cooper of Kenosha, each of whom donated \$500 towards paying the indebtedness on the building. W. E. Hutton of New London has given \$200 and one other philanthropic spirited person whose name is withheld from publication has contributed \$500. With the numerous smaller subscriptions already received and still to be solicited it is anticipated the building will stand completed and paid for before the expiration of the present year.

BRIGGS IS ALL RIGHT.

Rhinolander Man Went Out After Big Game.

Rhinolander, Wis., Dec. 2.—[Special.]—D. E. Briggs, the real estate man and experienced woodsman, reported missing, has returned all right and ready for business again. While looking over some timber lands in the western part of the county he discovered some extraordinary large deer tracks apparently fresh. Anxious to secure one of the deer he started in pursuit, and when one of them was overhauled and brought to bay he found himself a long distance from any shipping point and in a bad place, where a cyclone had played havoc with the timber. To reach a station with his big game required several days' time, hence the delay in not reaching home at the appointed time, which caused the fear and anxiety of his family and friends.

AUTOS COMPETE WITH CARS.

Will Be Run in Opposition to the Street Railway.

La Crosse, Wis., Dec. 2.—[Special.]—A number of capitalists here are forming an automobile company to operate a line in this city to compete with the street cars. The railway company some time ago refused to give longer night service and run off-ten on certain streets, and the automobile company will ask for a franchise to run on certain streets.

WRECK AT OSHKOSH.

Six Freight Cars are Thrown Off the Track.

Oshkosh, Wis., Dec. 2.—[Special.]—At 6:30 o'clock last evening a special freight train in charge of Conductor G. D. Hollis of Janesville was wrecked just within the southern limits of the city. A draw-bar in the center of the train broke and six cars were derailed. Traffic was delayed for several hours.

CHINA'S GRAND OLD MAN.

Li Hung Chang's Death the Orient Loses Its Greatest Man.

In the death of Li Hung Chang the ancient empire of China has lost its most powerful and greatest citizen and oriental civilization its most distinguished exponent. Our own Gen. Grant ranked him with Bismarck and Gladstone, and in return for the compliment Li compared Grant to himself. The great Chinaman had an unbounded admiration for the hero of Appomattox, whom he entertained when the latter was making a tour of the world, and every year after Gen. Grant's death he had a wreath placed on his grave. When Li visited this country on a tour of the world he planted a tree by Gen. Grant's tomb in Riverside Park, New York.

Li Hung Chang was not a leader of his people by birth or hereditary rank. He was not even of the blood of the ruling caste, the Manchus. He was of old Chinese stock and was born in 1822—the same year as Gen. Grant. He first came into prominence during the awful Taiping rebellion, which desolated China for fourteen years, costing 20,000,000 lives and incalculable financial loss. Li raised a regiment of militia and attacked the rebels on their march toward Peking. He gained notice by this and was promoted. First with the aid of Gen. Ward, an American, and next with Gen. Gordon, who subsequently met a tragic fate in the Sudan, he organized and disciplined an army and ultimately crushed out the rebellion. For this service he was promoted to be governor of the metropolitan province of Pechili, and here he ruled with autocratic sway for a quarter of a century. He was the buffer

by fell from the lips of the wily oriental and these, together with his numerous questions, will long perpetuate an interesting phase of his many-sided character.

POPULAR PRESIDENT'S WIFE.

Dolly Madison Was a Remarkable Mistress of the White House.

Beautiful, vivacious, affable and rich, Dolly Madison dispensed a lavish hospitality at her husband's house while he was Secretary of State and presided at such social functions as took place in the White House during Jefferson's days. Becoming regularly installed as its mistress at her husband's inauguration in 1809, she was the leader of Washington society for sixteen years.

No lady of the White House ever approached her in popularity except Harriet Lane, the mistress of the mansion at the time of the bachelor president, Buchanan, and Mrs. Cleveland. Mrs. Madison never forgot the name of a person she had once met. She always recollected every incident of consequence connected with the history of every person presented to her, thus making every one feel that he held a high place in her esteem. In this way she disarmed much of the hostility to the weak administration of Madison and won him many friends whose support was of the highest value to him and to the country during the tempestuous days of the troubles between the United States and England. Worthy as Madison was, says Leslie's Weekly, Mrs. Madison was a much greater person in her field than he was in his.

Shoppers as Detectives.

Professional shoppers are employed by a large dry goods firm to test the



between the invading foreigners on one side and a reactionary court on the other, and it was his fate to be frowned upon and snuffed upon by the latter in turn.

Through his contact with foreigners Li became impressed with the advantages of western methods and these he introduced in his own province of Pechili. To do so he had to run counter to the rooted customs of centuries and often his work was retarded. As grand secretary of the empire, which he became in 1875, he was the negotiator of treaties with foreign nations and thus his name became well known in all civilized countries having commercial relations with China. Li's work was indefatigable. He introduced the telegraph and the railroad into China, founded a military and naval academy, created a navy, established arsenals, built forts and gave to the empire a wonderful impetus.

And then came the war with Japan, which proved the rottenness of Chinese methods. The unwieldy giant was whipped, both army and navy, owing to the ignorance of the Chinese, being practically worthless. Li became the scapegoat of that war, which he neither concealed nor countenanced, and suffered degradation by an ignorant and stupid court on account of it. He negotiated the terms of peace, however, and gained the best possible. He was transferred to the obscure provinces of Kwang-Si and Kwang-Tung as viceroy, where he remained until called to interpose his influence and offices between the enraged Christian world and those responsible for the Boxer outrages. The subsequent negotiations on behalf of the imperial court were carried on by him.

Li has been reckoned as one of the wealthiest men in the world, but this statement may be doubted. In this country Li will be long remembered for his inquisitiveness. He was an untiring and at times impertinent questioner. He was shrewd, cunning, sly, diplomatic—in a word oriental. When in Germany the Kaiser asked him, "How do our women compare with those in China?"

"I really cannot tell," said Li, slyly, fastening his eyes on the corsage of a lady who was present. "We never see half as much of our women as you do of yours."

Sharp answers such as this frequent-



The Red Ant Pest.

The little red ant, the terror to housekeepers, I have found by experience is not invincible. Finding them one day overrunning my refrigerator, I made an attack with soap and water, but to no avail. I procured an ounce of oil of sassafras, which banished the objectionable little creatures like magic. Since then they have appeared in my pantry and about the sink, but my oil has done its deadly work. My method is to follow the train—for they form a train in traveling—to its origin. Saturate a small cloth with the oil and apply to every portion of the distance covered by ants. If they come out of a crack, pour a little of the oil into it. This is sure death to them.—Good Housekeeping.

Housecomb Putting.

One-half cupful of butter, one-half cupful of sugar, one-half cupful of milk, one-half cupful of molasses, four eggs and one teaspoonful of soda; mix the sugar and flour together; add the molasses; warm the butter in the milk; then add the eggs, which must have been well beaten; lastly, put in one teaspoonful of soda, dissolved in a little hot water; stir well together and bake half an hour in buttered pudding dish. Serve hot, with sauce. To make the sauce beat the whites of two eggs and one-half cupful of powdered sugar to a stiff froth; add a little wine or lemon juice.

Celery and Apple Salad.

Take three tart apples and cut into dice, mix with two cupfuls of celery cut into half-inch lengths. Arrange lettuce leaves into cups for individual serving, fill with the apples and celery and pour over a plain French dressing just before serving. Roast-tinted apples, having a slice cut off the end to make them sit firmly, and carefully hollowed out until only a nice wall is left, make very pretty receptacles for this salad. The apples should not be prepared long before serving, as they turn dark after being cut.

Apple Meringue.

Peel and halve tart apples. Make a syrup of granulated sugar and water and put the apples in it, letting them cook until they can be pierced with a straw. Arrange the apples on the platter they are to be served in; boil the syrup down and pour over the apples. When cold, heap irregularly with a meringue of the whites of four eggs, four heaping tablespoonfuls of pulverized sugar and the juice of a lemon. Sprinkle with chopped almonds and set in the oven on a board and brown quickly. Serve very cold, with a rich custard.

Celery Sandwiches.

Use finely little baking powder biscuits freshly baked but cold, or white home-made bread for these sandwiches. Only the very tender part of celery should be used and chopped fine and put in lead water until needed. Add a few chopped walnuts to the celery and enough mayonnaise dressing to hold them together; butter the bread before cutting from the loaf, spread one slice with the mixture and press another over it. If biscuits are used split and butter them. They should be small and very thin for this purpose and browned delicately.

Paraffin Fritters.

Wash and scrape them and cut in slices, cover them with boiling water, cook until tender, mash them through a colander, return them to the fire, add to two large parsnips a tablespoonful of butter, salt and pepper to taste, and one egg beaten well. Mix thoroughly, remove from the fire, and when cool make into small flat cakes and fry in a little butter. Serve hot.

Household Notes.

Sunflower seeds are better bait for rat-traps than cheese.

A pinch of soda on a hot stove drives away disagreeable odors of cooking.

Sewer gas is counteracted by a handful of salt placed in toilet-room basins.

The white of an egg applied with a sponge will restore the luster of morocco.

A pen of lime set on the shelves near jellies, fruits and jams will prevent their molding.

When there is a scarcity of cream, the white of an egg well whipped is an excellent substitute for the real article.

To keep flies away from gilt frames boil four or five onions in a pint of water and put it on with a soft brush.

A beautiful canary-colored dye can be made by steeping white clover blossoms in water, setting the dye with alum.

Cold starch is improved if there is added to every tablespoonful of starch half a teaspoonful of borax dissolved in a pint of water.

In bottling pickles or catsup, boil the corks, and while hot you can press them in the bottles, and when cold they are sealed tightly.

Chinese and Japanese matting may be much improved by sponging with strong salt and water, but the wet must not be allowed to sink through.

In cooking custards, or in heating anything required to boil quickly, do not have the spoon in the liquid, remembering that much of the heat will be conducted away by the spoon.

Never keep pickles in glazed earthenware, as it is apt to have lead in the glaze, and the vinegar will act on it; keep them in glass or hard stoneware.

Santa Claus Headquarters

WILL BE AT SAM CHURCH'S DRUG STORE

FOR THE NEXT THREE WEEKS.

Games

Games For Young And Old.

The Golden Rule Chart or Blackboard. Whatsoever ye would that others should do to you, Do ye even so to them, that is the way we will use you when you come to buy. Our line of games are the largest we ever had and contains all the late up-to-date and popular sellers.

Games, Game Boards, Dominoes, Checker Boards, Table Croquet, Ten Pins, Wagon Blocks, Kindergarten, Sewing Cards, Mother Goose Panoramographs, Spelling Blocks, Building Blocks, Doll Houses, Safety Target, Fish Ponds, Tiddleywinks, Lotto, Telephone Games, Bagatelle.

TOYS

Toys For The Little Ones

Consisting of Dump Carts, Goat Carts, Toy Steam Engines, Mechanical Engines, Mechanical Toy Boats, Hook and Ladder, Fire Engines, Magic Lanterns, Toy Trains, Jack in Box, Map Globes, Toy Banks, Sully Butter Flys, Dancing Pigs, Sneezing Dutchmen, Toy Brooms, Drums, Children's Tea Sets, Telephone Chimes, Toy Watches, and many others which we cannot enumerate here.

THE LARGEST LINE IN TOWN.

See Our Line Before You Do Your Buying.

BOOKS.

Our line of Xmas Books contains the following:

Santa Claus and His Work.
Little Child's Home A B C Book.
Grandma's Old, Old Fairy Tales.
Story Book for Boys and Girls.
Anderson's Fairy Tales.
Our Country Illustrated.
Favorite Fables.
Mother Hubbard.
The House that Jack Built.
Three Little Kittens.
Dame Trot.
The Old Woman and Her Pig.
Five Little Pigs.
Grimm's Fairy Tales.
The Arabian Nights.
All Aboard for Europe.
Wood's Natural History.
All Aboard for South Africa.

Also a nice selection of copyright books and The Jack Harkaway Series, The Handy Series, The College Library Series, The Vassar Series and a new line of Morocco and Gold Bound books of poetry by the best and most popular poets.

TOYLAND
Now
..OPEN..

PERFUMES.

Something for the ladies and nothing more appropriate than a Sprinkle Top Atomizer and a Bottle of Perfume. Some of our popular selling odors:

True Violets	- - - -	75c oz.
True Pink	- - - -	50c oz.
Amber Royal	- - - -	\$1.00 oz.
Violette Reine, (Pinaud)	-	1.00 oz.
Vera Violetta (Roger & Gallet)		1.00 oz.
French Carnation Pink (Pinaud)		1.00 oz.
Peau D'Espagne (R. & G.)	-	1.00 oz.
Crab Apple Blossom (Crown)		75c oz.
Banquet des Amours (R. & G.)		\$1.00 oz.
Yezzo (Hess)	- - - -	75c oz.
Carnation (Hess)	- - - -	75c oz.
Red Roses (Lightner)	- -	50c oz.

And a complete line of the Domestic Odors at 50c per oz.

A nice line of Package Goods, all of the best odors from 25c to \$3.00 per bottle.

Hand Mirrors from 25c to \$1.50 and something good for the price.

MEDALLIONS.

A large and selected stock of Medallions, consisting of the old and new styles. All the new and latest studies. Don't fail to see our line before you buy elsewhere. Our goods will interest you.

Our line of DOLL CARRIAGES is complete and range in price from 25 cents up. We can save you money on these goods. If you want HAND SLEIGHS or COASTERS come and see our line before snow comes as prices on these goods are like prices on coal and wood.

DOLLS AND DOLL HEADS.

Dolls and Doll Heads, Dressed Dolls and Baby Dolls at all prices. Don't fail to bring the children to see the big line of Xmas goods. If you don't see what you or they want, the little ones will tell you and will make that terrible task of Xmas shopping easy as far as their wants are concerned.

FANCY GOODS.

Our line of Fancy Goods is large and selected with great care. It consists of Dressing or Toilet Cases, Glove and Handkerchief Boxes, Collar and Cuff Boxes, Jewel Boxes, Manicure Sets, Handkerchief Boxes, Work Boxes, Shaving Sets, Work Baskets, Photograph Holders, Albums, Photograph Boxes, Music Rolls, Shopping Bags, Fancy Wall Calendars, Candelabras, Fancy Candles, Gold Plated Wall Mirrors, Triplicate Mirrors, Oriental Images (genuine Sumadi ware) Photo Frames, brush and comb sets, fancy thermometers, brush and crumb trays (Japanese patterns), fancy pearl cyrano tablets, military and cloth brush sets, military sets.

JAPANESE HAND DECORATED WARE, consisting of Vases of all styles and sizes, Fancy Plates, Cracker Bowls, Rose Bowls, Fancy Urns, Cups and Saucers, Tea Sets, Tobacco Jars, Chocolate Pots, Fancy Dishes, Celery Dishes, Powder and Puff Bowls.

SAM CHURCH,

THE BALD HEADED DRUGGIST.

Grand Rapids, Wisconsin, Near The Bridge.

GRAND RAPIDS TRIBUNE.

HOLIDAY NUMBER 16 PAGES. PART 1, EIGHT PAGES.

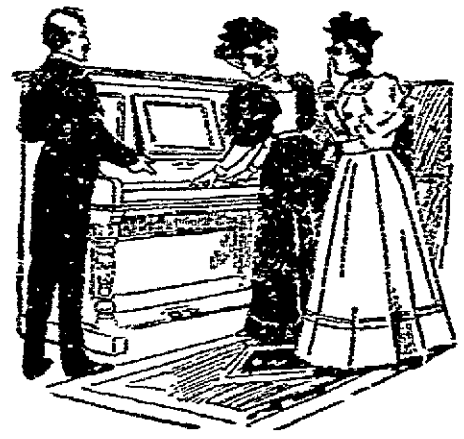
DRUMB & SUTOR, Publishers.

Grand Rapids, Wisconsin, Saturday, Dec. 7, 1901.

VOL. XXIX, NO. 31.

New Furniture Store.

M. A. BOCGER'S old stand.



Since Pianos
were
First Invented

They have gone on improving. Every year has made them better and more capable of producing beautiful music. Ingenuity seems to have reached its top notch in the products of the 20th century. It would be hard to imagine anything more perfect than the Pianos and Organs we sell with their clear ringing tone and easy action. Durable, beautiful, economical.

A Few Prices on Furniture.

Parlor Tables.....	75c up
Chairs.....	50c up
Rockers.....	\$1 up
Couches.....	\$5 up
Iron Beds.....	\$2.75 up
Book Cases.....	\$1.50 up

JOHN McGLOIN.



It's
All
Settled.

and both can give thanks.

As Thanksgiving is at hand it's the proper thing to be thankful.

You will be doubly so if you buy your LUMBER from us. It's the best that grows.

KELLOGG BROS. LUMBER CO.

YARDS AT

West Side.
Telephone 356

Nekoosa.
Telephone 20

East Side.
Telephone 357

People who are Particular

What They Eat always insist upon having **Dewey, Victoria or Sunbeam Flour.** Bread made from it retain all the elements of the wheat that goes to make brain and strength and has a delicious wheat flavor that is all its own. Sold by all grocers. If not at yours, write the mill.

Grand Rapids Milling Co.

Famous Canadian Jubilee Singers AND IMPERIAL ORCHESTRA.



M. E. Church, Tues. Dec. 10
Tickets on Sale at 20th Century Places

DESTROYED BY FIRE

T. E. NASH'S NEW HOME BURNED

Cause of Conflagration Unknown.
Loss Will Probably Amount
to About \$15,000.

Fire was discovered in the fine new residence of Thos. E. Nash on Monday evening and in spite of the efforts of the fire companies from both sides of the city and the assembled spectators, nothing effective could be done and when day dawned on Tuesday nothing but the walls and a heap of tangled debris remained to mark the spot where but a short time before had stood one of the finest residences in this section of the country.

The fire, when discovered, was in the basement, and was not large, being confined to that part of the house, but before a stream of water was obtained it had spread to the upper floors and by the time the first stream was secured flames were bursting from the upper windows.

At this time the entire building appeared a mass of flames but inside of an hour it seemed as if the fireman had gained the upper hand and were in a fair way to save much of the structure, which was not the case, however, and the fire continued to burn until there was little left, but a pile of ruins.

The fire was discovered about eleven o'clock and it was then in the northeast corner of the basement near the furnace. An alarm was sounded at once and the east side fire company and the steamer were soon on the ground. Those with the steamer were unable to find a place on the steep bank on which to place the steamer until the water had got so low in the boiler that it was dangerous to work the machine. It was taken back to the east side engine house and the boiler refilled when it was again brought to the scene of action and worked with good effect.

In the meantime the west side company was slow to assemble and when they did get their hose wagon out there was no team to haul it. In the extremity the wagon was drawn nearly half way to the fire by hand, when a team was secured and the remainder of the distance made in good time.

It was reported that forty-five minutes elapsed between the time of sounding the first alarm and the securing of the first stream of water. The west side company soon had the flames subdued enough so that it seemed as if a greater part of the building would be saved. Soon after one o'clock, however, the flames broke forth again and in spite of the efforts of both companies the roof and its supports were so burned that everything but the walls fell in a heap of ruins.

This last outbreak of the fire was caused by the failure of the west side water works, so the firemen were left without water of any kind until the engine got to work. It seems that there had gradually accumulated in the stack at the pumping station a deposit of soot, which took fire and heated the stack red hot so that the engineer in charge had to shut down the pumps and draw the fire, fearing the building was going to burn.

The two companies worked until eight o'clock in the morning and after that the west side company kept a stream playing on the ruins until the last vestige of fire had disappeared.

Mr. Nash estimates his loss on the building at from fifteen to eighteen thousand dollars, and there is an insurance of \$9,000 on the structure.

How the fire originated is not known and the mystery will probably never be solved. Many thought that because the flames started near the furnace that this must have caused the disaster, but Mr. Nash thinks this could hardly be possible. The furnace room had a cement floor with brick sides and a brick arch overhead.

Mr. Nash is of the opinion that one of the workmen may have thrown a match into a corner or emptied a pipe where coals were formed and smoldered along until late at night when it broke into flame. There is a possibility of there having been some oily rags or waste left about which under certain conditions will cause spontaneous combustion in a very short time.

The house was not occupied at the time of the fire, it having been Mr. Nash's idea to move into the new home sometime before the holidays. All of the interior woodwork had been finished and in fact everything of a permanent nature had been placed in position and the painters were gradually closing up their work and but a few days more would have seen the building ready for occupancy.

The new house was to have been one of the handsomest in this part of the state and it was calculated at the start that the outlay on the buildings, etc., would aggregate \$50,000. It is understood, however, that this amount would have been much exceeded before the work was finished. The interior of the building had been finished in the choicest woods, and all the fittings were of the very best, and the building had every modern convenience that it is possible to put into a home. The construction had been along the fireproof plan as much as possible without using brick and steel altogether as is done in the great city buildings, the lathing being of steel to be more permanent as well as to add to the resistance against just such a catastrophe as overtook the building.

Mr. Nash, while greatly disappointed over the frustration of his plans of occupying his new home, accepted his loss philosophically and immediately set about having the work restarted, as much as can be during the cold weather that will soon be prevalent.

The walls of the building are in fairly good condition, only one showing the effects of the heat and it is thought that they can be saved intact, as the heat was not great enough at any time to injure them materially, the fire having at no time reached a stage that would be destructive to brick work on account of the steady application of water.

In speaking of the fire Mr. Nash said that any danger from fire to the new building had never entered his mind as so many precautions had been taken to make the structure fire proof and to surround everything where any fire was to be carried with fire proof material. Mr. Nash and family have occupied their old home for the past twenty years and it being a frame structure and at this time pretty old, it would not have been such a surprise to have been driven out by a conflagration at almost any time.

People who witnessed the destruction of the new house were universal in their regret, not so much on account of the pecuniary loss, but for the disappointment that it must of necessity cause the owner.

Mr. Nash had several experts on the ground on Wednesday, when the loss to the building was estimated to be between \$18,000 and \$20,000. A contract was also immediately entered into by which the reconstruction of the building will commence at once, and the contractor agrees to get it under roof inside of twenty days. After this the work in all parts will be rushed forward as rapidly as possible.

Game Warden's Estimates.

Wausau Record: Geo. W. Brown, deputy game warden for this district, was in town Saturday and in conversation with a representative of the Daily Record stated that the amount of deer being shipped was something enormous. He states that during the shipping season which began Nov. 15, that the express companies have been taxed to their utmost capacity. He estimates that the average shipment over the Wisconsin Central has been at least one hundred per day. The Northwestern has carried about the same number per day, while the valley division of the St. Paul has averaged about fifty per day.

Mr. Brown has made a great many seizures of game, but wherever he has made the discovery that the hunter was trying to comply with the law, he has released the seizure. He has good cases against about twenty persons in this district who have violated the law, who will be arrested and prosecuted as soon as the season is over.

Mr. Brown states that the country north of Marshfield is full of quail, chickens, partridges, etc., and that there are lots of market hunters on the ground who have restored to all sorts of schemes to get their game to market. These violators have all been spotted and will soon be arrested and tried.

Change in Time.

The Wisconsin Central has inaugurated a change in their time which will no doubt prove quite an improvement over the old schedule.

The run between here and Marshfield is now made in one hour. The morning train leaves Marshfield at 7:30 and arrives here at 8:30. Returning leaves here at 9:45 and arrives at Marshfield about 10:45. The afternoon train leaves Marshfield at 2:15 and arrives here at 3:20, returning leaves here at 5:20 and arrives at Marshfield at 6:05.

Leaving here at 9:45 in the morning Minneapolis is reached at 5:35 p. m. A train leaves Minneapolis at 7:25 a. m. which arrives here at 3:20 p. m. Close connections are also made in both directions between here and Ashland. A complete time table will be published next week.

Amherst News.

The Jubilee Singers were last night given an immense ovation in the M. E. church, that building being packed to the doors. Every item on the program was first class, everyone was perfectly delighted and in some instances regret seemed to be experienced in not getting some of the artists to give more than three or four encores. The entertainment throughout was such a treat that Amherst would well welcome a return performance. At M. E. church Wednesday, Dec. 11.

Assembly at Port Edwards.

A lodge of the Equitable and Fraternal Union has been organized at Port Edwards and on Wednesday evening the following officers were installed by District Deputy Emil Spear and local deputy Andrew King: President—W. A. Brazeau. Vice president—Emil Gerrison. Secretary—C. A. Jasperson. Treasurer—Hugh Miscoll. The lodge starts out with 12 members and will be known as Port Edwards Assembly No. 227.

Back in Business.

Alex M. Muir has purchased a half interest in the shoe business with G. S. Kern and will hereafter devote his time to that industry. Mr. Muir needs no introduction to our readers as a shoe man, and no doubt all will be pleased to hear that he is again engaged in business in our city, and the Tribune has no doubt that he will receive his share of patronage.

Adjudged Insane.

Stephen Kingston was taken to the hospital for the insane on Tuesday, he having become unmanageable by his relatives. Mr. Kingston is a young man only about twenty-five years of age, and being healthy, strong and athletic his case is an especially sad one.

COUNCIL IN SESSION.

Report on the Condition of the Bridge Submitted.

At the meeting of the common council on Tuesday evening, Mayor Wheelan made a report on the condition of the bridge which spans the Wisconsin river at this point. The examination of the bridge was made by Jacob Winger, who is employed by the St. Paul company in the capacity of bridge builder and who is thoroughly conversant with such matters.

Mr. Winger's examination was quite thorough and he found that the bridge is in bad condition, although in no immediate danger of dropping into the river, as some people imagine. The uprights on the bridge were bored into and found to be pretty generally rotted near the center.

Mr. Winger said that the condition of the bridge was not alarming, and that it was not unsafe at the present time, but that in order to maintain it for one year it would be necessary to make extensive repairs, which would probably cost \$1,000.

Mr. Winger stated also that if care were taken to properly distribute the weight of loads crossing the structure that it would undoubtedly stand for one year without any repairs, and he suggested that a man be employed to look after the bridge, to keep the snow cleared from the structure and to see that no undue weight was assembled in any one part. Mr. Winger also stated that there was no danger of the bridge collapsing suddenly, but that there would be a gradual spreading of the uprights which would give warning of a coming disaster.

The mayor appointed Aldermen Jackson, McCarthy and Kellogg a committee to report on the cost of a new wagon bridge and also for repairs on the present structure.

The application of the Grand Rapids Lighting & Power company for a franchise to put in an electric railway through this city was denied by the council.

Supervisor J. W. Cochran tendered his resignation as a member of the county board from the 6th ward, and H. Flewellan was appointed to fill the vacancy.

Chief Lutz of the east side fire company presented a petition asking that the city purchase a hose wagon, rubber coats and one-half dozen pairs of rubber boots for the east side department. The purchasing committee was instructed to purchase same.

G. Bruderer presented a claim of \$300 against the city for injuries received on account of a defective street crossing. This matter was referred to the city attorney.

The council resolved itself into a board of health at the close of the regular business and a resolution was adopted for the investigation of cases where small pox has been prevalent in a family and the matter has not been reported. It seems that there have been several light cases of small pox in the city where no physician was employed and the heads of the families have not reported the matter and the families were not quarantined, thus exposing a great many to the disease. There is a fine of from five to twenty-five dollars for negligence of this sort and it is the intention of the board of health to punish the offenders as the law provides.

The council then adjourned.

New Train Service.

The new train service on the Northwestern road started in on Monday morning, and there is now a train each way every day between this city and Marshfield and two each way every day between this city and Milwaukee and Chicago.

Under the time now in operation on the road it is possible to make the trip to Chicago or Milwaukee and return the same day, leaving here at 5 o'clock in the morning, and getting back the same night at 10:25. Leaving here at 5 o'clock in the morning, Milwaukee is reached at 10:45 and Chicago at 1:15. Returning, leave Chicago at 3 p. m. and Milwaukee at 5, arriving here at 10:25. These two trains only run as far as Grand Rapids.

The Marshfield train leaves that city at 8:45 in the morning, arriving here at 10 and at Milwaukee at 3:35 p. m. and in Chicago at 6:10. Returning the train passes through here at 1:35 and arrives in Marshfield at 2:45 p. m. In another column will be found the time table of the new branch and connections.

Organized at Nekoosa.

Nekoosa Assembly, No. 226, of the Equitable and Fraternal Union was organized at Nekoosa on Tuesday evening, Dec. 3, by Emil Spear, district deputy, assisted by local deputy, Andrew King. The following officers were installed:

President—C. L. Stephens. V. Pres.—Geo. Hinkley. Post P.—H. E. Herrick. Secretary—H. E. Fitch. Treasurer—E. S. Brazeau. Advisor—W. Sanders. Warden—S. E. Tracey. Trustees—Joseph Berard 1 year, Fred Krenkey 2 years, Herman Ross 3 years. The new lodge has about 20 members.

Fire at Stevens Point.

The mammoth dry goods store belonging to I. Brill's sons at Stevens Point was destroyed by fire on Thursday morning together with all the contents. The building cost \$10,000, but what the loss on stock will be is not stated.

Several other buildings adjacent were damaged to a limited extent. The origin of the fire is unknown and it was under full headway before discovered at about 2:45 in the morning.

CHAS. S. WHITTLESEY, FIRE INSURANCE AND REAL ESTATE

Office over Bank of Grand Rapids, West Side.

All business promptly attended to. First class fire insurance at Current Rates.

Over 20,000 acres of wild and improved farming lands for sale. Houses and lots for sale in the city.

General agent for The United States Fidelity & Guaranty Co.

Fidelity, Judicial and Contract Bonds furnished. Will insure banks and business houses against burglary.

HOUSES TO RENT.

FOR SALE—100 acre farm, 40 acres cleared, good house and barn, team, stock, and farm machinery, situated town of Ft. Edwards, one mile from city limits.

FOR SALE—100 acre farm six miles east of city, good house, small barn, cheap.

FOR SALE—80 acre farm, fine house and barn, town of Hudson, 10 miles from city, excellent location, can be secured at a bargain.

FOR SALE—Two lots with fine 10-room house, good barn and woodshed, situated in desirable residence part of the city, east side.

FOR SALE—One lot with fine house, modern improvements. Good location close to business part of city, west side.

FOR SALE—One lot with fine modern residence, good barn, French St., close to business part of city.

FOR SALE—Two good farms, town of Arden, Juneau county, 120 and 200 acres respectively. Prices and terms very reasonable.

Prices, terms and full particulars furnished at my office.

C. S. WHITTLESEY,
GRAND RAPIDS, WISCONSIN.

Our Store

...is an...

Exposition

...of...

Furniture

every day in the year, and we have demonstrated the fact that we are catering to your wishes always.

Our Stock of

Parlor Furniture,

Bed Room

Furniture,

Dining Room

Furniture

has never been excelled in quality or excelled in price and our many Novelties and Specials are the talk of the town.

J. W. Natwick

The Furniture Man,
Grand Rapids, Wisconsin.

GEO. W. BAKER,

Funeral Director
and Licensed
Embalmer.

All business entrusted to my care will have prompt and careful attention. A qualified lady assistant. Special attention given to night calls.

Telephone 313. Center St. East Side.
GRAND RAPIDS, WIS.

SPECIAL NOTICE!

To our many friends and patrons we beg to announce that on and after January 1st, 1902, we will do a strictly cash business. No discounts and only one price to all will be our motto.

Very respectfully yours.

SPAFFORD, COLE & CO.

ALL KINDS OF

COAL

PRICES RIGHT.

E. C. KETCHUM.

TELEPHONE:
Office, 164. Residence, 51.

White Hand

A Tale of the Early Settlers of Louisiana.

BY AUSTIN C. BURDICK

CHAPTER XXI.

Slowly and painfully dragged away the hours and the days to the poor sick wife in New Orleans. Old Loppa was very kind, and so was the physician. Yet Louise had a very strange sickness, and a part of the time she was out of her head. But gradually the delirium passed away, and she was at length able to sit up. Three weeks had she lain thus ere she could rise from her bed, but on the fourth week she was able to walk about the room. It was at the close of the fourth week that her husband returned.

"Have I been away longer than you expected?" he asked.

"No," was the quiet reply, "for I've expected nothing about it."

"Ah!" uttered Simon, with show of chagrin.

"I have been too sick to expect anything," explained Louise.

"O!" uttered the husband, more mildly.

"Yes—I have been very sick. I even feared at one time I should never see you again."

"There was something so pleasant in this that Simon was sure there was sarcasm in it, but he chose not to expose his doubts."

"I, too, have been laid up," he said, after gazing into her face for some moments.

"Ah—how? I noticed your hand was rolled in rags. What has happened? Have you been fighting the wicked Indians?"

Again Simon bit his lip, but he kept calm.

"I have had a duel on your account."

"Is it possible? How was it?"

"I heard you insulted most grossly, and I would not hear it."

"You should not have borne it, at least, if you loved your wife. But who was it?"

"Goupart St. Denis."

Louise started.

"Explain," she said, earnestly and eagerly.

"Ma! the name moves you, does it?"

"Why should it not? You know he was once a lover of mine."

This open avowal, so frank and honest, seemed to please Louise, and he went on to explain:

"No matter what was said, but St. Denis struck me. Of course I challenged him. We chose swords. Your father was present. He would have stopped it if he could, for he feared I should get hurt."

"As you did."

"Listen. We fought awhile, and I found that the boy was at my mercy. Twice I refused to press my point upon his open bosom. Finally, when I saw that I would be downright murder for me to kill him, I bade him put up his sword. He asked me for what—for he knew not that I only toyed with him. This is only boy's play," said he. "Then put up your sword," said he. I did so, and just as my point touched the ground he brought me a blow across the hand. What do you think of that?"

"Perhaps I ought not to speak my thoughts."

"Surely you ought. What do you think of it?"

"Well, then, I think you have told me very fine story."

"Oh? Do you doubt my word?"

"Doubt you? Doubt the word of Simon Lobo?" Believers that my own husband could speak falsehood? Never, Simon—never!"

Sharply the scamp looked into Louise's face, but he could detect nothing there, save a calm, cool expression of utter simplicity; yet he knew she was quizzing him.

"But you did not tell me how this all came out," she said. "What did you do after Goupart had struck you on the hand?"

"What could I do? My hand was powerless. I might have knocked him down with my left hand, but I spared him. He was beneath all notice, save that of mere contempt."

"Poor Goupart! Did he know how deep was your contempt for him?"

"What mean you?"

"Why, simply that you could have inflicted no worse punishment upon him than to have let him know that you held him in contempt. It must have nearly killed him."

"Look ye, my fine girl, you are venturing on dangerous ground. You may say too much," uttered Lobo, now showing his anger.

Louise bowed her head a moment, and she seemed to think that her companion spoke the truth, for she quickly replied, after she looked up:

"Excuse me—pardon me. I have but just recovered from a severe sickness, and my first feelings were naturally those of joy and gladness, and you know how often you and I have joked and pestered each other. We have often said very hard things in jest, and I have even pulled your hair till you fairly cried with pain, and yet you never got provoked before."

"This was spoken so earnestly, and with so much apparent feeling, that Simon was mollified in a moment."

"Let it pass," he said; "only in future choose a light occasion for light conversation. And now to something of more importance. When can you be ready to go up the river?"

"At any time," answered Louise.

"Very well. I will see the physician this evening, and be governed somewhat by his advice."

Shortly after this Lobo went out, and when he returned he reported that the doctor would come in the morning. So that night Louise was left with Loppa, and on the next morning the doctor came, and with him came the anxious husband. The former examined his patient carefully, and he expressed the opinion that the wife should not undertake the journey under a week at least.

"Then I believe I shall go to Biloxi. There is a ship ready to sail, and I have some business to do there."

Louise expressed her entire willingness; so Simon resolved to go. In truth he was now expecting soon to be master of

an immense fortune, and he was preparing the way to put it to immediate use, his main object being to obtain a profitable cargo to return to France, whither he meant to take his wife as soon as he could dispose of the few remaining obstacles that stood in his way. He started that very night for Biloxi, and his wife was once more left to the kind care of her sable attendant.

A week passed away, and her husband came not. She had now so far regained her health that she could walk out in company with Loppa, and the rose was all back to her cheek.

Another week passed, and she was well and just as she began to wonder if any accident had happened to her husband he made his appearance. That very day there was a large boat to start up the river. New Orleans was all alarm and excitement. The garrison at Natchez had been surprised by the Indians, and nearly every soul murdered. Only six had escaped, and four of those had this very morning reached the town. Gov. Perier had sent messengers up to the plantations along on the river to put the French on their guard; and now this large, full of soldiers, was about to start up to see if any assistance was required anywhere on the way, and in the meantime a council of officers was to be held to determine what further should be done.

Lobo gained passage for himself and wife, but they were forced to put up with such accommodations as the others had, save that a sheltered place was made for Louise, near the stern, in consideration of her recent illness.

Of course the passage up, against the current, was slow, the heavy barge not making a headway of over three miles an hour, and stopping sometimes at the few plantations on the way, so that it was not until the morning of the fifth day that they reached the establishment of Brion St. Julien. But the captain of the boat concluded not to go up to the plantation, so Simon and his wife were landed at the mouth of Walnut river, and from thence they made their way up on foot.

"They had gained about half the distance when they were started, on making a turn upon the river's bank, by seeing a small canoe ahead with two Indians in it."

"Why?" uttered Lobo, after gazing upon the strange scene a few moments. "Are they Natchez Indians. Do the villains mean harm here?"

"Rather a small party for that," said Louise, upon whose mind the sight of a Natchez had not that peculiar effect that it had upon her companion's.

"But we'll watch them. Here—let us keep further away from the bank, and then we can follow them, and not be seen. They surely mean to approach the house. Come, let's hasten, and we'll have them captured. Of course they had a hand in the dreadful massacre."

Louise made no objection to this, and accordingly they took the cross path, and ere long they reached the garden. Half way up the wide path they walked, and here they came to the closed gate of the enclosure; but a few loud calls from Simon brought old Tony forth, and they were soon within the enclosure. The faithful negro could at first hardly believe his eyes. He gazed upon the "apparition," as he afterwards called it, and finally a big tear rolled down his sable cheek.

"Mam'selle Louise!" he gasped, extending his broad hands. "Bless heaven!"

With gleaming eyes she returned the faithful fellow's grasp and salutation, and then bounded away towards the house, for she saw her father upon the piazza; she waited not for her husband now.

"Father!"

The frantic parent caught his child to his bosom, and with streaming eyes he murmured his thanks, for in that moment of reunion he forgot the dark cloud that hung over his loved one. Before the old man had found his tongue Simon had reached the piazza.

"My father," he uttered, "forgive me if I am abrupt—but you have heard of the dreadful massacre at Fort Rosalie?"

"Yes."

"Well, there are two Natchez Indians making their way up here in a canoe. Perhaps they know not of our habitation. Let men be sent out at once to capture them, and we will interrogate them, at least."

That was enough for Tony, for he had followed Simon to the house, and heard this remark. Ever since the abduction of his young "mam'selle" and "missus," he had longed to get hold of an Indian, and here was a chance.

"Only two ob' um, d're sar, Mas'r Simon?"

"That's all, Tony."

"Th' hab' um!" And with this the stout Afric disappeared, and in a few moments more he had four stout companions at his heels on his way to the river.

In the meantime, Simon followed the marquis and his child into the house, and when they reached the sitting room, they found St. Denis there. He looked up and saw the marquis; then he saw Simon Lobo, and then—his eye rested upon that female form. He started to his feet and turned pale as death. That loved face was turned upon him: those soft eyes, now swimming in tears, were bent upon his own, and her name dwelt upon his lips.

"My wife, Monsieur St. Denis," said Lobo, in malignant triumph.

"O, my son!" burst from the wretched man's lips, and covering his face with his hands, he sank back upon his chair.

Louise seemed upon the point of speaking, but at that moment the tramp of feet and the sound of voices were heard in the hall, and in a moment more the door was thrown unceremoniously open.

CHAPTER XXII.

"Bless heaven!" cried old Tony, bounding into the hall at a wild hop and planting himself directly in the middle of the floor.

"We've corched 'um, mas'r—we've corched 'um, an' here dey am!"

At this White Hand and Cogulla came forward. Simon Lobo was the first to recognize, beneath the Natchez garb and the walnut stain, the youth whom he had hoped to destroy, and a stifled cry broke from his lips, while he turned pale and trembled like an aspen.

The next to recognize the living truth was Louise, and with one bound the brother and sister were in each other's arms. Their stifled exclamations of joy awoke the parent to his senses, and in a moment more he held them both upon his bosom.

"My children," he cried, raising his streaming eyes to heaven, "O, how blessed is this moment! Almost it makes me feel to bow in humble resignation to the"

dreadful blow that has been inflicted upon me."

"Louis, my dear boy," at this juncture exclaimed Simon, having now recovered his presence of mind sufficiently to hide his real emotions of fear and chagrin.

"Dear Louis, let me welcome you back to our home."

And as he spoke he advanced and extended his hand. The youth gazed upon him a moment in stern silence.

"Simon Lobo!" he uttered, drawing proudly up, "I did not think you would offer me that hand!"

"How—eh?" gasped the wretch, turning pale again. "You should not thus reject the hand of your brother-in-law."

White Hand started.

"Brother-in-law!" he repeated. "Are you mad?"

"No—I am a husband."

White Hand crossed over to where Louise stood and took her by the hand. They whispered together a moment, and then the youth turned towards Simon.

"Villain," he exclaimed, "you forced her to this!"

"She consented to the marriage," returned Simon, triumphantly.

St. Denis sprang to his feet. He moved to Louise's side, and grasped her hand.

"Louise," he said, in a broken voice, "tell me all; tell me if you gave this man your heart; for in the years of darkness that shall follow this blow, it will afford a glimmer of light to know I am not all forgotten by my soul's idol."

"Goupart, he forced me to the marriage."

"Silence!" thundered Lobo, starting towards where the speaker stood. "Louise, remember you are my wife, and as such I claim obedience. Breathe another word of calumny on my head and I'll make you wish your tongue had been torn out by the roots ere you used it so."

"Simon, you know you did force me to become your wife."

At this moment St. Denis started up, and his dark eyes burning with fire, he said:

"Stand back, villain! You are her husband, but dare to interfere now and I'll smite you as I would a venomous reptile."

"And I am with you, Goupart," added White Hand, starting forward, and clenching his fists. "Go on, sister."

Simon Lobo gazed first upon St. Denis, and then upon the dark-skinned youth, and he feared them. Then he looked towards the aged parent, who stood with his hands to his eyes sobbing as though his poor heart would break; and the villain evidently felt uncomfortable.

"I refused him at first," continued the unfortunate one, "and told him I loved Goupart St. Denis. Then he told me he had seen my father's wealth accumulate under his care, and had looked on a part of it as belonging to him, and he would not now see another come in and snatch that wealth away."

He determined to have his share. I told him if he forced me to become his wife I would beg of my father to give me not a sou. Then he swore if such a thing were done, he would make my life such a scene of torture I should pray for death to come and relieve me."

"Liar!" hissed Simon.

"No—no," calmly replied Louise. "I speak but truth." Then turning to her listeners: "But I refused to marry him, and on the very next night, after midnight, two stout men came and carried me away. I was weak and faint then, for I had but just recovered from sickness. Yet they carried me away—and locked me in a dark prison house. They refused me both food and drink. There I came high furnished with hunger and thirst. At length the villain came to me, and when I begged for a drop of water he swore I should have none till I had promised to be his wife. My mind was fluttering, and thirst made me frantic. I promised to be his wife. Then he brought me bread and milk; he took me from the prison, and soon arrangements were made for the wedding. He had obtained the consent of the colonial governor; and we were married in the church. When the priest put his questions to me, I was burning with fever, and a dreadful sickness was upon me. Yet my mind was not shaken. I promised to the best of my abilities to do all he had asked of me. Then we were pronounced man and wife, and I begged of him to hurry away, for I was faint and sick. I reached our home; the fever seized me, and I raged for many weeks. Health came at last, and I reached my father's house."

(To be continued.)

When the Roosters Crow.

The feelings of some honest folk from the country when they visit a large city have been very accurately described by a Chicago paper, and as this old farmer says, there's very little difference between city and country if you only look for the things which they have in common.

"I'm all right in Chicago if I can hear the roosters crow once in a while," said John, "but when I don't hear them I get pretty homesick, and want to hurry back to the old farm in Ford County. That's why I always pick out lodgings as close as I can get to South Water Street."

"I come up here once in a while on business of my own, and I feel at home well enough down at the stock-yards in the daytime, where the hogs grunt and the cattle bellow, but I'm lonesome at night when I can't hear the roosters."

"I reckon if you was down on my farm a night or two, you'd be mighty glad to hear a street-car gong, or a steamboat whistle, or a wagon clatter over the stones. When a fellow has heard a rooster crow about sunup every morning for forty years, he doesn't feel just right when he gets where there are no roosters."

"You can talk all you please about your clean city and your 'city beautiful,' as the newspapers call it, but I'd rather smell a clover field in this town when I'm lonesome than the sweetest flowers you've got on State Street."

"I recollect Parson Cross saying once, in a sermon, that a touch of nature makes the whole world kin. Somehow when I hear a rooster crow up here, or a sheep bleat, or get the smell of a stable, it makes me feel that Chicago people ain't so much different from us on the farm, after all."

PAPERS BY THE PEOPLE

Distribution of Immigrants.

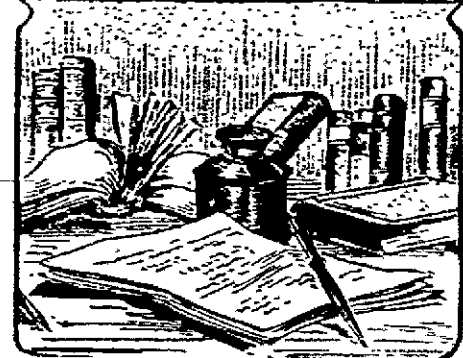
The number of immigrants coming into this country between 1820 and June 30, 1900, was 19,115,221. Prior to 1820 the government did not take account of immigration, but the generally accepted estimate of the total immigration between the adoption of the constitution and 1820 is but 250,000. This number is not included in the above total.

The character of the immigration has changed in a most interesting way. From 1821 to 1830 2.3 per cent of our immigration came from Canada and Newfoundland; during the next decade, 1831 to 1840, the percentage was the same, and during the last decade only 0.1 per cent of the immigrants were from those sections. From 1821 to 1830 24.2 per cent came from Germany, and in the next decade 36.6 per cent, this being the highest percentage reached by the Germans. During the last decade the Germans supplied only 13.7 per cent of our foreign immigration. During the period first named, 1821 to 1830, Great Britain furnished 15 per cent of the immigrants, and in the next decade 16.3 per cent. Then came a large increase from Great Britain between 1861 and 1870, the percentage being 26.2; from 1871 to 1880 it was 19.5, while for the last decade it was but 7.4. From 1821 to 1830 Ireland furnished 42.3 per cent of our immigrants, and between 1831 and 1840 35.2 per cent. Since then there has been a rapid decrease, and between 1891 and 1900 Ireland furnished but 10.5 per cent of our immigrants. These from Norway and Sweden constituted only 0.6 per cent between 1821 and 1830. The Scandinavians increased in numbers between 1881 and 1890, when their proportion was 10.8 per cent; during the last decade it was 8.7 per cent.

The immigration from the whole group just named, Canada and Newfoundland, Germany, Great Britain, Ireland and Norway and Sweden, shows a marked relative decrease. While the immigrants from these countries constituted 74.3 per cent of the whole number of immigrants during the entire period under discussion, they furnished between 1821 and 1830 84.4 per cent of the total, and during the next decade 91.2 per cent, since which time there has been a rapid decrease. This group of countries during the last decade furnishing but 40.4 per cent.

These figures enable us to bring into direct and sharp comparison the immigration from countries which fifty years ago furnished hardly any increment to our population. From 1831 to 1860 Austria-Hungary sent no immigrants to this country, or not enough to make any impression upon the statistics, but between 1861 and 1870 the immigration from that country was 0.4 per cent, during the next decade 2.6 per cent, from 1881 to 1890 6.7 per cent, while during the last decade it was 16.1 per cent. Italy, beginning with 0.2 per cent during the period from 1821 to 1830, increased to 2 per cent between 1871 and 1880, and to nearly 6 per cent during the next decade, while during the last decade that country furnished 17.7 per cent of our total number. The proportions for Russia and Poland are almost identical with those of Italy. These two countries, taken together, beginning with only 0.1 per cent of our total number of immigrants between 1821 and 1830, increased but slightly until between 1881 and 1890, when they contributed 5 per cent, and during the last decade 16.3 per cent. These three sections—Austria-Hungary, Italy and Russia and Poland—taken together, contributed during the last decade 50.1 per cent of our immigrants, as against 40.4 per cent, as stated, for the group of five countries first named; 4.5 per cent came from elsewhere.

During the year ending on June 30, 1900, the total number of immigrants was 448,572. Of this number, 2,392 belonged to the professional class, 61,443 were skilled laborers, 103,508 were laborers, while 134,941, including women and children, had no specified occupation. The State having the largest percentage



age of foreign born in 1900 was North Dakota, that element constituting 35.4 per cent; the next largest being Rhode Island, with 31.4 per cent. The other extreme is found in the Southern States, where the lowest percentage is in North Carolina, her foreign born constituting but 0.2 per cent of her total population. Nearly all the States in the southern section come below 5 per cent. The number of foreign born in some States seems to be decreasing; in fact, the percentage in the whole country has decreased 1 per cent.

CARROLL D. WRIGHT,
United States Commissioner of Labor.

Women Should Preach.



How frequently and with what unctious the preachers select and dwell upon the thirty-fifth chapter of Proverbs, in which the worth of virtuous women is put far beyond rubies and fine gold.

"But virtue in women is given such a narrow interpretation by many. It has so much broader significance. By this I mean that a virtuous woman is a woman who is a good mother, one able to conduct her household in the best way, who could manage a business or any large enterprise."

"This is the woman whose worth is not to be measured by rubies or fine gold."

"Again, serious dealing with 'The Increase of Mother Love' are very popular, but how often do you hear one on 'The Responsibilities of Fatherhood'?"

"If women were in the pulpit they would handle these subjects from their point of view and show to men that they, too, have responsibilities that must not be disregarded."

"The virtuous woman of the proverb is increasing in numbers every day. You will find her in nearly every business—as clerk in a coal office, as stenographer in a bank, as bookkeeper in a department store—in a score of other occupations."

"She is self-supporting and therefore independent. She has numerous avenues of effort opening before her. She does not have to marry; she does not have to ask any one for money."

"It is this independence that will finally solve the social problem."

"Let the womanhood of to-day realize that strength, wisdom and every talent or grace which develops Christian character affords an example that shall last through the ages. And the heart of the pulpit should hold ascendancy over the intellect, as truly as the heart of the individual should control the brain."

ELIZABETH B. GRANIS.

President of the National Christian League for the Promotion of Social Purity.

Laws Against Anarchy.

The anarchist is not the foe of one nation or form of government, but the enemy of all. For this reason there should be joint action in every civilized land to stamp out the brood entirely.

For an attempt on the life of a President more severe than for an ordinary assault. Life imprisonment, probably, would be a fitting punishment for the crime. We have outgrown the idea of inflicting the death penalty for a lesser crime than murder, and I would not return to it. Nor would I make such im-

pleasure," growled the man, and disregarding the surprised look if his companion he snuck into a gloomy silence.

Directly a fuse blew out of the car wheel and the vehicle came to a halt. The man roused himself from his abstraction. "Don't you ever ask me to ride out in the suburbs with you again," he said with much concentrated energy; "here we are two miles from home, and I'll be late at the meeting of my society. I was to read a paper, too."

"Goodness gracious!" replied the woman, using a favorite feminine ejaculation in her impatience. "I did not ask you to come; you asked me. You said 'Let's go somewhere where we can be peaceful, and quiet and happy, and I came. Don't you ask me to come any more with you, for I won't do it. If the skies fell, I believe you'd blame me for it.'"

The man opened his lips to reply, but his case must have seemed weak even to himself, for he shut them again, and a silence profound and unbroken fell over the car.—Baltimore News.

Lions and Florida Water.

A small girl writing to Our Dumb Animals tells an amusing story of a lion delighted with the perfume of Florida water:

We have often heard that animals were very fond of perfumes, so Mamie and I saved our pennies and bought a bottle of Florida water, which we took with us to the zoo. You just ought to have heard the racket in the lion house. It was very near their dinner-time, and they were all hungry. The old lion and his wife were prancing round their cage, roaring with all their might.

Their noise started the puma, and when he began he started the panthers. It was, I assure you, pandemonium let loose.

So Mamie poured half of Florida water on a piece of raw cotton and threw it in the lion's cage. He stopped his noise, sniffed at it, rolled all over it, and acted just like a good-natured puppy dog. He rolled over and over with his four big strong legs in the air. He was perfectly happy and forgot that he was hungry. Then Mrs. Lion came up and had a roll, and he never once snarled at her as he so often does. They both were as nice and quiet as two pussy-cats. Mamie and I didn't regret having spent our money on the perfume.

Pressure in Ocean's Deepest Depths. There are spots in the ocean where the water is five miles deep, and if it is true that the pressure of the water on any body in the water is one pound to the square inch for every two of the depth, anything at the bottom of one or "five miles" holes would have a pressure about it of 13,200 pounds to every square inch.

An Exact Fit. Cusmo—the band played a most appropriate tune at the horse show.

Cawker—What was it?

"Listen to my tale of woe."—Philadelphia North American.

Timour the Tartar. Tamerlane, the Tartar conqueror, had a club foot. His real name was Timour Lenk, or Timour the Lame.

An old bachelor says being possessed is nine points of the law with women.

prisonment at solitary confinement, as has been recommended. The object of punishment is twofold—to serve as an example to others and to protect society by removing the criminal from a position where he might further endanger lives and liberties. As to the deterrent effect of the punishment upon others, life imprisonment would probably serve as well as capital punishment. Conspirators against the life of a ruler or high official of our own or any country, when the conspiracy results in the death of the person plotted against, should be held equally guilty with the one by whose blow death is inflicted, and all doubt should be removed, so that there should be provided the same degree of punishment as for the murderers.

Laws should also be enacted making it a misdemeanor, punishment by long imprisonment, either in writing or by spoken words, to incite to violence against the life of any person. This law should be, however, carefully safeguarded so that it would not interfere with the rights of free speech guaranteed by the constitution. Incitement to acts of general violence during a strike or other disturbance, for instance, should not be punished so severely. The law should especially aim to prevent the promulgating and teaching of the doctrine of anarchy.

There is, in my opinion, no necessity for amending the constitution of the United States to secure proper laws for the treatment of anarchy. State laws are or can be made amply sufficient, and the prosecution for conspiracy or other outcroppings of anarchy properly belongs in the State where the crime is committed. Convictions are more readily and quickly secured, also, under the State laws.

At present the punishment provided by the federal statutes for such crimes as have been mentioned is wholly insufficient. No one has thought of the possibility of anarchy and attempts upon the President's life, and hence there is none in force where Congress has jurisdiction to sufficiently punish the criminals and avert such calamities as that at Buffalo. Anarchy differs from rebellion in that it opposes all law and seeks the overthrow of all government. It is a crime not against a nation but against civilization, and must be so treated.

FOSTER M. VOORHEES,
Governor of New Jersey.

Labor Unions and Workmen.

The question of organized labor is not a question of wages. It is a question of moral importance. It is a question of administration, of running your own works in your own way.

I have nothing to do with labor organization, but I was a workman, and I was at one time. I would not belong to a labor organization. They put all men on the same level. If I was a bright, alert, competent man, I would not be put in the same class with the poorest man. Organized labor means that no man can advance unless all the others advance.

CHARLES M. SCHWAB,
President of the U. S. Steel Corporation.

American Schoolhouses.

The school houses in this country are for the most part dreadful and are a matter of the greatest surprise to me. I have seen some which are little more than huts and which seem positively unsafe and unhealthful.

Such a state of affairs is not right; in this land, where there is a justifiable boast of the public school system, the best of all agencies in the advancement of humanity. But I know the trouble with your schools—you have too much politics mixed with your education. I have ascertained approximately the amount of money expended by the people for school houses, and the results are not at all commensurate. There should be a better showing for the generosity of the people, but there has been a dreadful leakage, and the people will have to be generous again to remedy the conditions

BY DRUM & SUTOR.

Entered at the Post Office at Grand Rapids, Wis., as second-class mail matter.

SUBSCRIPTION RATES.

One Year.....\$1.50
Six Months.....75

Grand Rapids, Wis., Dec. 7, 1901.

A Brutal Murder.

John O'Brien returned on Thursday from Antigo where he had been to attend the funeral of his brother, conductor F. M. O'Brien, whose funeral occurred on Wednesday. Mr. O'Brien was fatally murdered on Sunday by a man named Phil Ryan without any provocation whatever.

The story of the murder is about as follows:

Mr. O'Brien was returning from church with his wife on Sunday and stepped into a saloon to buy a cigar, his wife walking on ahead.

In the saloon he met Ryan whom he asked to have a cigar with him, which the latter refused. Ryan had been shipping pulp wood and a car that he wanted had not been set out onto the sidetrack for him and he asked Mr. O'Brien why it had not been done. He replied that the work would be done that day and was in the act of leaving when Ryan drew a revolver and shot Mr. O'Brien in the head, from the effects of which he died the same day.

Ryan immediately gave himself up and stated that he did not intend to kill O'Brien at all. Ryan has borne a hard reputation for a number of years and has been in jail before for having drawn a revolver. When the people of Antigo found that Mr. O'Brien's injuries had proven fatal there was a movement to lynch Ryan, but he was saved by the officers of the law. The murdered man was 38 years old and leaves a wife and four children, who reside at Antigo. He was well liked by all his associates and has been an employee of the Northwestern railway company for many years. He had visited this city several times but had never made his home here. Miss Ella O'Brien of this city accompanied her father to Antigo to attend the funeral.

Unclaimed Letters.

East Side.

Following is the list of unclaimed letters in the east side postoffice, for the week ending Dec. 5, 1901:

Cawford, Miss Mary
Doughty, Mathew
Draxler, Miss Mary
Doughty, Mathew
Ewing, Mrs. N. P.
Knutson, Mrs. Louise
Narein, Miss Minnie
Ackerman, Aug.
Beltz, S. J.
Bell, David
Brown, Jno.
Burgert, J. S.
Cava, F.
Stabban, L.
Vaughn & Son, Messrs.
Verbeck, H. C.
Corrigan, Jas.
Dehaven, Carl
Dionne, Oliver

Persons calling for the above please say "advertised."

A. L. FONTAINE, Postmaster.

West Side.

List of letters unclaimed in the west side postoffice, for the week ending Dec. 4, 1901:

Roden, Chas.
Scher, Lizzie
Sharkey, Rosy
Kuehner, J.
Mc Gillan, Lyndall
Fister, Albert, 2

Persons calling for the above named letters will please say "advertised."

W. H. COCHRAN, Postmaster.

How's This?

We offer one hundred dollars reward for any case of catarrh that cannot be cured by Hall's Catarrh cure.

F. J. CHENEY & Co.
We, the undersigned, have known F. J. Cheney for the last 15 years and believe him perfectly honorable in all business transactions and financially able to carry out any obligations made by their firm. West & Traux, wholesale druggists, Toledo, O. Walding, Kinnan & Marvin, wholesale druggists, Toledo, O. Hall's catarrh cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Price 75 c. per bottle. Sold by all druggists. Testimonials free. Hall's Family pills are the best.

Commissioners Appointed.

Stevens Point Journal: W. J. Conway of Grand Rapids was in the city today and secured the appointment by the circuit court of three commissioners to appraise certain lands in the town of Almond. The lands were taken and are now used by the Chicago & Northwestern railway for right of way and it will be the duty of the commissioners to fix the value of the same. The commissioner appointed by the court are Robert Maine of this city, A. E. Bourne of Plover and J. L. Dopp of Belmont. Each will receive \$10 a day and expenses for the time employed. Their first meeting will be held Dec. 10 in the office of the circuit court. Later they will view the land and may take testimony as to the value of the same if they choose to do so.

Brain Food Nonsense.

Another ridiculous food fad has been branded by the most competent authorities. They have dispelled the silly notion that one kind of food needed for brain, another for muscles, and still another for bones. A correct diet will not only nourish a particular part of the body, but it will sustain every other part. Yet, however good your food may be, its nutriment is destroyed by indigestion or dyspepsia. You must prepare for their appearance or prevent their coming by taking regular doses of Green's August Flower, the favorite medicine of the healthy millions. A few doses aids digestion, stimulates the liver to healthy action, increases the blood and makes you feel buoyant and vigorous. You can get Dr. G. G. Green's reliable remedies at Johnson & Hill Co. Get Green's special almanac.

Rockers

For young or old, large or small, black or white, at prices that will fit any size pocketbook. Remember a picture says with every sale at G. O. BAKER'S, furniture store, East Side.

CRANMOOR.

Thanksgiving coming on our report day last week we took a lay off though we might have noted the return home of Miss Harriet Whittlesey after a three weeks sojourn with friends at Green Bay and vicinity—of the visit home of Atty. H. E. Fitch and Chas. Whittlesey to eat turkey at their respective homes—the home coming Friday night of the High school boys for a two days' stay—of Rev. Kröll holding the church service Tuesday evening—of the trip down Wednesday of A. C. Bennett of Grand Rapids—and of Edward Kruger attending the ball game Thursday at Grand Rapids and whose son Charles is one of the team.

S. N. Whittlesey took the morning passenger train Monday for Grand Rapids and the noon train from that point for Milwaukee and Chicago, where he is spending a week.

Mrs. Dolph Demarais of Minneapolis went through here Monday noon en route for her home. She has some warm friends at this place that would enjoy a visit from her.

D. R. Burn of Berlin, arrived on the evening train Wednesday and left on the noon train Thursday, making but a short stay this time.

Rev. Kröll spent Tuesday afternoon here, instructing his class of four for confirmation and calling on some of the people.

Miss Cora Grunshaw visited with friends up town first of the week returning home on the Tuesday evening train.

Harry Whittlesey and Emory Bennett made their regular weekly trip to Prof. Reuter's music room Thursday.

Mrs. Grunshaw and younger children have gone down the line for a visit to the old home.

Miss Dorothy Fitch returned to her post at Nekoosa Monday a. m. after a week at home.

Chas. and Edward Kruger and Roy Lester resumed High school work Monday.

Mrs. Caroline Fitch was a city visitor the middle of the week.

J. W. Fitch transacted business at Port Edwards Tuesday.

Robt. Skeel and wife spent Tuesday at Grand Rapids.

BABCOCK.

The boys have the laugh on Chas. Miller now. On Wednesday Chas. took the afternoon train for Grand Rapids. Coming home on No. 2 he fell asleep and as no one aroused him he slept until the train arrived at New Lisbon. Imagine his surprise and chagrin on awakening 30 miles from home with the train carrying him still farther away.

The dance at the Oakland given by the A. O. U. W. was a success in every way. The attendance was very large, there being many couples from out of town. Despite the crowded condition of the hall, everyone reports a royal good time.

Miss Della Polifka of Tomah, who has been teaching the seventh grade in the Merrill schools, passed through here Saturday night on her way back to Merrill. She had been spending her Thanksgiving vacation at her home.

On Sunday p. m. last, the Rev. Mr. Brierly conducted services in the M. E. church. In the evening Sunday School Missionary W. J. Large of La Crosse held a meeting to discuss the matter of starting a Sunday school here.

Wm. L. Boyce of Grand Rapids, who is traveling salesman for Weeks & Weeks marble works of Plainfield, drove down from Pittsville on Tuesday and on Wednesday he drove back to Grand Rapids.

A party consisting of Homer E. S. Potter and wife, Mr. Potter's father and Mrs. Himpke all of Necedah drove down from Pittsville Friday p. m. and took the south bound train for home.

Miss Mary Bunge of Pittsville stopped over in Babcock Friday, while on her way back from Grand Rapids, where she had been spending Thanksgiving at her home.

Attorney Fitch of Nekoosa, who assisted at the A. O. U. W. dance on Thursday, took the north bound passenger Sunday morning.

Miss Eva Miller, who was confined for some time with diphtheria, has improved so rapidly that the quarantine has been raised.

The Lyceum held its regular meeting on Wednesday evening. A very interesting program was rendered.

Miss Clara Schultz spent Thanksgiving with her parents here. She remained with them over Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. E. S. Buckias of Pittsville were in town for a few minutes on Friday p. m.

On Thursday E. W. Ring and J. D. Potter of Pittsville drove down to Babcock on business.

Sheriff McLaughlin dropped in upon us Sunday. Jim appears to be just as good natured as ever.

Miss Lulu Emmons returned on Friday from her visit with relatives at Grand Rapids.

C. H. Finley of Pittsville transacted business here on Wednesday and also on Thursday.

J. P. Molloy departed Monday morning for an extended visit among relatives in Iowa.

T. T. Cummings made a business trip to Pittsville and vicinity on Saturday.

Frank Remington killed another deer out at North Bluff one day last week.

B. G. Chandos of Grand Rapids was in town on business the first of the week.

W. C. McGlynn of Pittsville transacted business in this village on Friday.

Jesse Hopgood of Grand Rapids stopped over between trains on Saturday.

Mr. and Mrs. Jack Disher departed Saturday noon for a visit in Chicago.

Miss Mamie Malloy of Pittsville spent Sunday with her parents.

Henry Sampson of Grand Rapids was seen in town Saturday.

Mrs. J. A. Close visited over Saturday and Sunday in Necedah.

Mrs. Wm. Sullivan departed Sunday night for Milwaukee.

C. O. Baker was seen on our streets Sunday.

VESPER.

On Monday C. R. Goldsworthy leased the saw mill to Spencer, Johnson & Spencer of Milledgeville, Ill., for one year. The new firm will commence operations at once and will buy logs and do custom sawing.

C. R. Goldsworthy has, during the past week, sold lots to John Reuss, Chas. Treutzel and Mr. Calvin of Waukesha, the new engineer at the mill.

Mrs. F. A. Goedecke left for Milwaukee Tuesday, where she was called to attend the funeral of a brother-in-law.

John Flanagan attended services at the Catholic church at the Rapids on Sunday.

C. R. Goldsworthy made a business trip to Milwaukee on Tuesday.

Dr. Goedecke transacted business at Grand Rapids on Monday.

A good Cough Medicine.

From the Gazette, Toowoomba, Australia: I find Chamberlain's cough remedy is an excellent medicine. I have been suffering from a severe cough for the last two months, and it has effected a cure. I have great pleasure in recommending it.—W. C. Wockner. This is the opinion of one of our oldest and most respected residents and has been voluntarily given in good faith that others may try the remedy and be benefited, as was Mr. Wockner for sale by Johnson & Hill Co.

Society and Club Notices.

The Woman's Club will meet next Monday evening with Mrs. E. T. Harmon.

The Ladies' Aid society of the First Congregational church, west side, will meet next Wednesday evening with Mrs. Frank Garrison. All are cordially invited to attend.

The Historical and Literary society will meet on Monday evening with Mrs. Charlotte Renne.

The Ladies' Aid society of the M. E. church, west side, will meet on Wednesday afternoon with Mrs. C. F. Kellogg.

The Ladies' Aid society of the First Congregational church of the east side will meet Thursday evening, Dec. 19, with Mrs. A. L. Fontaine. Articles will be on sale for Christmas. Refreshments served. All are cordially invited.

Saw Death Near.

"It often made my heart ache," writes L. C. Overstreet, of Elgin, Tenn., "to hear my wife cough until it seemed her weak and sore lungs would collapse. Good doctors said she was so far gone with consumption that no medicine or earthly help could save her, but a friend recommended Dr. King's New Discovery and persistent use of this excellent medicine saved her life." It's absolutely guaranteed for coughs, colds, bronchitis, asthma and all throat and lung diseases. 50c and \$1 at John E. Daly and Johnson & Hill Co.

Remember Strogoff.

Next Thursday evening December 12, is the date set for Michael Strogoff, which will be produced at the opera house that evening by home talent. The show promises to be a good one and no doubt a large crowd will be in attendance. Special scenery and costumes have been engaged for the occasion, and no pains will be spared to make the production one of spectacular merit. Reserved seats will be sold at the usual places at 35 and 50 cents.

A Woman's Awful Peril.

"There is only one chance to save your life and that is through an operation" were the startling words heard by Mrs. I. B. Hunt of Lime Ridge, Wis., from her doctor after he had vainly tried to cure her of a frightful case of stomach trouble and yellow jaundice. Gall stones had formed and she constantly grew worse. Then she began to use Electric Bitters which wholly cured her. It's a wonderful stomach, liver and kidney remedy. Cures dyspepsia, loss of appetite. Try it. Only 50 cts. Guaranteed. For sale by Johnson & Hill Co. and John E. Daly.

—Smoke the Wineschek cigar
The best ten cent smoke on earth.

A Great Curiosity.

Wausau Record: Dr. Russell Lyon Thursday received from Alaska a mastodon's tooth which is great curiosity. The tooth weighs about twenty pounds and is supposed to be in the neighborhood of four thousand years old. It was picked up by his brother Rube, who, knowing the doctor's weakness for curiosities, forwarded it to him.

If You Could Look

into the future and see the condition to which your cough, if neglected, will bring you, you would seek relief at once—and that naturally would be through

Shiloh's Consumption Cure

Guaranteed to cure Consumption, Bronchitis, Asthma, and all Lung Troubles. Cures Coughs and Colds in a day. 25 cents. Write to S. C. Wells & Co., Le Roy, N. Y., for free trial bottle.

Karl's Clover Root Tea purifies the Blood

(First Publication 11-28-01)

Notice of Final Settlement
State of Wisconsin—Wood County—
In County Court.

In the matter of the estate of Dora King, deceased.

On application of Theodore Lipke, Administrator with annex of the Estate of Dora King, deceased, for the adjustment and allowance of his administration account, and for his discharge as such administrator.

It is ordered, that said account be examined, adjusted and allowed, at a special term of said court, to be held in the court house, in the city of Grand Rapids, said county of Wood, on the 11th day of December, to wit, the 23rd day of December, A. D. 1901, at nine o'clock in the forenoon of said day.

And it is further ordered, that notice of the time and place of the examination and allowance of said account, be given to all persons interested, by publication of a copy of this order for three successive weeks before said day, in the Grand Rapids Tribune, a weekly newspaper published at the city of Grand Rapids, in said Wood County.

Dated November 19th, A. D. 1901.
By the Court, JOHN A. GAYNOR,
County Judge.

TRADE Where the MAJORITY TRADE. IT PAYS.

Here is a great Outfitting Establishment doing business along the most modern and progressive lines. A retail outlet for immense quantities of merchandise each season. A store that gives its public the advantage of **Lowest Price Always**, quality considered. Large buying, and unhampered buying facilities afford money saving opportunities here that are most emphatic.



Men's Suits.

Loudly might we proclaim the merit of our Fall and Winter Suits for Men. Strong adjectives might be used to emphasize their price lowness. We prefer the moderate tone, the believable story. The carefully stated fact, you can tie to truth. You can believe facts. You never find an untruth in a K. & C. ad.

Men's fancy Cheviots and Tweeds.....
suits.....\$5 to 7.50
Men's blue serges, black worsted suits, single or double breasted.....\$5 to 22
Fancy worsted checks & stripes \$10 to 18.50
Vicunas and Oxford Greys at.....\$10 to 20

Overcoat Weather.

There's just enough nipping in the air to wear one with comfort. Have you one to put on? No! Then you should see the very big variety we show. Prices begin at \$5 and advance to \$30.

The \$5 Coats Are Good Ones,

The \$10 ones better, the \$12 and \$15 are still better, and then up to \$30 range the fine and finest. The cheapest will keep you as comfortable as the best. They'll all give satisfaction for the full of their cost. Our stock is large enough that we can furnish every man the size and style, color and goodness required.



Top Coats for the Boys.

From the little tot of three to the big boy of twenty, and such garments! Oxfords and Coverts, Whipcords and Vicunas, just like the men's, exactly, in cut, style and shade.

\$3 to \$5 for the Children's.
\$5 to \$15 for the Big Boys'.

Reefers for the boys, ages three to fifteen, nobby and neat with warmth that protects against colds. They allow freedom for winter sports. Chinchillas, Kerseys and Friezes. Have deep storm collar. price \$2.00 to \$6.00

Boy's Vestee Suits, ages three to ten, price.....\$1.00 to \$6.50
Young Men's Long Pants Suits in neat patterns and splendidly trimmed and made, ages fifteen to twenty, price.....\$3.00 to \$12.50

Furnishing Goods Department.

Grander Stocks. Bigger Assortment. Every article in the smaller fixings for perfectly dressed man is here new, snappy and up-to-date. You can rely on our price being the lowest and styles absolutely correct. If you want the right furnishing for any and all occasions you must buy them of us.

MEN'S UNDERWEAR.

Every man who wants underwear is interested in these matchless offerings. 2 cases, 6 dozen fleece lined underwear, regular 50c value, our price.....35c
Men's finer grade fleece lined, pure lamb's wool, warranted not to wash off, the best garment in the world for the money, our price.....50c
Wright's fleece lined health underwear, you can look and look and you will find nothing neater or more durable than these, price.....\$1.00 to \$1.75

Men's shirts and drawers in golden brown, heavy winter weight, ribbed, made with silk front, elastic cuffs, price.....\$1.00

Men's shirts and drawers, especially for hard, rough wear, with brush fleecy back, made in strongest possible style, elastic cuffs, price.....\$1.00

Men's shirts and drawers, all wool, made double breasted and double back, drawers have double seat, price.....\$1.00

Men's union suits that will not shrink \$1.00 to \$3.50

MEN'S SHIRTS.

Monarch white shirts, regular or short bosoms, swell line of colored shirts, regular or short bosoms, made with separate or attached cuff, nobby and correct patterns, price.....50c to \$1.50
Flannel shirts of all kinds, fancy and plain cashmere shirts, regular and extra sizes.....50c to \$2.50
Men's Jersey knit overshirts.....25c to \$1.00

MEN'S AND BOYS' SWEATERS.

All wool sweaters in navy, maroon, black and green colors, also fancy combination in stripes, any size.....\$1.00 to \$4.00
Men's and Boys' cotton sweaters.....25c to 50c

GLOVES AND MITTENS.

Men's lined gloves and mittens.....10c
Men's muleskin lined mittens.....20c
Calf, hog and horsehide mittens.....50c
Men's moose mittens.....75c
Extra quality horsehide, Plymouth and Indian tan back gloves and mittens.....\$1.00
Gloves and mittens for dress, street and driving wear, fancy Scotch knit gloves, up-to-date.....25c to \$1
Our leaders, our great line of unlined and fleece and silk lined kids, mochas and reindeers, colors and stitching up to the minute, price.....50c to \$2.50
Men's and boys' caps, any style, any color you wish is here, and if here it's right, price from 25c to \$2
We carry a large stock of Men's Rubber Boots and Lumbermen's Rubbers with or without leather tops. In Men's Overshoes and Felt Boots we are giving good quality as well as reasonable prices. Not too cheap but good.

MEN'S NECKWEAR.

Our neckwear has that tone and air of exclusiveness about it that cannot be found in other lines. In this department, as well as all others, we strive to give extra values at popular prices—25c, 50c and 75c. You can buy cheap, commonplace neckwear any place, but for something exclusive and fashionable you must come to us.

COLLARS AND CUFFS.

Coriass Coon Collars and Cuffs made from finest Irish linen in all the very latest styles. Collars, 15c, two for 25c. Cuffs, 25c.
Men's Celluloid Collars and Cuffs are made in two finishes, gloss or dull finish, very latest. Collars, 5c to 20c. Cuffs, 10c to 25c.
Men's Wool Hose, black or natural grey, finest quality Australian lamb's wool, soft finish.....25c
Men's Socks in extra heavy pure domestic wool, soft finish.....25c
Men's Mackinaw Jackets, color plain blue.....\$1.00
Men's Fancy Mackinaw Jackets.....75c to \$3.50
Men's Duck Coats.....75c to \$3.50
Men's Sheepskin lined Coats.....\$3.00 to \$4.50
Men's Waterproof Covert Coats, this is a new article in the working and outdoor coat line, black and grey mixed covert cloth with rubber back, heavy fancy wool blanket lining, strictly waterproof, price.....\$1.25 to \$2.50

FUR COATS.

A List of What We Carry.

Black Dog Coats.....\$10.00 to \$16.50
Grey Dog Coats.....15.00 to 16.50
Brown Sheep Coats.....16.50 to 20.00
Russian Calfskin Coats.....16.50 to 22.50
Galloway Coats.....20.00 to 25.00
Wombat Coats.....18.50 to 30.00
Coon Coats.....35.00 to 65.00

All coats with quilted linings are provided with leather sweat shields and our new wrist protector. Each and every garment is made with a view to service and durability. We will replace any skin found to be defective or repair any defects in workmanship free of charge within one year. These facts are worthy your careful consideration and should be fully taken into account when making your purchases. Others may quote you lower prices on some grades but we know we can give you better values. Fifty cents to one dollar and a half more on a coat should not weigh against from one to three years additional wear.

5c 5c 5c 5c 5c 5c

Merit is the Trademark of Success.

—Spafford.

SPECIAL SALE

Monday, December 9th, we will place on sale 5 Gross of Ebony and Sterling Silver novelties. This assortment is comprised of the following articles:

**Slipper Horns
Button Hooks
Tooth Brushes
Finger Files
Paper Cutters
Ink Erasers
Rotary Blotters
Letter Seals**

These are articles that formerly sold for 25c each; some people have sold them for 10c each.

Our price 5c Each.

This is the biggest bargain of the season. Don't miss it. — Nothing more acceptable for an Xmas gift.

Spafford, Cole & Co.

5c 5c 5c 5c 5c 5c

Candy!

If you want pure home-made Candies go to the White Front Candy Kitchen. Also leave an order for plain or fancy Ice Cream. It will receive our prompt attention.

**AIKEN'S
Candy Kitchen,
East Side.**

CENTRALIA ...MEAT MARKET...

WEST GRAND RAPIDS.

A supply of Fresh, Salt and Smoked Meats constantly on hand. Everything fresh and clean.

Reiland's East Side Market

Is also the leading trading place on the east side. Here you will find everything wanted in the meat line. FISH AND GAME in season.

N. REILAND, Prop.

CURES IN 3 TO 5 DAYS.

No. 1—For Men, Internally, 50c.

No. 2—For Men, Wash, 50c.

No. 3—For Women, Wash, \$1.

SAFE AND SURE.

CURE GUARANTEED.

Sent 5c for trial.

Sold by all Druggists, or sent on receipt of price by

CLARK MEDICINE CO., Chicago, Ill.

NUMBER
ONE

DAN MASON'S CHRISTMAS

BY —
JOSEPH A.
ALTSHELER

Copyright, 1900, by
Joseph A. Altscheler.

THE soldiers were in a splendid humor. They had won a victory the week before and were now resting securely among the hills, with no prospect of hard duty for at least a month. All the scouts brought news that the enemy was continuing his retreat into the west, and, moreover, the weather did not invite to active service. There was nothing for the men to do but make themselves comfortable, and that they did the best they could.

They occupied a shallow basin in the crest of a low but very wide hill—a basin large enough to hold the entire army and seemingly intended by nature as a place of camp and defense. Their great guns made a ring around them and covered every point of approach. The soldiers felt that they could hold such a natural fortress against the assaults of ten times their number, but they knew that an attack would not come, and they turned their minds to other things.

Nearly all the camp work was finished, and they were eating their suppers. Innumerable fires were burning, and the flames rose up in the clear, frosty air. Sparks flew off into the sky, trembled there a moment and then went out. The metal dishes rattled, and the hum of talk and laughter arose.

"This is comfort—solid comfort, I call it," said Dan Mason, the Kentuckian, to his comrades, leaning back and luxuriating a little in the unusual rest and peace. The others did not reply, but devoted themselves body and soul to the food. Mason looked thoughtfully at them for a minute or two and then resumed his task. Yet he himself was worth the contemplation of any one.

Dan Mason, like his comrades, was young, but he was taller, larger and stronger than any of those who sat near him: a splendid specimen of the Kentuckian of the hills, a man of powerful muscles, open face and frank, brown eyes that looked straight at you, and yet at times would flame into a sudden passion that might prove dangerous.

"Isn't this good, Tom Settle?" he said to the man immediately on his left.

"Of course it is," replied Tom, with a sigh of content. "I like soldiering well enough, but I'm not such a glutton for it that I must have it every day in the year. A month of steady marches and battles and skirmishes before we came into these hills had just about finished me up. If there's any fighting to be done before spring, Dan, you can have my share, and there won't be any charge for it. Now you hear me talking."

There was a trace of awe in his tone as he pointed toward the east where the red sun was sinking and the shadows had begun to gather on the horizon. A silence fell over the group and soon extended to the whole camp. Hardened by war, immersed in constant fighting and

He resumed his attack upon the food, and the others laughed. It was in truth a most comfortable camp. The tents were raised already, and the men might take their ease without worry. Mason leaned back against a hillock and, drawing a tiny pamphlet from an inside pocket of his faded army coat, studied it attentively. The others did not notice him for a minute or two, and then it was Settle who spoke:

"Reading, Dan?" he asked.

"Yes, Tom, I'm reading."

"Is it so mighty interesting?"

"Yes."

"Tell it, then."

"I'll let you know directly."

Settle said no more. He was happy, and he would not allow even his curiosity to disturb him. Mason continued his study of the worn little pamphlet, his brow wrinkling now and then with a mental effort which evidently proceeded from an attempt to calculate something complex.

"Boys," he asked presently, "what day in the week is this?"

"What funny questions you ask, Dan Mason!" exclaimed Settle. "How do you expect fellows who have been fighting for a month without a break to keep track of such little things as the days of the week?"

His pronouncement was received with approval by the majority, but a third man—Johnston—who took the question to heart, asserted that it was Friday, whereupon Settle, being compelled to return to the issue, staked his faith upon the day being Sunday. Johnston maintained that it was Friday, and both found supporters, while others held that it was neither Friday nor Sunday, but were divided in choice between the remaining days of the week. Then a dispute arose and waxed hot. It was at its height when it occurred to Settle to ask why they debated with such spirit a question that was unimportant.

"What difference, Dan, does it make what day of the week it is?" he said to Mason.

"It makes a lot," replied Mason. "I want to tell you in the first place, boys, that this little book I'm studying so hard is an almanac. I've been keeping track of the days, and this is Saturday, and what's more than that, it's the 24th of December. Now, Tom Settle, just you tell me what's coming."

Settle uttered a low whistle.

"Boys," he exclaimed, "it's Christmas night coming across yonder!"

drawing a free breath this day for the first time in a month, these men had lost all track of time. So Mason's sudden announcement came with all the greater force. Peaceful memories rushed upon them like a torrent, and the silence in the great camp endured. The minds of these men—boys most of them were in years, though old in experience—went back to other Christmas nights, when there was no thought of war and all was peace on earth and good will among men. They thought then of those who were left behind them, and they spoke softly and without oaths.

Lower sank the sun. It seemed ever after to Mason when he thought of that night that it was a globe of intense, molten fire. Its rays lay blood red on the hills, but the shadows continued to creep up nevertheless. It was gone by and by, and the east was in a darkness which soon extended to the four quarters of the heavens. Christmas night had begun, and the sentinels on their beats called, "All's well!"

"Ought to be snow tonight. It's Christmas," said Settle.

"You have your wish," replied Mason. "Didn't you notice the clouds before the dark came? Here's your snow."

Settle looked at the heavens, and a broad flake settled upon his upturned face. It was followed by another, and then many more, and in five minutes they were falling down upon the camp like a great white veil. The ground was soon covered, and the flakes continued to come down until the snow lay several inches deep. But it ceased by and by, and a clear silver moon shone in the cold, pale heavens. It was very beautiful to Mason, who had in his soul a little of the poetry of his native hills. This was the grace of God after a month of battle. He sat in the lee of a tent and looked at the white expanse of the earth and the dim line of the horizon.

The content of the soldiers did not decrease. It was a well sheltered and well provisioned army, and this was what they wished. The solemnity which they had felt at first began to wear away, and their spirit rose. The camp was filled with jest and laughter. Bright flames, flickering over the snow, shot up from a hundred fires, and beside each some good story was told. The camp was luminous with light and good feeling.

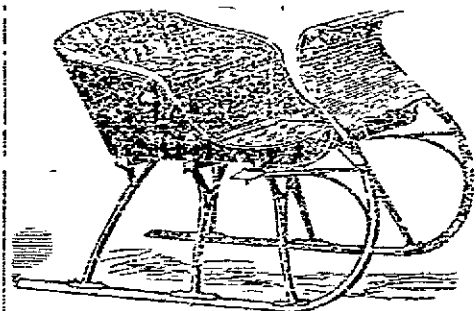
A clear voice was uplifted presently, and some one began to sing. It was a song of Christmas:

"The shepherds went their hasty way
And found the lowly stable shed
Where the Virgin mother lay;
And now they checked their eager tread,
For to the babe that at her bosom clung
A mother's song the Virgin sang."

(Continued on page 12.)

CUTTERS

CUTTERS



CUTTERS

Just received another consignment, several different styles. All Grades.

Look us over before you buy

STOVES.

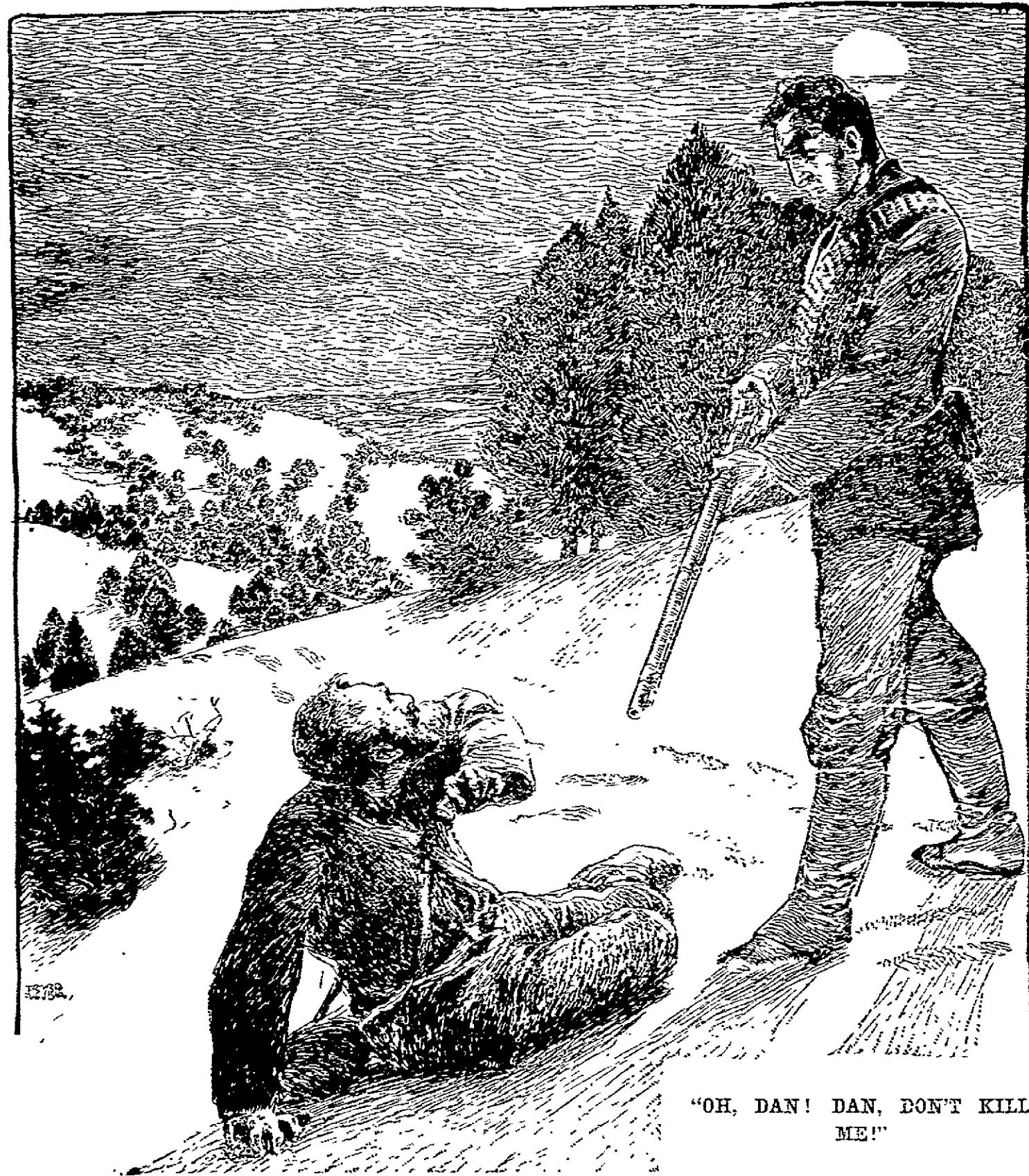
We still have a few carloads to select from and if you should happen to be in need of anything in this line you cannot do better than to call on us. Our stock comprises Hard Coal, Soft Coal, and Wood Heaters, Cook Stoves and Ranges. We handle the Famous Round Oak Heaters.

Xmas Presents.

We have many useful and beautiful articles suitable for Holiday gifts. Among these you will find granite ware, fine cutlery of all kinds, nickel plated ware for the housewife, games for the children, and many articles we cannot enumerate here.

CENTRALIA HARDWARE COMPANY,

West Side, Grand Rapids, Wis.



"OH, DAN! DAN, DON'T KILL ME!"

I know of a haunted garden where the old-time flowers grow:
There are hollyhocks and lilacs in a long and stately row;
There are lilac trees by the gateway, and roses white and red
And the Southern wood's spicy fragrance follows the careless tread—
A memory haunted garden, out of life's busy way,
Where the spell of vanished summers lingers the livelong day.

The hands that planted these flowers have moldered back to dust.
But their hearts are true and steadfast, and they seem to hold in trust
The memories of the old-time, and those whom men forget.
Perhaps for the lilac and lily the dead are living yet,
Those whom our eyes can see not may tend them still—who knows
Of the strange, sweet secrets hidden in the red heart of the rose?

Does grandmother come to gather its pinks and its pansies still
From the grave which kind hands made her in the churchyard on the hill?
Does she know when the lilacs blossom that she planted long ago?
The question must go unanswered, but I fancy it may be so.
And so from the dear old garden not a flower I take away,
But leave them all to be gathered by the hands that are dust to-day.

—National Magazine.

"When Tom Proposed."

TOM was wont to declare that his environment had eradicated every vestige of sentiment that he had originally possessed.

"How can a fellow retain any feeling of sacredness in regard to proposal or an engagement after hearing such things canvassed by the girls as I have?" he would say, parenthetically. "It's my firm belief that most women have no more sentiment than oyster. If ever I propose it will be in such a way that the girl can't make fun of it afterward among the other girls."

Tom was an only son. He had seven sisters and innumerable girl cousins. Tom was thoroughly conversant with the love affairs of all of them.

There was good ground for his belief that he knew more of the inside facts as to how men propose than any other man living. His presence had never interrupted or postponed any account of a girl's adventure, a flirtation or a proposal.

"It's only Tom," the girls would say. And Tom rather enjoyed the revelations.

From the height of his superior knowledge, Tom occasionally advised his comrades, who were less blessed with sisters and cousins.

"It's no use, Billy," he said to Billy Baxter, who had suggested a proposal by letter as an easy way. "It's no use trying to dodge the inevitable. If there is any particular 'she' in your case, don't try writing, for even if she intends to refuse you she will write asking you to call, and you must go over the whole thing by word of mouth, before she drops you into the depths with a 'no.'"

"Besides, it gives the girls an awful chance at a fellow," he continued. "I'm not calling any names, but less than a week ago I heard a letter proposal read by the recipient, and a dozen girls assisted in composing a suitable reply. I furnished the stamps and posted the letter. The poor devil is in Germany. I also cabled my condolences. I know they will be appreciated when that letter reaches him."

Billy groaned dismally. "I infer you've already sent your letter," said Tom, cheerfully.

Billy groaned again in reply. "Now, I like the 'Barkis is willin' plan," went on Tom. "You know Bob—Bob Treherne? Well, Bob has what Sam Weller calls the gift of gab very gallopin'." He made elaborate preparations; rehearsed before the glass; left hand in coat front, right used in appropriate gestures, head thrown back, chest expanded—favorite attitude with men who are photographed in dress suits. Told the story of his love (to his own reflection in the mirror), using the choicest diction and the most beautifully rounded sentences. Make big stock of 'ideals,' 'passionate devotion,' 'life's inspiration,' and all that sort. Pictured to himself Bessie's downcast eyes, softly flushed cheeks and trembling lips.

"Bob confessed all this to me recently. I was about 8 years old, and was in the room when the actual occurrence took place. Bob took my sister's kitten on his lap and said 'Pussy, ask your mistress if she will marry me.' And Bessie pulled Kitty's tail, saying, 'Tell him yes, Pussy.' Then she said: 'Tom, go tell father and mother that Bob and I are engaged.'"

"I suppose the regulation things happened after I went out. But that goes to show of how little avail are great preparations."

"But such abruptness might displease some girls," suggested Billy.

"So it might," admitted Billy; "for instance, when Silvie was visiting Barbara in western Kansas, a good-looking ranchman whom Silvie had met twice galloped up one day, and when Silvie came to the door he said: 'I just rode over to see if you would marry me.'"

"No, indeed," gasped Silvie. "Well, the thing's off my mind, anyhow," and he put spurs to his horse and galloped away. I admire that style myself."

"But, Tom," wailed Billy, "you don't know—you were never in love."

"Much you know about that," returned Tom promptly. "I've been desperately in love ever since Alice Dainty came to visit Marie."

"Waiting a good chance?" questioned Billy, eagerly.



MARY A. BICKERDIKE

"Mother" Bickerdike, who died recently, was 84 years old. She was in most of the great battles of the Civil War as a nurse, and was with Sherman on his march to the sea. She established various hospitals in the South to care for Union soldiers, and was in charge of field hospitals at the siege of Vicksburg, at Lookout Mountain, Missionary Ridge and Chattanooga. She died at Bunker Hill, Kan., and was buried at Galesburg, Ill.

"Not at all. I've had plenty of chances. I'm waiting until circumstances are such that she can't make me feel I'm dirt under her feet."

The next day Tom took his sister's guest for a sail to Plymouth. Alice was fresh and dainty in a crisp white suit and a becoming rachting cap. Tom's heart thumped violently.

"No chance for me to-day," he thought; "she is as imperious as a queen."

But the day proved unfavorable for pleasure seekers. The water was rough and the great steamer rocked and plowed until even Tom felt qualms. Alice sat watching the unhappy passengers, her face very pale and her lips tightly pressed together.

"Alice," said Tom, kindly. "I hope you're not going to be sick."

She gave him a wild, startled look—there was a convulsive movement, a quick rush to the rail, and Alice had joined the rank and file paying tribute to old Neptune. Tom was at her side in an instant, with a firm arm around her waist and a strong hand supporting her head. It was not a romantic situation, but Tom felt that his opportunity had come.

"Oh, Tom, I am so mortified," gasped poor Alice, presently. "please go away."

"No need of my going away now, Alice," answered Tom, composedly. "For the past ten minutes there has been no concealment of your emotions. Your whole past (gastrologically speaking) has been open to my view. And as we are soon to be married there is no reason why I should not dry your eyes and wash your face, and straighten your cap, and make you presentable." And Tom deftly and tenderly suited his actions to his words. "A man likes to see his fiancée look pretty. There, now you are your own sweet self again."

"Tom," said Alice, humbly. "please don't tell the girls that I was sick."

"Not a word," answered Tom, promptly; "we'll just announce our engagement, and we'll never tell any one how it happened."

HALF A LIFETIME IN PRISON.

Why Michael Werner Knows that Honesty Is the Best Policy.

There is no man in the United States who could better testify to the truth of the adage, "Honesty is the best policy," than Michael Werner, who never lived up to it.

His hair gray, his eyes sunken in, with pale, hollow cheeks, the marks of thirty-two years and one month behind prison bars, he sat in court in Paterson a few days ago, again a prisoner.

Werner is 67 years old and has been a burglar for thirty-four years, all but two of which has been spent in prison. He was born in Chicago and received a good public school education. His parents were respectable and well-to-do. He learned the trade of a blacksmith and made a good living. In 1867, being out of work, he fell in with bad company and was induced to come to New York. Here he took part in a burglary in October, 1867, and was sentenced to five years in Sing Sing. Having served that time, he went back to Chicago, and in October, 1878, was caught in the act of burglary. This time he got fifteen years in Joliet prison. After completing his term he returned to New York. In 1888 he was again arrested in Brooklyn for the same offense. This time he got four years and seven months in the Kings County penitentiary.

Being released, he kept straight until 1894, when he was caught at burglary, and under the name of George Collins he was sent to Sing Sing again for two years and six months. Again in October, 1897, he bungled a job in New York, and was arrested. This time it was five years in Sing Sing and his term expired on July 5 last.

Then he went to Hoboken and was

arrested as a suspicious person. Burglars' tools were found on him, but he managed to slip the law.

Then he started for Paterson, but got off at Passaic by mistake. He entered Lawyer William Scott's residence and got away with \$100 worth of jewelry.

He was caught and sent to the county jail to await trial. He had a full set of tools for picking locks. On his trial he pleaded guilty.

The old man sat in the prisoners' row in tears, and an aged woman, his only friend, tottered to the bar, and spoke a few words for the prisoner. She meant well, but she knew nothing about the prisoner that would help him.—New York Journal.

Packing of Gold Leaf.

"Here is something I wish to inquire about," said a gentleman to a dealer in artists' materials as he held out a tiny booklet for the latter's inspection. "I bought this book of English gold leaf of you a few days ago, and on turning the slats of paper between the leaves I discovered that they contained portions of the Scripture, and seemed to have been cut from various parts of the Bible."

"So they were," answered the dealer, "but there is nothing extraordinary about that fact when you understand it. All English gold leaf, as a regular matter of business, is packed in little books made up of pages of Bible cut to the requisite size and stitched together."

"No desecration is intended, but the practice of packing the material in this way is a well-established custom. The Bible is selected for the purpose because as a general thing the type is more evenly set and the printing finer and better executed than in other books."

"Printed paper has always been in general use for packing the sheets of gold leaf. The slight indentations made by the type serve to keep them more firmly in place. They slip when packed between plain sheets. The Book of Common Prayer is also employed for the same purpose and the same reason."

"Gold leaf books are made up from the sheets in which they leave the press, and before they are folded."—Washington Star.

Sahara's Water Supply.

The wells of Erg, in the Sahara desert, occupy the bottom of the depressions. As the surface of the ground in which they are excavated is covered with a thick layer of sand they have to be protected against the falling in of the latter. Their very narrow orifice is, therefore, hermetically closed by means of wide stones sealed through a mortar composed of sand and mud. Each caravan undoes the work in order to obtain water and then carefully seals the wells up again before departing.

Modern Advice to Students.

An expert tutor declares that the practice of taking strong coffee or of tying the head up with a wet towel in order to keep awake and study is an utter fallacy; that it injures the health and prevents the brain from performing the finer operations involved in learning and memorizing facts. He recommends, when a student grows tired, a little light, vigorous exercise, such as striking a bag or waving the arms around the head, as in club swinging, drinking a cupful of hot water.

Locomotive Statistics.

One hundred and nine thousand locomotives are at present running in various countries. Europe has 63,000, America 40,000, Asia 3,300, Australia 2,000 and Africa 700.

There is something radically wrong with the small boy who wouldn't rather go to a circus than be an angel.

White Hand

A Tale of the Early Settlers of Louisiana.

BY AUSTIN C. BURDICK

CHAPTER XIX.—(Continued.)

The old chief took the youth's hand, and having gazed into his face a few moments, he said:

"White Hand, you once gave me an oath, but from all oaths you have ever given me I now absolve you. Coqualla has told me all. She has told me how true you are in heart, and how yet you long for the home of your childhood. I do not think your father has fallen in this general massacre, for his place is strong, and the red men owe him no grudge. Yet he may have fallen with the rest. If he has, you may sometime find opportunity to reach your native land. But you are under no oath now. Of what has now happened I will not speak, only to say that you cannot see nor understand all that has led us to this fearful work. The story of the white man's rule is everywhere the same. Where a tribe, or a people, have made peace and accepted the friendship of the French, they have become weak and puny. White Hand, I have a strange love for thee, but I hate thy people. And that thy father almost hates them too has drawn my heart towards him. But we could not see our people being gradually swept away, and our homes torn from us, without striking this blow. Yet Stung Serpent has fallen. The bullet of the white man has found his life. But he dies content. The white man has fallen, too."

The old chieftain sank back exhausted, as he ceased speaking, and for some moments he remained with his eyes closed. When he opened them again, White Hand spoke.

"My father," he said, "ere the hand of death has done its work upon thee, wilt thou not tell me why I was taken from my father's house? Surely you cannot object to tell me all now?"

"No, my child, I have no objections, for I never promised not to tell. And when I sent for thee now, I meant to tell thee all. Do you remember when your father met me in the woods near his dwelling?"

"Yes," returned White Hand, bending over with eager interest.

"Well, I had then been to see Simon Lobo. By some means he learned that I was down the river, and he sent for me. He had heard that I was a savage chieftain, and a lover of gold. I met him in the woods, and he proposed to me that I should seize St. Julien's son and slay him, and for this he offered to pay me a hundred pieces of gold. But I spurned the offer and left him. I came home, and told my brother what Lobo had said to me, and he pondered upon the subject in a new light. You know the Natchez often send messengers to the Great Spirit, and the Great Sun had wished to send a white messenger to the white man's God, even as we told you when you first came here. At length I fell in with his views, and I knew of no one whose spirit would be surer of admission to your God than the spirit of Louis St. Julien, for I knew him to be a good youth. So I returned to my father's house and saw Lobo again, and he told me he had hired a party of Chickasaws to kill you, but that you and your companion had killed them all—six of them. I then offered to do what he wished. But this time his wants had received an addition. He not only wanted the son killed, but he wanted the daughter captured and carried off towards New Orleans. I agreed to this; but I made him give me a written promise to pay me the money when the work should be done. He hesitated at first, but at length he wrote the pledge and signed it; and then it was arranged that Louise should be left upon the bank of Lake Pontchartrain, at the end of the middle trail, and I pledged myself to take you with me and kill you, for you know this had been my purpose in seeking you."

"But the paper—the pledge—you had of Lobo—where is it?" uttered White Hand.

"It is safe. Coqualla, go to my closet, and you will find it in the oaken casket."

The princess went, and in the box she found the paper, which she handed to her father. He took it and having opened it, he handed it to White Hand, saying, as he did so:

"Here it is yours. And now all I ask is pardon."

"For all that you have done to me," murmured the youth, "I pardon you from the bottom of my soul; for you may have been an instrument in the hands of heaven for saving my life. Had you not taken me, another would, and I should not have lived. So I shall, after all, remember Stung Serpent with more of gratitude than of complaint or anger."

"Do you mean that?"

Stung Serpent raised himself upon his elbow, and caught the youth by the hand.

"Coqualla," he whispered, "where art thou?"

"I have been kind to thee. If it lays in thy power, help White Hand to his people. Is it Coqualla I see?"

"Yes. Are you faint?"

"Faint? Stung Serpent faint? No! Up, warriors of the Natchez, and strike for your homes! Who shall fear the dastards now? My braves, remember the trophies you have won under Stung Serpent's lead. Strike—strike, now, for your honor, your homes, and for the tombs of your ancestors! Sink your blades to the pole, and leave not a man of them all to tell their king the tale! Now! On—to the death!"

One long, loud warcry followed this paroxysm, and as it ended in a low, gurgling sound, the chieftain sank back. Coqualla moved to his side and knelt over him, and in a moment more the loud cries of the women rent the air, for Stung Serpent was dead!

CHAPTER XX.

There was consternation for a while in the village of the White Apple when it was known that Stung Serpent was dead, for he had been an important man among the Natchez. At the end of four

days, the body was made ready for the grave, and nine persons, with ropes about their necks, remained fasting by it.

"And are all these people to die?" asked White Hand, after he and Coqualla had retired to their own dwelling.

"Yes. And but for the intercessions of my father himself, many more would have died."

"It is a cruel practice," said the youth, sadly.

"Cruel?" repeated the princess, in surprise. "Why do you say so?"

"Because one death is enough. Why should so many be added?"

"Ah," answered Coqualla, ingeniously, "you do not understand. Your people have not such love for the departed as we have. It is a long, dark road which my father has now to travel, and surely it is fitting he should have company."

"And does this always happen when one of your people dies?"

"Certainly; though some have not so many companions; but all have one. When the last Great Sun died, there were one hundred who went to keep him company over the dark road."

"So many?"

"Yes—and of course they were happy, for with him they were at once admitted to the happy home where the Great Spirit is."

"But," queried White Hand, "Stung Serpent has been dead now four days, and these people will not die until to-night. How, then, shall they go together?"

"Ah," returned Coqualla, with a faint smile, which seemed to indicate a pity for her companion's ignorance, "my father's spirit will not start alone. It remains near the old body until the other spirits join it, and then they all go off together. Do you not understand?"

"Yes."

"And is it not right and proper?"

"It is, if you think so; but I should hardly dare give my voice in favor of it. Why, look, Coqualla, and tell me if this very thing has not already reduced your nation from a once powerful people to a mere handful."

"My father spoke of that ere he died," answered the princess, thoughtfully. "He said he wished only his few immediate companions to go with him beyond the grave, and even they must be old people."

"And he was right, Coqualla. I have heard that the Natchez were once a mighty race—a great nation, numbering their warriors by the many thousands, and now they have only a very few hundred. In a large community, under ordinary circumstances, the births will not much overrun the deaths by nature. But see here—not only do your people die off as do others, but for every one who dies naturally from one to a hundred more must be killed to keep them company."

"I know," said Coqualla, thoughtfully. "I know. But still it were cruel to send my father's spirit away over the dark, long trail alone. Your people do not think of this. They do not think of the loved spirit wandering away in the dark alone."

"Yes they do, Coqualla."

"They do?"

"Yes."

"And yet they send them no company?"

"Ah, their company comes from the other way," spoke White Hand, softly and sweetly. "When a human soul departs, we, or I, believe that the loved ones who have gone before come down to lead the new-born spirit away to heaven. I have a mother there, Coqualla, and I think she will come down to earth when my spirit departs, and welcome me to the home of the blessed ones. Surely they know the way through the dark valley better than we could, or better than any others of earth."

Gradually the Indian girl's hands were brought together over her bosom, and her head was bowed. When she looked up there was a strange light in her eyes and a soft, hopeful expression dwelt upon her dusky features.

"White Hand," she whispered, "tell me that again."

"Is not the theme more pleasing than the strangling of helpless victims over the graves of the dead?" the youth asked, kindly.

"Yes—yes. But tell me more."

And White Hand went on and whispered into his companion's ear the whole of his own pure faith in God and the risen Saviour; and when he had done the princess murmured:

"It is sweet, and it is better than the faith I have been taught."

She bowed her head again, and this time she remained a long while thoughtful; and when she next looked up, a change had come over her countenance.

"White Hand," she said, "I promised my father that I would help you escape from here, if you wished. What have I to remain here for? My father is dead; I have no brother or sister, and the ways of my people are not pleasant to me. May I not go with you?"

The youth threw his arms about the fair speaker's neck and drew her upon his bosom.

"Coqualla, speak but the word, and I'll die in thy service, if necessary, to lead you to my father's home. O, we will not be separated!"

the hated people, and your powerful friend is dead. Dark, angry eyes have been bent upon you, because you have shown your loathing of the cruelties you have witnessed. And, again, the French will soon be on the Natchez trail. The future is dark for us all, but you may escape. Can you not remember the trail by which you came?"

"I fear not."

"But you can follow it part way from here?"

"Yes, for it is broad towards the village."

"There you can take the river. You know the southern trail. You went once hunting with Stung Serpent."

"Yes—I remember that."

"Then all is safe. Follow that trail to the right, and it will bring you out upon the river fifteen miles below here. Among a clump of brakes there you will find a canoe. It is mine. Take it and descend the river. Still retain your present garb, and let the walnut stain be upon your face. In that way you may escape the Natchez, should any of them meet you, and by your speech you could quickly convince the French. I can do no more for you. I would have saved all the French if I could, for I loved them; yet I must follow the fortunes of my own people."

White Hand thanked the old princess for her kindness, and with a thoughtful step he returned to his lodge. Coqualla asked him what Pricked Arm had wanted, and he sat down and told her all.

"And will you go?" the princess asked.

"Yes, I must. But, Coqualla, have you changed your mind?"

"Only to be more strongly bound to thee. And yet," she added, putting her arms about her husband's neck, "speak but one word—simply whisper to me—that thou wouldst rather go free from care or thought of me, and—"

"Hush, Coqualla! You wrong me now. O, I should never sleep in peace again, did I think thou remainedst here when thy wish was with me. But we must see to-night."

"I am all ready, dearest."

"But we need provisions."

"I have such all prepared as we can carry."

"Then you have thought of this?"

"Yes. But O, speak the truth, my love. If within thy inmost soul there dwells a thought—"

"It is all of love for thee, Coqualla," interrupted the youth, seeing at once her drift. "So let me hear no more of it. Now let us prepare."

"Hush thee," murmured the fair girl, sinking upon her companion's bosom. "O, since we first spoke of this, my heart has sunk deep down in its darkest mood when the thought of staying here has dwelt with me. Those sweet words you whispered to me have been with me ever since, and they have wrought a wonderful change in my feelings. When we get to our new home we will talk more about it, and you shall teach me to read the great book wherein these precious truths are written."

"I will," promised White Hand. "But the night comes on; the morning will be speedily approaching. Come—we will talk on the way."

Just as the first gray streaks of dawn appeared in the east, the fugitives reached the great river, and without much trouble they found the brake and the canoe. They easily pulled the light craft from its nest and dragged it to the river. It was a smooth, beautifully finished boat, fashioned from a huge log of yellow pine, and seasoned without crack or check. Into this the adventurers put their little store, and then, with hopeful hearts, they entered and pushed out into the broad stream.

(To be continued.)

PIANO OF MUSICAL STONES.

After Years of Search M. Baudre Collected the Flints.

It was a work of years, says L'Illustration, for M. Baudre to make the collection of flints which constitute his geological piano. The stones do not belong to the class of resonant rocks known as "phonolites," such as are found in Auvergne, nor far from Mont-Dore, but are flints collected by M. Baudre with infinite toil and search, each giving when struck a true musical note.

By accident, while taking a country walk one day he picked up a flint and, chancing to strike it, heard a faint note respond to the blow. The idea took hold of him to gather, if possible, enough flints to form a complete chromatic scale. Difficulties in the search for these stones only increased his ardor. For more than thirty years he pursued the quest, making it the principal aim of his life to form out of a collection of flints the instrument he called the "geological piano."

From the neighborhood of the little village of the department of L'Indre, where he lived and first met with the singing flint, he extended his search far and wide. Only once in a while would he hit on the ideal flint which uttered a true note with generous vibration. That was finding the precious stone which repaid him for his thousand and one disappointments, his toilsome wanderings, his diligent search in stony places.

After many years he had at length got together the full scale in flint notes, and numerous examples of each, with the exception of one. He had been so far unsuccessful in putting his hand on the first "do." Perhaps it did not exist in nature. He gave up hope that he could meet with it in France. He would try Canada. But the new world showed no trace of the initial note of the octave, and M. Baudre returned to his native land resigned to the notion that the chase must be abandoned in his old age. Fortune once again smiled, and the stone of which he despaired suddenly appeared, as he was walking in Berry.

Advanced in years, he now passes his leisure in playing, as he does with skill, on this curious piano.

Tiresome Work.

May—Mr. Huggard called on you last evening, didn't he?

May—Yes, and he made me very tired.

May—I suppose he tried to kiss you.

May—Yes, and every time he kissed me I had to slap him.—Philadelphia Press.

It was a trained voice that sang, and presently others joined. The pure strain rose over the hushed camp, and the sentinels, walking back and forth in the snow, stood softly. More hymns followed, all that the soldiers knew, and then they sang the same over again. Mason listened for a long time, but by and by he arose and walked toward the outer edge of the camp.

"Good fellow, Mason," said Settle, following the Kentuckian with his eyes, "but, like all the Kentuckians of the hills, he's a powder flash when you roush him on a sore spot. I'd rather have any man than Dan Mason hunting me with his gun."

"I ain't got anything but cause to like him," said Johnston. "I recollect how he took me off the field of Shiloh when I had that bullet through my leg and couldn't walk. Didn't seem to mind the bullets any more than he would hailstones."

"He's that way to his friends," resumed Settle, who had grown talkative, "but it's just as I tell you. He don't love his enemies, and I don't know whether a man ought to, either. Ever hear about the quarrel between him and Tom Markham over a girl just before the war came on? Markham lived close by, and it was hot between 'em. They say Markham wasn't fair—played some low down trick—I don't know exactly what it was, for the war began just then, and Dan and I came away to it, while Markham joined the other side."

The others bent their heads nearer, eager to listen to a good story, while Settle proceeded with further details. Mason continued his walk meanwhile to the farthest edge of the camp. His mind had gone back to the same story that Settle was telling. It was thinking of Markham and of the girl over whom they had quarreled. The hot blood leaped to his head, and, clenching his first, he shook it in the darkness. Had Johnston seen him then he would have felt the truth of Settle's words that Mason was not a man who "loved his enemies."

In truth, it was never part of Mason's code to love his enemies. It had been taught to him in his native mountains to exact an eye for an eye and a tooth for a tooth. Even now, as he thought of Markham and the great wrong that he had suffered from him, he longed for the time when the war would end and he might seek his revenge. He bore no animosity toward the soldiers on the other side except this particular one—Markham. He fought the others from a sense of duty, and the war over, he could be good friends with them. But there could be no forgiveness for Markham. Again he clenched his hand and shook it in the darkness. His sense of the wrong done him was as keen as ever. Two years of incessant campaigning had not diminished it, and when the excitement and danger of each great battle were over he found that the memory of it would come back to him as strong as before.

Mason stood at the northern rim of the camp. The sentinel who walked the beat there was a friend of his and nodded at him as he passed. The moon shone brighter and clearer than ever in the cloudless skies, and Mason, looking back at the camp, saw it brilliant with many lights. Clear and sweet still came the words of the hymn:

"The shepherds went their hasty way
And found the lowly stable shed
Where the Virgin mother lay."

Then the song ceased suddenly as a half dozen rifle shots rang loudly in the frosty air. Mason stopped quite still, and all his thoughts passed abruptly from peace to war. He looked toward another hill, divided by a shallow but wide valley from the one on which the camp lay—a hill on which clusters of bushes grew here and there, affording a cover for daring riflemen. He had marked the place from the first and noted what a good cover it would be for annoying sharpshooters if the enemy were not fifty miles away. Now it seemed that at last some skirmishers were not as much as a mile away. While he looked he saw some jets of flames from the bushes

and heard the crack of three or four more rifle shots.

"Join these men, Mason," said an officer, "and clear those skirmishers out of the bushes. It ought to have been done before we settled into the camp. A picket of ours should be there now."

But Mason did not wait to hear the officer's grumbling. He went mechanically about the business upon which he had been ordered, shouldering his rifle and falling in with the party of twenty who were to clear the bushes. He was a good man for such work, a master of woodcraft, cool, cautious and afraid of nothing.

The disturbance in the camp was only momentary. The soldiers were accustomed to such trifles. A few rifle shots fired from ambush could not annoy for more than five minutes men who had gone through many great battles. Nor did the thought of his task lay heavy upon the mind of Mason. Accustomed to such duties, he would perform it presently and return to his place with his comrades. It was merely mechanical.

They made a wide circuit around the taller and approached the hostile hill from the rear. Then they lay close to the earth and listened for sounds of their enemies, but they heard none—only the distant hum of their own camp and the notes of a Christmas hymn rising in the cold night.

"We'd better separate here and surround them," said the commander of the little troop. And the men spread out like a fan. Mason taking his way up a little gully. He was creeping on hands and knees like an Indian. All the instincts of the Kentuckian of the mountains were aroused in him. The flame was in his blood, and he was now the hunter after prey.

Forward he went, searching the interlacing bushes with his keen eyes, his rifle at the cock and every muscle tense and ready for action. His stained and dark uniform would have made a blot on the snow, but he kept to the cover of the bushes, and no one looking there would have known that a man was passing.

He could hear the notes of the Christmas hymn swelling in a chorus of many voices, but it was unheeded. Mason now had work to do, and he meant to do it. He crept on up the ravine and near the hill stopped and listened intently. He thought that he heard a soft crunch on the snow, as of some one moving behind a thick clump of bushes that grew near, but he was not sure whether it was a friend or an enemy. He approached a little, lying down on the snow, and drew himself forward with body outstretched like a snake. He heard the sound again, very faint now, so faint that it would

have been his own. Mason felt that it was an enemy behind the bushes—an enemy who knew that danger was approaching and would be cautious. His blood swelled with the pride of conflict and the emulation of skill. He would watch this wary foe as he prepared for the test. He glanced only once at his rifle to see that the weapon was ready and then resumed his sliding and slow advance. He reached the clump of bushes and, laying his ear to the snow, could hear nothing. But he was confident that his foe was still on the other side. He could not have escaped unseen, and, sure alike in his courage and his judgment, he began to creep around the bushes, his finger on the trigger, ready to fire at the first glimpse. He reached the other side, but nothing was there—only a trail in the snow to show how his enemy, too, had made the circuit—and the bushes still stood between.

But Mason was not discouraged. He did not expect to catch the man without trouble. The unknown would have been a very cheap sharpshooter indeed if he had allowed himself to be overtaken so easily, and Mason felt pleased because the enemy marched against his skill and courage seemed altogether worthy of him.

He began the second circuit of the bushes, more careful now than ever, not making the slightest noise, lest his enemy should hear and take warning. When he was half way around, the sound of shots to both left and right rose, and he knew that his comrades were in battle with the other sharpshooters. But they were too far away to be seen, and he did not take his mind from his own particular part of the work. It was one of the merits of Mason that he knew how to attend to his own business.

He was as patient now as the Indians whom he imitated, creeping forward and then turning back, seeking to entrap his wary foe. But the man seemed to return with him every time and still remained hidden. Mason could not tell whether his enemy was endeavoring to escape or pursue. He laughed noiselessly at the thought that he himself might be pursued while he was pursuing. Well, it did not matter. It merely made the test of skill all the more interesting.

"The shepherds went their hasty way," he heard the notes of the music again, louder and clearer than ever, and then more rifle shots. The skirmish was flaring into increased activity. He listened to it a moment, although he never doubted that his comrades would win. But he trusted that they would not win too soon, as he wished to finish his own affair without help.

Then he turned suddenly and went swiftly back on his own track, catching a glimpse of a dark figure around the curve of the bushes. He raised his rifle and fired, but not quicker than the other man. The reports were simultaneous, and a bullet clipped the clothing on Mason's shoulder. Whether his enemy

was struck or not he did not know, and there was no sound.

Mason was annoyed. He must devise some method of finishing it quickly. He lay quite still and pondered deeply for a minute or two. Then an idea came to him. He took off his cap, placed it on the end of his gun barrel and, lying flat, thrust it out in front of him, raising it slightly in the air. He made no mistake.

There was a flash, a report, and a bullet whistled through the cap. Springing to his feet, loaded rifle in hand, he ran forward. His enemy, trapped so neatly, leaped up, his empty rifle still smoking at the muzzle, and ran through the thickets. Mason followed fast. The passion of the chase was upon him, and he resolved that the man should not escape. He raised his rifle once and marked a spot on the fugitive's back where he could plant a bullet. But he did not like to do it. He would rather shoot him in fight face to face.

The man as he ran made desperate efforts to reload his rifle, but failed. Presently he threw it away, as if he feared that it would impede his flight. Then he ran faster. But Mason, too, increased his speed. The despairing fugitive heard the crunching footsteps on the snow coming closer and closer.

They reached a little glen, and here the fugitive went down among some bushes, crouching.

"Throw up your hands!" cried Mason, raising his rifle.

The man raised his hands, saying, "I yield."

But Mason did not lower his rifle. "Yes, you yield," he said, "but I don't know that I ought to spare you. I have my opinion of a man who sneaks up to a camp in the dark and shoots from ambush."

"It's war," replied the man.

"I suppose it's allowed," said Mason meditatively, "but if the say so was mine every man who does so would get a bullet. I don't like this sharpshooting anyway. There's too much sneaking business about it."

The glen in which they stood was shaded by the forests and thickets, and only a little light filtered through the branches. The sounds of the combat elsewhere had died, the fighting evidently finished. They could not hear the noises of the camp—only the sounds of the Christmas song.

"You led me a long chase around that thicket," said Mason, laughing a little. "Three or four times I thought I had you before I worked that cap trick on you."

"And three or four times I thought I had you," replied the man.

"Maybe so," replied Mason, who was too polite to dispute his assertion. Yet he was sure that it was his skill and not his luck which had achieved the victory. He noticed now that the man still remained on his knees in the snow. He seemed to be dreading a blow.

"Get up," said Mason. "Of course when I was talking about sharpshooters I didn't mean to practice what I was preaching. I'm going to take you a prisoner to camp, and I dare say they'll treat you well. Come on."

The man did not rise. He crouched even lower in the snow. Mason bent down to put his hand upon his shoulder and jerk him to his feet, but he started back before his fingers touched the kneeling figure.

"Why, you are in our uniform!" he cried. "What does it mean—a spy?" The man shivered.

"Don't take me to your camp!" he cried. "Before God I swear that I'm no spy. I'm just a skimmer-her. I put on the uniform thinking it would be easier for me to get away if I was pursued by your troops. I swear that it's true! I just meant to trick you!"

Mason did not believe him. He thought the tale most flimsy, and at the moment he felt little sympathy for the man. War had hardened him, and, like most soldiers, he had no pity for a spy.

He looked at the

dim figure of the kneeling man, and then he said:

"What you say may be so, but they'll hang you as sure as my name is Dan Mason."

The man sprang to his feet and ran. But Mason leveled his rifle, calling to him to stop or he would fire, and he added by way of precaution that he could not miss so good a target. The man sank down again in the snow, uttering a despairing cry, and Mason stood over him once more, still holding his rifle for use if needed. They were out of the snow now, and the moonlight fell upon the face of the captive. Mason saw his features for the first time, and when he looked he uttered no threat, no exclamation, but stood perfectly still for a moment, his face turning deadly pale. Then he lifted his rifle again.

"Oh, Dan! Dan, don't kill me!" cried the man, falling at his feet in terror and grasping the snow in his hands.

Mason's body was rigid. Only the fingers of his right hand moved, and they played restlessly with the trigger of his rifle. He looked straight at the abject figure kneeling before him. He thrilled with powerful emotions, and triumph was strongest among them. His enemy was delivered into his hands. God was good and intended to see that he secured his just revenge. How could he doubt it when he looked at the face before him?

"Why shouldn't I kill you, Tom Markham?" he asked. "Would you spare me if it was the other way?"

"Of course I would! You know I would, Dan!" replied Markham.

"You lie!" said Mason. "If you had a chance, you would shoot me like a dog."

You have been a liar and a sneak all your life. Who should know better than I do?

Mason's figure was still rigidly erect, only the finger that arrayed so restlessly over the trigger of his rifle moving. His face remained pale, but was as hard as stone, and the eyes, showing no mercy, sought those of Markham, which wavered and turned away in fear.

"You have been a liar and a sneak all your life," he repeated.

"It's true, Dan; it's true—all that you say about me is true," groaned the man. "I know I'm a scoundrel, and I lied about you, and I made her think that you were all that I said you were."

"You made me lose her with your lies," said Mason.

"Yes, it's so, Dan," cried Markham, "but this war will be over some day, and then you can go home, and you'll have another chance."

"I don't know about that," said Mason grimly. "I may be dead when the war is over. But at any rate you'll never go back to tell any more lies about me."

"It would be murder, Dan! You know it would be to kill me now, when I'm unarmed," cried Markham.

"What right has a hound like you to talk of murder?" said Mason. "I'd be making the world better to put you out of it. Besides, I'd only be ridding the officers of a dirty job. You're a spy, Tom Markham, and, according to the laws of war, you're to be put to death. I send a bullet through your head, and the thing is done neat and quick."

He stepped back a little and cocked his rifle. The man threw up his hands again and begged for mercy. Standing farther away now, Mason could scarcely see his face. The moon was hidden now by a drifting cloud, and the shadows had come over the glen. There was no sound in the woods about them. His comrades had returned to camp, having finished their part of the task. He looked up at the hill where the army lay. It was bright with many lights, and now and then he saw a dark tracery appear upon its luminous shield. He knew that it was the soldiers passing and repassing between him and the fires. He would be back with them soon, and there would be one scoundrel less in the world. There was satisfaction in the thought that his own hand would achieve the good work. The fierce mountain blood was hot in his veins and called for the death atonement upon the man who had done him a wrong.

"The shepherds went their hasty way
And found the lowly stable shed
Where the Virgin mother lay."

And now they checked their eager tread,
For to the babe that at her bosom clung
A mother's song the Virgin sang."

The hymn had died for a little while, but now it rose again, borne aloft by a hundred voices, louder, clearer than ever and filling the night with melody. All other sounds were hushed at the distance. It alone sounded in the ears of the two men—the one who knelt and begged for mercy and the one who stood over him, cocked rifle in hand. That same sense of awe which he had felt earlier in the evening and then had shaken off began to steal over Mason again.

"Dan! Dan! Do you hear that?" suddenly cried the man.

"Yes, I hear it."

"Do you know what it means?"

"Yes, it is Christmas night. You need not tell me that. I know it. What have you or the likes of you to do with such a night as this?"

Markham looked up into his face.

"It's not me, Dan; it's you that ought to think about it," he said. "It's murder, Dan, if you kill me—an unarmed man. And think of it, Dan, on such a night as this—Christmas night, with that song ringing in your ears. Whenever you lay down to sleep, you'll hear it again."

"The shepherds went their hasty way."

The note penetrated all the woods and seemed to Mason to increase in fullness. It annoyed him. He wished they would stop. There had been enough of such sentiment. He was not a weak child to be turned aside from his just revenge. He was merely the executioner whom this criminal deserved.

"Say your prayers, if you know any to say," he exclaimed roughly. "Your time's short, and it's going fast."

"Dan, Dan, you won't do it!"

"I will."

"Listen how they sing, Dan! Are you any better than they are? This is the night that a man ought to forgive his enemies. You wouldn't murder me on this of all nights in the year! Remember, Dan, that we were friends once. You won't forget that, will you?"

"You forgot it," said Mason.

He looked again at the kneeling figure and thought how he had longed more than two years for this moment. He had often pictured it to himself and had imagined in advance the joy which now he did not feel. How could he with the words of that song ringing in his ears? It felt like only another night!

"It's not murder; it's a punishment," he said at last.

"It is murder, and you know it, too, Dan! That sound would haunt you! Listen to it, Dan!"

"The shepherds went their hasty way
And found the lowly stable shed."

It was growing darker and darker in the glen as the drifting clouds piled up between them and the moon. Mason could scarcely see the outlines of Markham's face, and he was glad that the suppliant's look was not visible to him. He knew that the man's face expressed abject entreaty. He raised his rifle again and leveled it, but his finger would not press the trigger. The warning hymn sounded in his ears and echoed again and again.

"Don't kill me, Dan!" said the man. "Take me a prisoner to the camp."

"And if I do," replied Mason, shortly, "they'll hang you for a spy. Don't forget that."

Markham was silent.

The song did not cease. It seemed now to Mason that it was addressed to him alone. Would it be murder, and not a punishment, as Markham said? What would he think of himself in the morning? Could he return to the campfires and sit calmly by his comrades, singing of Christmas night?

"The shepherds went their hasty way."

"Dan!" said the man.

Mason did not answer.

The song swelled into a great volume of sound, filling all the woods and echoing about them.

Mason felt that it was calling to him, and he could not refuse to listen if he would.

"Goodbye," he said.

He turned about suddenly, leaving the kneeling man in the glen and, putting his rifle on his shoulder, walked back to camp, while over his head rolled the words of the hymn:

"The shepherds went their hasty way
And found the lowly stable shed
Where the Virgin mother lay."

LISTEN!

And I
Will Speak
To You,
IF YOU NEED

SHOES

Call on I. Zimmerman, the
West Side Shoe Man where
you will find the best line
of Shoes in the city.

PRICES RIGHT.

ZIMMERMAN,
He Sells Shoes.

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UNDERTAKER,
EMBALMER,
AND FUNERAL
DIRECTOR.

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First Class Livery Stable.
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M. STEINBERG,

pays the highest cash market price for

Second hand furniture stoves,
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Others represent themselves to be in partnership with me, but such is not the case. See Steinberg himself if you want the best prices.
Stores on both east and west sides, Grand Rapids, Wis.

FURNITURE!

—Call on—

D. FAWCET

For furniture repairing, upholstering, picture framing, chair caning, genuine leather chair seats, imitation leather chair seats, upholstery goods, gimps, cords, fringes, mattresses, tickings, linens for loose covers, tow, moss and curled hair, furniture handles and everything that is needed for trimming and decorating furniture. Springs for opening heavy wardrobe couch lids. Glass cut to any desired shape, or holes bored through glass. Signs made, painted and lettered; carriages painted and trimmed; window and door frames made to order, also all kinds of furniture made to order. All work first class at moderate prices.

D. FAWCET.

TELEPHONE 195.

Patronize Home Industry

by having your work done at the

Riverside Steam Laundry.

All work guaranteed.

GEORGE BOYER, PROP.
West Side, Near Commercial House.

..MUIR..

The Shoe Man

Has taken an interest in his old
Shoe Business, now known as the

KERN SHOE COMPANY

And will be found at his old stand
where he will be pleased to meet
all of his old customers, and will
in the future as in the past offer
his trade nothing but the best in
MODERN SHOE MAKING, and at
Price as low as good honest goods
can be sold for. And in order to
do so we have decided to do

A STRICTLY CASH BUSINESS.

To start the ball rolling

We will give all during
the month of December

A GRAND DISCOUNT CLEARING

SALE

You Will miss it, if you do not take
advantage of buying your winter
supply of FOOTWEAR.

KERN SHOE CO.,

Exclusive dealers in Footwear.

Sign of The Big Red Boot

GRAND RAPIDS, WIS.

HOLIDAY GOODS

FOR

CHRISTMAS SHOPPERS

NO DOUBT you have begun to wonder what you can buy for Christmas for your friends. You want something that is neat, useful, tasty, and up-to-date, and such things are hard to decide on. We are rapidly getting our display of Christmas goods into shape and we think we can please you along this line as you can find at our store one of the nicest assortment of goods anywhere in the city. We are not going to do all the business that is done in town during the holidays, but we feel sure that if you will look over our line we will catch our share. Below are enumerated a few things that always make appropriate Holiday presents.

Toilet Sets, Manicure Sets, Perfumes,
The latest things out in leather and wood.
Fountain Pens, Books, Ebony Sets, Bibles.
DOLLS AND TOYS OF EVERY KIND.

Call in and see us before you buy elsewhere. OUR PRICES ARE RIGHT.

Wood County Drug Company,

H. H. VOSS, Manager.

East Side Near the Bridge.

County Board Proceedings.

CONTINUED FROM LAST WEEK.

S. J. Phillips, officer's fees	\$ 5.62
P. B. Amundson, witness fees	2.48
Peter Welch	1.22
T. J. Cooper, Justice of Peace.	57.84
State vs. Thomas McCarthy.	
State vs. Ed Tyler.	
T. W. Brazeau, witness fees	1.08
State vs. Benjamin Schenk.	
T. B. Hane, witness fees	1.07
Wind Miller.	1.07
Frank Laughlin	1.07
State vs. Charles Klevene.	
Minnie Henkle, witness fees	1.34
William Henkle	1.34
State vs. F. E. Goedecke.	
R. H. McDonald, juror fees	1.88
George Warren	1.88
Robert Rowland	1.88
Oswald Menzel	1.88
E. O. Voyer	1.88
H. C. McCann	1.88
T. J. McGee, witness fees	9.68
Lorenz F. Wagner	16.89
J. W. Coon	33.60
Gust Houser	22.82
Winfred Moody	1.62
Chris Doble	2.36
Chas. Tomford	3.04
F. Romanovic	2.08
Wm. Moody	2.36
Casper Elmer	2.36
O. T. Hoggen	2.08
John Wickering	1.08
Charles Schinger	3.12
State vs. Garrett Loomans.	
State vs. Chester Franks.	
Wm. Hirth, Justice of Peace.	19.60
Michael Griffin, officer's fees	40.47
J. E. Schaefer, interpreter's fees	1.08
Mary Kolbe, witness fees	1.92
John G. Kohl	1.92
Wm. Dillinger	1.92
Mary Roble (mother) witness fees	1.92
Arthur Smith	1.92
State vs. Joseph Jonasson.	
Henry Horn, juror fees	62
Fred Bauer	62
John Olson	2.36
H. Binkler, witness fees	2.36
Ed Manning	2.36
Elmer Smith	2.36
Dr. A. L. Edgman	2.36
State vs. Runt Knutson.	
Oscar Anderson, witness fees	1.64
Anon Nelson	1.64
John Olson	1.64
Ole Anderson	1.64
Alida Mundt	1.64
Gustav Larson	1.64
Industrial School for Girls	
T. J. Cooper, justice fees	3.59
Laura Smith, witness fees	3.40
J. A. Gaynor, Co. judge ex. insane	128.00
D. C. A. Beornah, exam. insane	8.80
Dr. H. Wahl	13.20
Dr. J. C. Hayward	8.40
Dr. O. T. Hoggen	12.00
Dr. W. D. Harvey	8.60
James McLoughlin, Sheriff.	
May bill	310.26
June bill	310.27
July bill	325.97
August bill	325.97
September bill	313.00
October bill	325.62

The chair appointed as such committee, W. D. Connor, James K. P. Hiles, E. P. Arpin.

On motion, the board adjourned until 2 o'clock p. m. Wednesday, November 13, 1901.

E. S. RENNE,
County Clerk.

GRAND RAPIDS, WIS.,
Nov. 13, 1901.

Court House, 2 o'clock p. m.

Board met pursuant to adjournment and was called to order by Chairman John Juno.

Roll was called and a quorum found to be present.

On motion, reading of the minutes of previous meeting was dispensed with.

A communication from the secretary of state was read by the clerk, as follows:

Madison, Wis., Nov. 12, 1901.—Dear Sir: I have this day audited an account in favor of your county for \$494.98 (the warrant for which is now with the state treasurer) to reimburse your county for moneys belonging to the drainage fund which were appropriated in 1882, 1885 and other years to assist Sauk and Columbia county in building a levee in accordance with chapter 133, laws of 1882, chapter 90, laws of 1885 and other acts. There was taken from the drainage fund in the aggregate about \$18,000, a portion of which has been refunded to certain counties under acts of the Legislature and in order to repay to the several counties from which moneys were taken for the purpose of assisting Sauk and Columbia county, chapter 144 of the laws of 1901 was enacted. It is by virtue of this law that an adjustment was made and the amount due your county has been ascertained and will be forwarded to your treasurer. This amount is to be apportioned to the various towns in proportion to the amount following each town as per memorandum enclosed.

Very truly yours,
WM. H. PROEBLICH,
Secretary of State.

Wood county—\$494.98, of which \$118.63 is to be apportioned to the following towns in proportion to the amount following each town:

Town 21, Range 4	\$116.91
" 21 " 3	40.00
" 22 " 3	963.81
" 23 " 4	40.00
" 23 " 3	40.00
" 24 " 3	120.00
Town 21, Range 3	\$129.00
" 21 " 4	386.63

And \$359.44 to be apportioned to the following towns in proportion to the amount following each town:

Town 21, Range 4	\$426.46
" 22 " 3	80.00
" 23 " 3	120.00

And \$16.91 is to be apportioned to the following towns in proportion to the amount following each town:

Town 21, Range 3	\$129.00
" 21 " 4	386.63

On motion the same was ordered placed on file and the amount properly proportioned.

Supervisor W. D. Connor moved that the police justices reports from the city of Marshfield be reconsidered as to the justices fees and referred to the district attorney to be reported on at this meeting of the board. The motion was carried.

Supervisor P. N. Christensen moved that the rules be suspended and Mr. Dickey allowed to address the board

in regard to annotating the statutes. Motion carried.

It was moved the chair appoint a committee of three on Mr. Dickey's proposition.

The chairman appointed E. P. Arpin, Wm. Hooper and P. N. Christensen as such committee.

Supervisor James K. P. Hiles, chairman of the committee on printing and stationery read the following report:

It was moved to adopt the report as recommended by the committee, unless objected to. Motion carried.

REPORT.

To The Board of Supervisors of Wood County, Wisconsin.

GENTLEMEN:—Your committee on printing and stationery to whom was referred the following entitled claims, would respectfully report that we have had the same under consideration and, after a careful examination of all items contained therein, recommend that the several amounts as set forth in this report be allowed each claimant respectively, to-wit:

Name of claimant	What for	am't claimed	am't all'd
H. G. Razall & Co., blank books.		\$157.50	\$157.50
H. Niedecken & Co., stationery, etc.		24.50	24.50
R. G. Gile, blanks.		3.28	3.28
Palmer, Berg & Co., blank books and files.		160.75	160.75
United Typewriter & supply Co., etc.		6.60	6.60
R. L. Polk & Co., Wisconsin Gazetteer and business directory.		6.00	6.00
A. L. Fontaine, stationery, printing, proceeding of Board of Supervisors.		57.60	57.60
A. L. Fontaine, printing clerks list other work.		271.89	271.89
The Marshfield News, publishing minutes of May meeting of Board of supervisors.		24.00	24.00
Drum & Sutor, publishing minutes of May meeting of board of supervisors and notices.		26.15	26.15
Marshfield Democrat, publishing minutes of May meeting of board of supervisors.		24.00	24.00
Williams & White, publishing minutes of May meeting of board of supervisors and stationery for county officers.		42.55	42.55

The clerk read the reports of the county clerk, county treasurer and clerk of court, also report of the soldiers relief committee, and on motion the same was referred to the finance committee.

On motion the board adjourned until 2 o'clock p. m. Thursday, Nov. 14, 1901.

E. S. RENNE,
County Clerk.

GRAND RAPIDS, WIS., Nov. 14, 1901.

Court House, 2 o'clock p. m.

Board met pursuant to adjournment and was called to order by Chairman John Juno.

Roll was called and a quorum found present. On motion reading of minutes was dispensed with.

Supervisor J. W. Cochran presented a certificate of his resignation from the city clerk of the city of Grand Rapids, as supervisor from the Sixth ward.

On motion same was accepted and placed on file.

Supervisor James K. P. Hiles presented the following resolution:

Resolved, that the county board of supervisors of Wood county, Wisconsin, suspend its rules and proceed now to determine and fix the compensation of the supervisor of assessment,

and to elect a suitable person to perform the duties of that office, as directed and required to do by virtue of Chapter 455 of the laws of Wisconsin, enacted in the year 1901.

And be it further resolved, that the compensation of the supervisor of assessment be, and the same is hereby fixed at the sum of four dollars (\$4.00) per day, which shall include all expenses, for each and every day actually and necessarily spent by such officer in the discharge of his official duties, according to the terms and provisions of said chapter 445, laws of 1901.

I move the adoption of the foregoing resolution. JAMES K. P. HILES.

November 12, 1901.

On motion the same was adopted.

It was moved and seconded that no compensation be fixed for deputy supervisor of assessors.

Supervisor Hiles moved that the board proceed to elect a supervisor of assessor by ballot, first ballot to be informal, and that the chair appoint two tellers.

First informal ballot J. W. Cochran received 23 votes, J. A. Gaynor received 12 votes, total 35.

It was moved and seconded that the informal ballot be declared formal and J. W. Cochran declared elected supervisor of assessors for three years. Carried.

Supervisor Michael Krings a member of the judiciary committee, reported favorable on the bill of Frank Leitner for conveying Mrs. Leitner to the insane hospital at Oshkosh \$20.50. On motion same was allowed.

Supervisor E. Eicksteadt, chairman of the committee on town organization, reported favorable on the ordinance dividing the town of Dexter and forming the new town of Eastork. On motion same was referred to the district attorney to report to the next meeting of the board on same, as to being properly and legally drawn. Carried. Supervisor W. L. Connor moved that the name of Eastork be struck out said ordinance and the name of Hiles inserted. Carried.

Supervisor E. P. Arpin, of the special committee appointed on James R. Dickey's to sell the county's annotations for the revised statutes reported as follows:

We, the special committee appointed to consider the above proposition recommend that the county clerk be authorized to purchase 8 sets of the above mentioned annotations for the following county officers and the supplements to be issued annually: County Clerk, County Treasurer, Clerk of Court, County Judge, County Superintendent, Sheriff, District Attorney and Register of Deeds.

It was moved to adopt the report. It was moved to amend the motion to include sets for town, city and village clerks.

Roll was called on amendment and resulted as follows:

Ayes—Jos. Z. Arpin, Mews, Hiles, Rowland, Bassett, Bell, Johnson, Voight, Bean, Christensen, Tallant, Mechler, Hahn, Rausch, Connor, Juno, Feckheim, Krings, Hooper, Eicksteadt, Potter, Pitts, Cotey, Noltner, Davis, Provost, Mc Tavish, Thomas, Johnson, Miller—28.

Nays—Berg, Ommodt, E. P. Arpin, Scott, Christensen, Mechler, Rausch, Hooper—8.

Motion carried.

Roll was then called on the original motion as amended and resulted as follows:

follows:

Ayes—Jos. Z. Arpin, Mews, Hiles, E. P. Arpin, Rowland, Bassett, Bell, Johnson, Voight, Bean, Christensen, Tallant, Mechler, Hahn, Rausch, Connor, Juno, Feckheim, Krings, Hooper, Eicksteadt, Potter, Pitts, Cotey, Noltner, Davis, Mullen, Jackson, Davis, Provost, Mc Tavish, Thomas, Johnson, Ayers—33.

Nays—Berg, Ommodt, Scott—3.

It was moved that the district attorney's attention be called to the case of Adolph Krempin as reported by ex-District Attorney Conway, in regard to investigating Krempin's residence and also collecting property held by W. A. Pors, as Krempin's guardian. Motion carried.

Supervisor W. D. Connor presented the following report.

To the county board. The committee appointed by your honorable body to investigate a report with reference to the purchase of maps of Wood county beg leave to report. That said committee recommend that said map be published and that said county purchase of said Adam Paulus one of said maps of the best make on cloth at four dollars each for each public school room in said county and one for each county office. The committee recommend, however, that said map should show outline of each government fractional tract of land according to the government survey, and that there be printed on each fraction the number of acres contained therein and that before said maps are accepted by county from publishers, same shall be examined and accepted by committee as satisfactory. said committee to consist of county clerk and chairman of county board.

W. D. CONNOR,
E. P. ARPIN.

Roll was called on the adoption of same and resulted as follows:

Ayes—Jos. Z. Arpin, Berg, Mews, Ommodt, Hiles, Arpin, Scott, Rowland, Bassett, Bell, Nels Johnson, Voight, Bean, Christensen, Tallant, Mechler, Hahn, Rausch, Connor, Juno, Feckheim, Krings, Hooper, Eicksteadt, Potter, Pitts, Cotey, Noltner, Davis, Provost, Mc Tavish, Thomas, Claus Johnson, Mullen, Jackson, Ayers—36.

Absent—Brazeau, Cochran. Motion carried.

Supervisor W. D. Connor moved that the item of \$10 in Dr. H. Wahl's bill allowed at \$5 be reconsidered and allowed at \$10 carried.

On motion the board adjourned until 2 o'clock p. m. Friday, Nov. 15, 1901.

E. S. RENNE, County Clerk.

CONTINUED NEXT WEEK.

MISS CASSIE BISHOP,
GRAND RAPIDS.
GRADUATE NURSE.
217 Seward St. Telephone 198.

J. W. COCHRAN,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
CENTRALIA, WIS.
Office over the Bank of Centralia.

W. E. WHEELAN,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
Daly's Block,
GRAND RAPIDS, WISCONSIN.

B. M. VAUGHAN,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
GARDNER BLOCK,
GRAND RAPIDS, WIS.
Real Estate Bought and Sold on Commission.

GOGGINS & BRAZEAU,
ATTORNEYS-AT-LAW,
CENTRALIA, WIS.
Office in Daly's Brick Block.

CONWAY & CONWAY,
GRAND RAPIDS.
LAW, LOANS, and COLLECTIONS.
We have \$20,000 which will be loaned at a low rate of interest.

WOOD CO. NATIONAL BANK.
Grand Rapids, Wis.
CAPITAL \$50,000. SURPLUS \$20,000.

F. GARRISON, President.
L. M. ALEXANDER, Vice Pres.
F. J. WOOD, Cashier.
COMMENCED BUSINESS NOVEMBER 1, 1891.

DIRECTORS:
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L. M. ALEXANDER
THOS. E. NASH
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Safety Deposit Boxes For Rent.
All business connected with banking is earnestly solicited, and we promise prompt and careful attention to every detail. Interest paid on time deposits.

New Second Hand Store
J. SMUCKLER, PROPRIETOR.
We buy and sell everything in the line of Furniture, Stoves, Crockery, Glass, Rubbers, Hides and all kinds of Metal. We pay the highest prices and we sell at the lowest. Remember Lake Smuckler, the west-side second hand man. The 4th door north of Tenth & Erie's next to Mrs. Lefebvre's W. River St.

RELEASES TWO PRISONERS

Gov. La Follette Grants Absolute and Unconditional Pardon.

COMMITTED NO CRIME.

Frank and Dick Redell of Sauk County Convicted Through False Testimony of an Enemy.

Madison, Wis., Nov. 26.—[Special.]—Gov. La Follette has granted absolute and unconditional pardon to Frank and Dick Redell, the two brothers sent to state prison from Sauk county under conviction of stealing a team of horses June 20, 1899. The governor has made a special investigation of the case, and is satisfied that the Redells are innocent of the charge of which they were convicted.

The conviction was mainly upon the testimony of William Good, who claimed to have met the Redell brothers by previous arrangement, a short distance from the barn from which the horses were stolen. Good testified that the Redells drove them to another county and sold them, and on the night of June 24 met Frank Redell and divided the money with him.

After the conviction of the Redells, Good was sentenced to a term in the state reformatory, and since his confinement there has made a sworn statement that the Redells were not implicated in the stealing of the horses, and that his evidence at their trial was false.

J. P. Sullivan, an attorney of Vernon county, pleaded with Gov. La Follette yesterday afternoon for the pardon of his son, George Sullivan, who is serving a term of four years in state prison under conviction of murder in the second degree for the killing of Asa Gorman in Vernon county four years ago. A peculiar feature of the case was the statement of Mr. Sullivan that, as an attorney, he had defended Gorman for breaches of the peace, he being of a very quarrelsome nature.

WIFE FEARS SUICIDE.

Much Alarm Is Felt Over the Disappearance of a Prominent Racine Man.

Racine, Wis., Nov. 26.—[Special.]—Much alarm is felt here by the sudden disappearance of William L. Hagman. Mr. Hagman has not been seen since yesterday and it is feared that business troubles have led him to commit suicide. His wife has appealed to the police to search for him, saying that she fears he has killed himself, and the river and sea being dragged, and his description given sent to all the places in this part of the country.

Mrs. Hagman informed the officers that her husband left home at 1 o'clock yesterday afternoon, saying he would return in time for supper. She said she telephoned later from the office of the White Star Laundry company, of which he is president, that he would return to the house at 2 o'clock in the afternoon. He did not return, and at a late hour last evening Mrs. Hagman had heard nothing from him.

Mr. Hagman is 38 years old and has lived here for more than thirty-five years. He was married four years ago. He was formerly colonel of the First regiment, Uniformed rank, Knights of Pythias, and is well known in that order. Through the An Eon Club, of which he is president, he has been in the laundry business here for several years, and only recently organized the White Star company, which is composed of the company of which he was formerly the head and two others.

It is said that the new company was not successful and that Mr. Hagman was somewhat worried over financial difficulties. He is the owner of valuable property in different parts of the city, and at one time was considered one of Racine's wealthiest residents.

GRANT THE DEMANDS.

Manufacturers of Fox River Valley Agree to Proposition of the Papermakers.

Appleton, Wis., Nov. 26.—[Special.]—There will be no strike of papermakers in the Fox river valley. The manufacturers decided today to treat with their employees on an individual basis, and the result was a victory for the employees. The Kimberly & Clark company, which controls nine-out of twenty mills in the valley, met their employees in conference yesterday afternoon and reached an agreement with them. The company agrees to the proposition to shut down their mills at 6 o'clock Saturday night, and keep them closed until 7 o'clock Monday morning. They also agree to close down the finishing department of their mills at noon Saturday, except in cases where special orders are to be got out for shipment that evening. This is practically all the United Brotherhood of Papermakers of America has asked. And with this concession from the dominating factor in the trade in the Fox river valley, the other employees can stand out. The only question is that the hours of labor are to go into effect January 1, and it is believed that before that date all the other employing firms in the valley will fall in line.

This agreement is only in line with the hours already granted in the East, and it is believed that the status of affairs in the Fox river valley. Any firm refusing to accept the arrangement will find themselves with a strike on their hands, without the support of the dominating factor in the Wisconsin industry.

MANY MISFORTUNES OF BARABOO MAN.

Two Children Die and Wife is Violently Insane—Babe Found Dead in Bed.

Baraboo, Wis., Nov. 26.—[Special.]—Elizabeth Lee died of the croup at Merrimack yesterday which is the second tragic death within a few weeks at the home of George Lee. It will be remembered that the child's mother thrust the infant into the stove a short time since and previous to that had attempted to kill the one who has just died with a hammer. The mother, Mrs. George Lee, is now at Mendota for treatment and the daughter, who died yesterday, was found dead in bed, having passed away while alone.

TWO FOUND GUILTY.

Mills and Haley are Convicted of Manslaughter at Stevens Point.

Stevens Point, Wis., Nov. 26.—[Special.]—The jury in the case against Mills and Haley, charged with killing Thomas Davis last July, brought in a verdict this morning finding the defendants guilty of manslaughter in the third degree. The penalty is two to four years in Waupun.

HIGH SCHOOL FUND.

Apportionment of the Appropriation Passed by the Last Legislature.

Madison, Wis., Nov. 22.—The apportionment of the fund set aside for the high schools of the state by the last Legislature was finished by the department of public instruction Wednesday and confirmed by the secretary of state yesterday. Only \$97,393.37 of the \$100,000 was given to the high schools, the rest going for the salary of the state high school inspector and his expenses. The apportionment gives to the high schools with a four years' course the sum of \$149,260, to the eight-year high schools of the state varying amounts, De Forest getting the highest, \$895. The three year schools get half of the expenses of the school, providing they come under \$1000.

FOUR-YEAR COURSES.	
Albany	\$400.20
Alma	400.20
Appleton	23.00
Arcadia	400.20
Ashtabula	400.20
Bangor	400.20
Barren	400.20
Berlin	400.20
Black Earth	400.20
Bloomington	400.20
Burlington	400.20
Cassville	400.20
Chippewa Falls	400.20
Clintonville	400.20
Columbus	400.20
Darlington	400.20
De Pere	400.20
Dodgeville	400.20
Durand	400.20
East Troy	400.20
Elgin	400.20
Ellsworth	400.20
Ellsworth	400.20

THREE-YEAR COURSES.	
Almond	\$104.55
Amos	212.61
Appleton	370.47
Bloomer	119.40
Burlington	335.52
Cassville	314.55
Chippewa Falls	295.31
Clintonville	207.33
Columbus	314.55
Darlington	314.55
De Pere	314.55
Dodgeville	314.55
Durand	314.55
East Troy	314.55
Elgin	314.55
Ellsworth	314.55
Ellsworth	314.55

Total amount apportioned.	
Albany	\$400.20
Alma	400.20
Appleton	23.00
Arcadia	400.20
Ashtabula	400.20
Bangor	400.20
Barren	400.20
Berlin	400.20
Black Earth	400.20
Bloomington	400.20
Burlington	400.20
Cassville	400.20
Chippewa Falls	400.20
Clintonville	400.20
Columbus	400.20
Darlington	400.20
De Pere	400.20
Dodgeville	400.20
Durand	400.20
East Troy	400.20
Elgin	400.20
Ellsworth	400.20
Ellsworth	400.20

FEARS ASSASSINATION.

W. J. McGee of Oconto Has Received Warnings that He is in Danger.

Madison, Wis., Nov. 22.—Because of his activity in enforcing the game laws in Oconto county, some fear is felt that Deputy Game Warden W. J. McGee of Oconto may be assassinated by some of the game law violators. Chief Deputy Charles Nelson said that McGee had recently been followed half a day by a hunter whose game had been confiscated by the deputy. The Indians in the vicinity of Oconto are more afraid of him than of any of the game law violators. Many of them have now secured licenses, and are in the woods. Should some of them meet McGee in a lonely spot, Deputy Nelson is afraid they will do him in. McGee has been warned to be on his guard.

MANY CATTLE DYING.

Farmers in Southern Wisconsin Have Great Difficulty in Getting Proper Feed for Their Animals.

Dodgeville, Wis., Nov. 22.—[Special.]—A number of cattle in the vicinity of Linden, this county, are dying. Between thirty and forty head are reported to have died already, presumably by eating corn smut. On account of the high price of hay, a great deal of corn feed is being fed to this section. If the death in stock is not decreased soon, the farmers will ship their cattle instead of running the risk of losing them.

LOSS TO GREEN BAY.

Hatch Smelting Company Will Move to Michigan.

Green Bay, Wis., Nov. 22.—[Special.]—The Hatch Smelting company of this city will move its plant to Newburg, Mich., where it has secured a large factory building and the use of a large waterpower. S. E. Hatch is president and C. C. Phelps is vice-president.

FOOTBALL PLAYER INJURED.

Thad Brindley of La Crosse Has Foot Broken.

La Crosse, Wis., Nov. 22.—[Special.]—Thad Brindley, son of County Judge Brindley, playing football with the high school team.

ATTEMPT TO WRECK TRAIN

Effort Made to Deraill a North-Western Passenger.

A TERRIBLE REVENGE.

Stones Piled on Track at Two Places—Considered a Miraculous Escape.

Marquette, Wis., Nov. 25.—[Special.]—An attempt was made Saturday to wreck a North-Western passenger train between Talbot and Daguer, Mich. Stones were placed on the track in two different places. The agent at Talbot noticed one pile when he was changing his switchlights. A little further down the track there was another, and the early morning passenger swept through them and fortunately was not derailed. The engineer considered it almost miraculous that the train was not wrecked. A stranger who had been put off the train the day previous at Nadeau, Mich., was arrested, charged with the crime, and taken to Escanaba. His name is not known. When put off the train at Nadeau he was heard to make threats against the company. A detective from Escanaba placed the fellow under arrest.

BLAZE AT LADYSMITH.

Part of the Business Section of Gates County Seat Is Wiped Out.

Ladysmith, Wis., Nov. 25.—A half block of the business portion of Ladysmith, the county seat of Gates county, was totally destroyed by fire at an early hour yesterday morning. The fire started in Anderson's saloon, and was under good headway when discovered. It was three hours before the fire was under control, and only by a narrow margin did the balance of the business section escape destruction.

Two small buildings were razed to prevent the spreading of the flames. The principal losers are E. M. Worden & Co., large general store, opera house and large new warehouse. Other losers are: A. Anderson, saloon; Ed Vilett, barber shop; N. Walker, livery barn; J. Lindoo, druggist; Joseph H. Kachow, etc. Several merchants moved their stock from buildings which were threatened. E. M. Worden & Co. carried a stock of \$10,000; insurance on stock, \$2200; less on buildings, about \$2500, leaving \$8500. The insurance was all with the Phoenix Fire Insurance company of Brooklyn.

SUSPECTED OF CRIME.

Three Men Arrested After Attempt to Rob Depot at Merrillan.

Black River Falls, Wis., Nov. 25.—[Special.]—Three men who are thought to be the Mondovi bank robbers were arrested near here yesterday. They walked into the Merrillan depot and demanded the keys to the safe. Being refused, they knocked down one of the station men. Another succeeded in getting out of the office and gave the alarm. The burglars being unable to gain access to the safe took to the woods. A light snow had fallen and they were tracked by officers and arrested.

An Eau Claire officer was here yesterday and recognized one of the prisoners as the man who hired the rig at Eau Claire the evening previous to the Mondovi robbery. The men are all under 35 and of good appearance.

TO INVESTIGATE SPIRIT WORLD.

Rible Student Cuts His Throat to Get There—Wanted to Prove His Theories.

La Crosse, Wis., Nov. 25.—[Special.]—Because he had constantly studied the Bible for many months and could not comprehend its teachings, Oscar Fickie, a 17-year-old boy residing at De Soto, a few miles south of here, attempted suicide by cutting his throat with a razor. He was brought to St. Francis' hospital in this city yesterday morning and Dr. Gunderson, who is attending him, says he cannot recover. Several arteries are severed and the conglomeration of blood kept him alive since the deed. Peter Fickie, his father, says the boy showed no symptoms of insanity, and tried suicide because he wanted to go to the spirit world and investigate his theories.

PROUD PARENTS OF NINETEEN CHILDREN

Mr. and Mrs. John Trove of Sheboygan County Have a Record Breaking Family.

Sheboygan, Wis., Nov. 25.—[Special.]—Mr. and Mrs. John Trove of the town of Wilson, three miles south of this city, were presented with a daughter last week—their nineteenth child. This makes the largest family of children in this county. Mr. De Trove is 48 years old, his wife is five years younger. January 12 next the couple will celebrate their twenty-fifth wedding anniversary. Mr. and Mrs. De Trove were born in Zealand, Holland, and came to America in 1872, settling on the farm where they now reside. Of the children born to them fourteen of them were boys. The oldest, John De Trove, a clerk for Neumeister & Son, grocers, was married about two weeks ago.

WILL TAKE BRIDE TO PHILIPPINES.

Tomah Girl Weds a Soldier After an Engagement of Two Weeks.

Bruce, Wis., Nov. 25.—[Special.]—Miss Marion Morrison McMillan of Tomah was today married to Lieut. Raben Smith of the Twenty-eighth infantry, whose home is at Minneapolis. This day is the bride's former home. The couple will go at once to Manila, where Lieut. Smith will be stationed. The announcement of the wedding is a great surprise to Miss McMillan's friends here, the engagement of two weeks being kept a secret until the marriage license was procured.

DEER HUNTERS REJOICING.

Heavy Fall of Snow in All Parts of Northern Country.

Marquette, Wis., Nov. 25.—[Special.]—Three inches of snow fell all over the northern country last night, the first snow of the season. It will greatly facilitate deer-hunting in these parts and the snow will cost the lives of hundreds of the fleet-footed beasts, as it will enable the hunters to track them much easier.

DEATH OF MRS. DUFFY.

Well-Known Fond du Lac Woman Passes Away After a Brief Illness.

Fond du Lac, Wis., Nov. 23.—[Special.]—Mrs. F. P. Duffy, wife of Attorney Duffy of the well-known law firm of Duffy & McCrory, who died Thursday evening, was very prominent in society circles in this city. She was a member of the Ladies' auxiliary of the A. O. U. H., the Fond du Lac Woman's club and the Leisure Hour club, and besides being actively interested in these societies she was an earnest worker in all church affairs. Mrs. Duffy's death was due to a stroke of apoplexy sustained Wednesday afternoon, which rendered her unconscious up to the time of her death. She was 42 years of age and, besides her husband, is survived by one son and two daughters. She was born in Richmond, Dodge county, and was a graduate of the



THE LATE MRS. DUFFY.

Rochester (Minn.) academy. She was possessed of admirable qualities and held the sincere respect and admiration of all who knew her. The funeral will be held tomorrow morning from St. Joseph's church, La Crosse, at 10 o'clock. The remains will rest in Calvary cemetery.

HOLDUP AT MADISON.

Famous Chef Relieved of His Valuables by Three Highwaymen.

Madison, Wis., Nov. 23.—[Special.]—Joseph Alphonse Eberhardt of Alsace-Lorraine, who was Admiral Schley's chef and cooked breakfast for him on the flagship New York the morning Cervera's fleet was demolished, was held up and robbed about 1 o'clock this morning, as he was passing Christ Episcopal church, just outside the Capitol park. Here he was met by three men, one of whom asked the time and as he was replying, another hit him over the head with a club, knocking him down. The robbers then took his pocketbook, containing \$15, and his gold-rimmed eyeglasses and departed.

Eberhardt had attended a free caude showing during the evening and had shown some money while in the hall, and it is supposed the robbers followed him from there. He told his troubles to the police today, but they have no clue to the robbers. Eberhardt says he was chief to Gen. Woods in Cuba and previous to his military experience was chef to Cornelius Vanderbilt and Levi P. Morton. During the past summer he has been chef for the Ringling Bros. show.

NASHOTAH IN DANGER.

Fire Discovered Just in Time to Prevent a Serious Conflagration.

Nashotah, Wis., Nov. 23.—[Special.]—What might have been a serious conflagration at Nashotah mission was fortunately averted by the students, who discovered the blaze shortly after it had started. One of the students, George McKay, left an oil heater burning in his room while he stepped out to see some of the other students, and in his absence it exploded and set fire to the room. The damage, far exceeding \$1000, is being scattered about and setting fire to his curtains, couch and pictures. The room is quite badly damaged, but the loss is covered by insurance.

Had there been ten minutes more delay in discovering the fire there is no doubt but that a large portion of Sabin hall would have been burned to the ground.

HADFIELD SALE.

Waukesha Quarry Sold Conditionally to the Philadelphia & Reading Coal Company.

Waukesha, Wis., Nov. 23.—[Special.]—The auction sale of the Hadfield quarry took place this afternoon at the courthouse. The bidding was started by Judge Lamoreux of Beaver Dam, who offered \$28,000. William Pencock of Milwaukee bid \$28,100. At this point of the proceedings A. K. Hamilton announced that the successful bidder must be prepared to deposit 25 per cent. of the amount bid. Mr. Pencock was not prepared to do this and dropped out. J. H. Sessions of Milwaukee, representing the Philadelphia & Reading Coal company, bid \$28,300 and the property was sold to him conditionally. The property is now to be offered in two parcels. If the total amount does not exceed the highest bid today, the property will be declared sold to Mr. Sessions, but if it exceeds it will be offered as a single piece for another sale.

ROAD IS NEARLY BUILT.

Electric Railway Line from Oshkosh to Omro.

Omro, Wis., Nov. 23.—[Special.]—The Oshkosh-Omro Interurban Electric line is now graded from Oshkosh to the Omro corporation limits. The weather has been favorable for rapid work. The ties are laid for about two-thirds of the distance. It is hoped to have cars running by January 1. The line will probably be extended from here to Berlin next season, and may eventually be continued to Green Lake.

CATTLE STEALING CHARGED.

Many Alleged to Have Carried Off Hundreds of Animals.

La Crosse, Wis., Nov. 23.—[Special.]—John Butterfield, accused of stealing a boat, was released this morning by Sheriff Minn of Vernon county, charged with being one of an organized gang who this winter stole several hundred head of cattle and allowed them to freeze on the Mississippi river meadow bottoms.

TAKES DOSE OF POISON.

Manitowoc Man Suicides While His Wife Lay Ill in Bed.

CHILDREN SEE HIM DIE

Little Ones Play Until Their Parent Falls Over on Floor Unconscious.

Manitowoc, Wis., Nov. 23.—[Special.]—While his wife lay sick in bed and his three little children played quietly together, Charles Kreiser, foreman of the Manitowoc Malt company, committed suicide by drinking carbolic acid. Kreiser returned from work shortly after 5 o'clock yesterday afternoon. His little 5-year-old daughter asked and sent her to a drug store to buy some carbolic acid. While she was gone he conversed with his wife, who has been sick in bed for many months.

When the little girl returned with the poison which was soon to cause her father's death, Kreiser kissed her and then went into the yard and drank the acid. He immediately returned to the house and walked into the room next to that which Mrs. Kreiser occupied, and sat down on a chair without saying a word. The children went on playing and did not notice that their father was struggling and gasping for breath. Suddenly he fell unconscious on the floor. The little ones screamed and the mother cried out to know what had happened. The children were too frightened to tell her. She rushed from the bed into the room where her husband lay and then fainted away.

One of the children ran to a neighbor for help and a doctor was called. The man died before the doctor arrived.

Mrs. Kreiser is in a very serious condition and it is feared that the shock will make her recovery impossible.

Kreiser was 41 years of age and came to this city twenty years ago from Germany. He is survived by his wife and three children. He was in good circumstances and no reason is known for his rash act. It is thought that he was mentally unbalanced. Last summer he threatened to kill himself and paid all his bills and said goodbye to many of his friends. At that time he was carefully watched until it was thought that he had entirely gotten over the suicide mania.

He was very well known in this city, having served for many years as first sergeant of Co. H. W. N. G.

VISITORS TO THE VETERANS' HOME.

Henry Hase of Milwaukee Is on the Board—Aides to State Commander.

Madison, Wis., Nov. 23.—Department Commander A. H. DeGroff has issued an order announcing the appointment of Henry Hase of Milwaukee, W. H. Grinnell of Beloit and J. F. McGrath of Eau Claire as a board of visitors to the Wisconsin Veterans' home at Waupaca.

The department commander also announces the appointment of the following additional aides-de-camp on his staff: James Travis, post No. 88, Merrillan; J. H. Rose, post No. 22, Kaukauna; C. E. Spencer, post No. 21, Waupaca; Julius A. Ferr, post No. 25, Lodi; W. H. Byron, post No. 59, Sparta; W. F. Leach, post No. 48, Neillsville; L. L. Loomis, post No. 38, Clinton; C. M. Beaty, post No. 78, Antigo; James Travis, post No. 88, Merrillan; J. H. Rose, post No. 22, Kaukauna; C. E. Spencer, post No. 21, Waupaca; Julius A. Ferr, post No. 25, Lodi; W. H. Byron, post No. 59, Sparta; W. F. Leach, post No. 48, Neillsville; L. L. Loomis, post No. 38, Clinton; C. M. Beaty, post No. 78, Antigo; James Travis, post No. 88, Merrillan; J. H. Rose, post No. 22, Kaukauna; C. E. Spencer, post No. 21, Waupaca; Julius A. Ferr, post No. 25, Lodi; W. H. Byron, post No. 59, Sparta; W. F. Leach, post No. 48, Neillsville; L. L. Loomis, post No. 38, Clinton; C. M. Beaty, post No. 78, Antigo; James Travis, post No. 88, Merrillan; J. H. Rose, post No. 22, Kaukauna; C. E. Spencer, post No. 21, Waupaca; Julius A. Ferr, post No. 25, Lodi; W. H. Byron, post No. 59, Sparta; W. F. Leach, post No. 48, Neillsville; L. L. Loomis, post No. 38, Clinton; C. M. Beaty, post No. 78, Antigo; James Travis, post No. 88, Merrillan; J. H. Rose, post No. 22, Kaukauna; C. E. Spencer, post No. 21, Waupaca; Julius A. Ferr, post No. 25, Lodi; W. H. Byron, post No. 59, Sparta; W. F. Leach, post No. 48, Neillsville; L. L. Loomis, post No. 38, Clinton; C. M. Beaty, post No. 78, Antigo; James Travis, post No. 88, Merrillan; J. H. Rose, post No. 22, Kaukauna; C. E. Spencer, post No. 21, Waupaca; Julius A. Ferr, post No. 25, Lodi; W. H. Byron, post No. 59, Sparta; W. F. Leach, post No. 48, Neillsville; L. L. Loomis, post No. 38, Clinton; C. M. Beaty, post No. 78, Antigo; James Travis, post No. 88, Merrillan; J. H. Rose, post No. 22, Kaukauna; C. E. Spencer, post No. 21, Waupaca; Julius A. Ferr, post No. 25, Lodi; W. H. Byron, post No. 59, Sparta; W. F. Leach, post No. 48, Neillsville; L. L. Loomis, post No. 38, Clinton; C. M. Beaty, post No. 78, Antigo; James Travis, post No. 88, Merrillan; J. H. Rose, post No. 22, Kaukauna; C. E. Spencer, post No. 21, Waupaca; Julius A. Ferr, post No. 25, Lodi; W. H. Byron, post No. 59, Sparta; W. F. Leach, post No. 48, Neillsville; L. L. Loomis, post No. 38, Clinton; C. M. Beaty, post No. 78, Antigo; James Travis, post No. 88, Merrillan; J. H. Rose, post No. 22, Kaukauna; C. E. Spencer, post No. 21, Waupaca; Julius A. Ferr, post No. 25, Lodi; W. H. Byron, post No. 59, Sparta; W. F. Leach, post No. 48, Neillsville; L. L. Loomis, post No. 38, Clinton; C. M. Beaty, post No. 78, Antigo; James Travis, post No. 88, Merrillan; J. H. Rose, post No. 22, Kaukauna; C. E. Spencer, post No. 21, Waupaca; Julius A. Ferr, post No. 25, Lodi; W. H. Byron, post No. 59, Sparta; W. F. Leach, post No. 48, Neillsville; L. L. Loomis, post No. 38, Clinton; C. M. Beaty, post No. 78, Antigo; James Travis, post No. 88, Merrillan; J. H. Rose, post No. 22, Kaukauna; C. E. Spencer, post No. 21, Waupaca; Julius A. Ferr, post No. 25, Lodi; W. H. Byron, post No. 59, Sparta; W. F. Leach, post No. 48, Neillsville; L. L. Loomis, post No. 38, Clinton; C. M. Beaty, post No. 78, Antigo; James Travis, post No. 88, Merrillan; J. H. Rose, post No. 22, Kaukauna; C. E. Spencer, post No. 21, Waupaca; Julius A. Ferr, post No. 25, Lodi; W. H. Byron, post No. 59, Sparta; W. F. Leach, post No. 48, Neillsville; L. L. Loomis, post No. 38, Clinton; C. M. Beaty, post No. 78, Antigo; James Travis, post No. 88, Merrillan; J. H. Rose, post No. 22, Kaukauna; C. E. Spencer, post No. 21, Waupaca; Julius A. Ferr, post No. 25, Lodi; W. H. Byron, post No. 59, Sparta; W. F. Leach, post No. 48, Neillsville; L. L. Loomis, post No. 38, Clinton; C. M. Beaty, post No. 78, Antigo; James Travis, post No. 88, Merrillan; J. H. Rose, post No. 22, Kaukauna; C. E. Spencer, post No. 21, Waupaca; Julius A. Ferr, post No. 25, Lodi; W. H. Byron, post No. 59, Sparta; W. F. Leach, post No. 48, Neillsville; L. L. Loomis, post No. 38, Clinton; C. M. Beaty, post No. 78, Antigo; James Travis, post No. 88, Merrillan; J. H. Rose, post No. 22, Kaukauna; C. E. Spencer, post No. 21, Waupaca; Julius A. Ferr, post No. 25, Lodi; W. H. Byron, post No. 59, Sparta; W. F. Leach, post No. 48, Neillsville; L. L. Loomis, post No. 38, Clinton; C. M. Beaty, post No. 78, Antigo; James Travis, post No. 88, Merrillan; J. H. Rose, post No. 22, Kaukauna; C. E. Spencer, post No. 21, Waupaca; Julius A. Ferr, post No. 25, Lodi; W. H. Byron, post No. 59, Sparta; W. F. Leach, post No. 48, Neillsville; L. L.

THE HUNTING SEASON



THE itch for the feel of a shotgun attacks the shooter just as surely and regularly as hay fever grabs its victim. Some men get it in August and start out after plover. Others escape till September brings the chicken season. Still others do not come down until the approach of winter brings the ducks and puts Bob White on the eligible list. A good many chronics have it the year round, and give a rest to nothing that wears feathers.

A crowd of up-to-date sportsmen look more like desperadoes starting out to hold up a train than respectable members of society. These tough-looking citizens are clad in canvas, moleskin, and corduroy that looks like the breaking up of a hard winter. There is nothing disreputable in either of these materials, but no shooter really gets attached to a suit till it is ready to fall to pieces. In fact, you can usually tell just about how good a shot a man is by the dilapidation of his clothes. This outfit is finished off with any old kind of hat and shoes, a weather-beaten and scarred gun case, and a disreputable old leather or canvas bag with as much shape to it as a potato sack and of great capacity. Like as not the sportsman leads a shambly old dog by a chain, and together they make a pair you would not care to meet on a dark night.

Yet this same disreputable-looking chap is likely enough a good citizen, a loving husband, and a fond father. It is possible he may have worn a pink coat on the golf links, and been the admired of all the fair sex. But now



BAGGING QUAIL.

he has deserted the ladies as entirely as he has shed his pink coat; mighty few petticoats are seen in these outfits. There are a few women who hunt with their husbands, but they are few and far between. Woman doesn't take naturally to the joy of the hunting field, and, besides, when the chicken fever gets into a man's bones, he hasn't much use for the sex.

Hunting is a relic of savagery, and the truly masculine man wants to get off by himself when his fingers itch for the feel of the shotgun. And yet, queerly enough, though woman does not care for hunting, she admires the hunter immensely. To her he represents the strong man, next to the soldier, and strength seems always good in a woman's eyes. The man accepts her admiration, but while he really enjoys her company at times on the tennis court and golf links, and tolerates it on a fishing trip, he looks on petticoats as decidedly out of place when he starts out for the prairie or the marsh. Perhaps this is the reason why he gets himself up in a costume in which no woman would look at him twice.

Long before minstrels sang the glories of the chase, or courtly edict made him master of the feast who first struck the royal game, hunting was a favorite diversion of our ancestry. Researches that unveil prehistoric man, show him pursuing the sport of kings with rude weapons of stone and flint. From that time to this the deep-mouthed bay of the hound and the wailing of the horn have been accounted a sweet music of the forest. Poets of all times have caught its inspiration, even the staid Jonson lauding it as the noblest exercise, making one healthy, active, courageous, self-reliant and free from the evils that thrive where the mind and imagination have to supply the pleasures of life.

And the blood of the sportsman runs as warm now as when some rude chieftain or half-barbarous Diana led the course. But it is not to the sentiment or history of hunting that this article addresses itself. Neither is it proposed to visit the haunts of the wild boar reserved for imperial sacrifice, to follow the hounds over the range within which he is predestined to give brave men and fair women a holiday, nor to visit the exclusive preserves that go with a patent of nobility, where favored sons of fortune find ready at hand the prey that is nurtured that they may revel in its destruction. It has to do

with the game and sportsman of our own country, where mountain, meadow, stream and lake are accessible to all who keep within the laws that are framed to perpetuate their pleasure.

Among the wild ducks, as a table delicacy, epicures that are connoisseurs give the canvas-back a place of unquestionable supremacy. Conjointly with the toothsome terrapin it holds the honor of conferring upon Baltimore the title of gastronomic capital of the nation. Though this idol of the educated palate ranges the Atlantic coast even to the ice-bound regions of the north, the odds are overwhelming that if it be shot outside of Chesapeake Bay or the waters of the Susquehanna as they open into it, the game will be so tough and fishy as to be ordered away when served. This is through no peculiar virtue of the water in the bay or tributary river, nor is it the result of climatic influence. In the shallows there are found vast beds of wild celery. Feeding upon it gives to the canvas-back, and also to the closely related red-head, the exclusive flavor which tickles the cultivated taste. As a rule genuine sportsmen there shoot from "blinds," which are any sort of artificial concealment in a boat or on shore, and use decoys, while the market gunners carry on their slaughter with the aid of "sink boats" and night reflectors. In the wholesale methods of destruction employed by those who kill to sell there is little to attract the sportsman; a statement, that is true wherever water fowls are shot.

Belonging to the same royal family with the canvas-back are the mallards and teal, found abundantly in many States. No other ducks are so widely and familiarly known as the mallard. Before the opening of the spring they begin their migration from the South, flying swiftly while they travel, yet tarrying wherever inviting conditions present themselves until instinct assures them that their destination in the far north is comfortably habitable. Mallards are frequently found before departing for the south revelling in corn fields, grain stubble or wooded places. The mallard never affords a daintier dish than when fattened from such bases of supply. They are shot from boats, over decoys and from blinds on shore. The sportsman who can call them in is luck, and he who knows best the ways of the wary duck will bring back the most game, for he can find it in a snow storm, at the ice holes, in the open water or at some of its haunts on land.

The swift-flying Teals, the blue-winged that comes in the earliest fall, and the harder green-winged stays until winter has positively asserted itself. They are a luxury on the table, but it

is an old saying that there is no use of sending slow shot after them and only the keen sportsman brings them in. There is the gaily-feathered Wood duck, Gadwall, Blue Bill, Black Pated and numerous others that can only be named in passing. Be sure of your gun, your shells, your boat, your decoys, your dog and whatever aids to game-getting you may have in your equipment.

Bagging the prairie chicken in these days is a very difficult proposition from the old-time easy shooting over a dog on the stubble-fields, and the man who brings home birds has earned them. The reason of this is that the prairie chicken has adapted his habits to his surroundings. No longer does he stay in the stubble-fields, an easy prey to man and dog. Nowadays he hides in the cornfields, and it is no joke to find chickens in corn six to eight feet high, or to shoot them when found. The best chicken dog that ever came to a point is practically useless in a corn field, and when the covey gets up it's much like taking a snap shot at a woodcock in the tall brush. You've got just about one second of actual time



BRINGING DOWN PRAIRIE CHICKENS.

to do business in—then find the covey again if you can. The only time to catch the chickens out on the stubble is just before dusk, and on the first alarm they take to the corn.

No game bird is dearer to the heart of the true sportsman than what is popularly known as the quail. Let the savants of natural history dispute whether he be quail or partridge. His "Bob White" can be heard from one end of the land to the other. One hard winter with deep-crusting snow works greater devastation among the quail covers than can all the men with dogs and guns that take to the field. The farmer boy who pots the quail when they go to the stacks and barnyards to feed is another enemy of the quail, but he is among the evils against which the law has intervened and the sturdy little bird must be killed in legitimate sport or not at all. You can scarcely go amiss in pursuit of quail in case you know their ways. If the weather be fair the birds will be on their feeding ground at sunrise, among the stubble or in the rag-weed patches. About 10 they have satisfied their appetites and seek the sunny side of some covert by the nearest stream where they can

find drink and enjoy the pleasure or reptation. Here they are hard for the dog to find, and the shrewd sportsman will be content to wait until 2 or 3 o'clock. After a rain, no rough hunting on the uplands. If the weather has been dry, seek your game in the vicinity of water that drains the lowlands. The proper management of dogs and guns means the bagging of plenty of quail, and you can look for them on almost any countryside, for the "Bob White" thrives with civilization, and promises to always be the game bird of the country. To shoot him requires quick action, a steady nerve and, especially on a cross shot, an appreciation of the fact that he flies with wonderful rapidity.

The finest dark-meated bird that flies is the woodcock, the little russet-coated fowl that has no song and seeks no companionship, and yet is as eagerly sought for by the keen sportsman as is the trout, the grayling, and the small-mouthed bass by the angler. Woodcock is at a great premium for the table with the epicure and the bon vivant, but it has an instinctive way of foiling the ambitious hunter. It is not at home to the casual wanderer through fields and woods, and must be sought for in the deepest and most tangled swamps, where it hides at the approach of danger and can only be induced to take wing by the nearest approach. Then it whirls away in the lines of a cork-screw and no bungler is going to bring it down. The surest place to get Mr. Woodcock, who runs all family affairs, when you can find him there, is in the alder paths and other less-improved low grounds where he industriously bores for the worms that are his almost exclusive diet. In tramping for woodcock in a country like this, where game is plenty, you are almost sure to rout out some partridge and are thus given sport by two of the most "difficult" birds that attract the hunter.

Though the snipe is very nearly related to the woodcock, and like it, is regarded as one of the daintiest morsels that can be set before a lover of good living, there is a wide difference in their appearance as well as their habits. The snipe is essentially a bird of the open and is very rarely found in



SHOOTING MALLARDS OVER DECOYS FROM A BLIND.

A YOUNG FINANCIER.

How a Small Boy Made Double Profits Out of a Dog.

"There is a small cross-eyed boy living in this city, who if he doesn't lose his life through just retribution will grow up to become a great financier," declared Jones. "For some time my wife has possessed a yellow pup that has no earthly excuse for living. But she thinks that he is the finest dog in the city and spends most of her time nuzzling and kissing his dirty little nose. Finally the dog worship became so unbearable to me that I resolved to end the nuisance. Chancing to meet a small cross-eyed boy one day, I said to him:

"See here, boy, do you want to earn a dollar?"

"Sure," said he.

"Well, then," said I, "you go up to my house, watch your chance and steal the yellow cur that you will find hanging around there. When you get him bring him down to my office and get your dollar."

"Within two hours the boy was back with the cur tied to a rope.

"What will I do with him, boss?" he asked after I paid him.

"I don't care," I snapped. "Drown him if you want to."

"That night I discovered my wife in tears and I was informed between sobs that poor, dear little Fido was missing. The next day she had an advertisement inserted in all the papers offering \$10 for his return. The third day she met me joyfully at the door and announced that Fido had been found.

"Where?" I asked, concealing a groan.

"A little boy brought him back," she answered.

"What kind of a boy?" I asked, suspiciously.

"A small, cross-eyed boy, with the most honest face that I ever saw on a boy. I gave him \$10, it being all I had, and told him if he would go down and see you that I knew you would be glad to add \$5 to it."

"But the boy didn't show up," continued Jones, according to the Detroit Free Press. "As a matter of fact I hadn't the slightest idea he would. I wouldn't mind giving him \$5 if he would call."

On Japanese Copper Mines.

The total number of persons employed in various services at the Ashio mines and furnaces is about 10,000, and these with their families make up a small city of 17,000. Of these 75 per cent have been born on the spot, as were their fathers and grandfathers, and some have never seen beyond the red hills which close in the village and mines. They are cared for by the proprietor, fed and sent to school until twelve years of age.

The village has a well-equipped hospital, at which the operatives and their families are tended without charge. Only men are employed below ground to dig the ore, working in shifts of eight hours each, while those employed at higher labor work shifts of twelve hours. Women are employed at the light tasks, such as sorting and washing ore by hand, most of them being the wives of the miners. The average pay per diem for those engaged in manual labor, says a writer in Engineering, is 13 cents in silver money and a stated quantity of rice and fuel, while the miners are paid by the quantity of ore extracted. The furnace and shaft men receive from 11 to 30 cents per day and the women are paid 7 cents.

They Were Whispering.

A conspicuous corner in the business district of Chicago is a favorite resort of deaf-mutes on Sunday afternoons. Here they meet for a social hour, often to the great amusement of the passers-by. One interesting incident of these weekly reunions is reported by the Chicago Tribune:

Two men were at some distance from the others. They were standing three feet apart and talking energetically in the sign language. One of them leaned over to the other, grasped his coat lapels and drew him toward him. When they were close to each other the second man caught hold of the other's coat, and they stood face to face. From where the other deaf-mutes stood it was impossible to see the movements of their hands.

Intensely interested in the performance, one of the spectators, who was not a deaf-mute, took out a pencil and a piece of paper and wrote this question, which he handed to the mute:

"Why are you two standing away from the rest and talking with your fingers hidden behind your coats?"

The mute read the question and scribbled the answer:

"I am telling him a secret, and we don't want the others to hear."

Scholarships.

For six scholarships recently awarded by the Georgia School of Technology there were 560 applications. This is accepted as evidence that the young white men of the South are inclining toward manual and mechanical work as a career. Georgia papers note this change of sentiment with much satisfaction. Formerly there was a prejudice against mechanical labor.

Blue Book.

The first spelling book printed in this country was entitled "The American Spelling Book," by Noah Webster. It was issued in 1783, and for considerably more than half a century was the standard work used in all American schools.

Do people occasionally run from you because you are a bore? Watch yourself the next time you stop a man to have a good long "talk."

Wealth is a bottomless sea in which honor and conscience may be drowned.



Maud—I'd hate to think that you'd throw yourself at Fred. Maudie—Why not? He's a good catch.—Harlem Life.

Parke—Wiggson married a widow, didn't he? Lane—Yes. Parke—I wonder how he likes her former husband?—Puck.

Clarence—Did my proposal surprise you, Clarissa? Clarissa—Indeed it did, Clarence; honestly, I didn't expect to get it without hinting for it.

Contractor—You won't sell me a car-load of bricks on credit? Dealer—No. Me an' my bricks are very much alike. We're hard pressed for cash.

Smith—What makes so many people crazy to get into society? Brown—Well, what makes so many other people crazy to keep them out?—Detroit Free Press.

Husband—I wonder what we shall wear in heaven. Wife—Well, if you get there, John, I imagine most of us will wear surprised looks.—Smart Set.

Phrenologist—Your bump of destructiveness is very large. Are you a soldier or a pugilist? Subject—Neither. I'm a furniture mover.—Brooklyn Eagle.

"Blumber is getting poetical. He says there is something very rhythmical in the click of a typewriter's keys." "Blumber has a very pretty typewriter girl."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

She—I am told you said some very clever things last evening. He—Yes; it is very discouraging. She—What is? He—The surprised manner in which everybody seems to be talking about it.

"That great Italian tenor told me he had a mattress stuffed full of the laurel wreaths that have been given him." "A mattress full? Then he ought to retire on them."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

"She caught a thief in the house and chased him four blocks," said the admiring friend. "Isn't it strange?" replied the sarcastic rival, "how some girls are always after the men?"—Chicago Post.

"Wheeler seems to be stuck on that new doctor of his." "Yes, he's up to date. When Wheeler was sick in bed the doctor said, 'Oh, we'll have you on your pedals again in a few days.'"—Philadelphia Press.

"Couldn't she induce him to stay at home?" "No, not even by offering him all the comforts of the club." "What was his argument?" "That the main comfort of the club was that it was the club and not home."

"This gold mining business is being overdone," said the small speculator, with the air of one who knows it all. "That's so," replied Sharpe. "There's one mine that is sure to go to the wall." "What's that?" "Kalsomine."—Indianapolis Press.

"Now," said the doctor, "if you wish to escape a return of the grip, you must take every precaution to avoid getting your feet wet." "All right, doctor," said the grateful patient. "Shall I wear rubber shoes when I take a bath?"—Baltimore American.

"You haven't explained how you came to have Mr. Smith's chickens in your possession," said the judge. "I'm trying to think, yer honor," replied the accused; "give me time." "Very well," replied the judge, blandly. "Six months."—Cincinnati Enquirer.

Mamma—Tommy, do stop that noise. If you'll only be good I'll give you a penny. Tommy—No, I want a nickel. "Why, you little rascal, you were quite satisfied to be good yesterday for a penny." "I know, but that was bargain day."—Philadelphia Times.

"Biddy," Pat began timidly, "did yer iver think av marryin'?" "Sure, now, th' subject has never entered me thoughts," demurely replied Biddy. "It's sorry OI am," said Pat, turning away. "Wan minute, Pat!" called Biddy, softly. "Ye've set me a-thinkin'."—Harper's Bazar.

Professor—If a person in good health, but who imagined himself sick, should send for you, what would you do? Medical Student—Give him something to make him sick, and then administer an antidote. Professor—Don't waste any more time here. Hang out your shingle."—New York Weekly.

Papa (severely)—Did you ask mamma if you could have that apple? Five-Year-Old—Yes, papa. Papa—Be careful now. I'll ask mamma, and if she says you didn't ask her I'll whip you for telling a story. Did you ask mamma? Five-Year-Old—Papa, I asked her. (A pause.) She said I couldn't have it.—Tit-Bits.

Solicitors: Mother—Where have you been, Johnny? Johnny—Down by th' ole mill watchin' a man paint a picture. Mother—Didn't you bother him. Johnny? Johnny—Naw. He seemed to be real interested in me. Mother—What did he say? Johnny—He asked me if I didn't think 'twas most dinner time and you'd miss me.—Harlem Life.

"You are convicted of bigamy," remarked the judge, impressively, while the prisoner glanced over his shoulder at three stern-visaged women. "Now," continued the court, "I intend to give you the severest penalty the law allows." Here the prisoner covered his face with his hands and wept. "I shall sentence you to prison for two years. What are you grinning at?" "I thought," smiled the prisoner, through his tears, "you were a-going to turn me loose."

GREAT CHRISTMAS OFFERINGS.

— The Whole Store Radiant with Holiday Things. —

The Grandest Display of Christmas Goods ever seen in this section of the country. Both the useful and Ornamental. Look us over before spending your money.

Dry Goods.

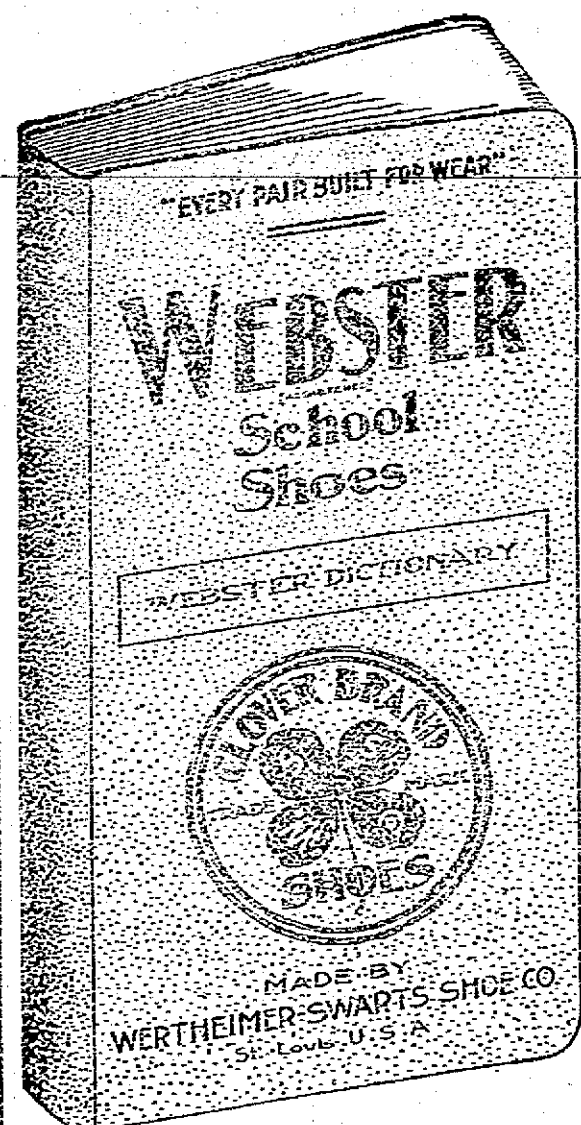
Our Display of Goods in this line is **Always Complete**, but we have made an extra effort to please the ladies this year.

We want the ladies to examine our dress goods, the selection is so complete that it will be worth the while.

Look over our designs for fancy work and novelties of this sort, you will probably find what you seek.

Ribbons, Laces, silks, satins, sofa pillows, trimmings of all kinds.

Articles for young and old.



A pocket dictionary goes with every pair of shoes.

Clothing.

THIS is our long suit. We can fit any member of the family to anything that is needed in this line, from a coarse working suit to the best of dress clothes. There is no line of goods where the price should tell the quality as much as in clothing, and that is what it does at our store.

**Boys and Men's Suits,
Overcoats and Rubbers,
Sweaters and Mittens,
Warm Underwear,
Neckties of all kinds,**

In fact everything for cold weather.

HARDWARE.

Your mind may run to something in this department, and if so you will do well to call on Pete and have him show what there is. It may be only a 10c pocket knife for the boy or a \$60 heater to please the housewife, but we have it just same.

A FULL LINE OF

**Cook Stoves, Heaters
and Ranges.**

FINE CUTLERY.

Novelties in Graniteware

LADIES CLOAKS.

If you are looking for anything in the shape of a Cloth or Fur Cape, Jacket or Cloak, we can probably be of assistance to you.



5 DOZEN FUR COATS.

Don't buy until you have seen ours.

GROCERIES.

Christmas time would indeed be a dull season of rejoicing were it not for the good things that can be obtained at our grocery department.

We not only have everything that is needed on an occasion of this kind, but you will always find it fresh.

All sorts of Canned Goods, Fresh and Dried Fruits, Vegetables, and the finest brands of Teas and Coffees.

Like our other departments the price tells the quality.

Don't fail to look over our China Display while in this department. **Bargains in Lamps and decorated ware.**

DRUG DEPARTMENT.

HOLIDAY ANNOUNCEMENT.

Without a doubt we have the largest assortment of **Toys, Games, Dolls, Fancy Goods, Books, and Novelties** that will be shown in Grand Rapids this season. In making up this assortment we have kept in mind both quality and price and have spared no pains in making our line an attractive one. We feel we can suit everybody's purse. Our prices will be as attractive as our goods.

We earnestly request you to call examine our stock and our prices, feeling confident we can please you. Below we append a few prices. Space forbids giving many.

BOOKS: The Riviere Series, handsomely bound, deckled edges good titles... **35c**
The Handy Volume Classics, beautiful bindings, good titles..... **25c**
Altam's Young People's Library, Fine..... **33c**

An endless variety of good books for young and old at from **11c to \$1.25** per volume.

Copy Right Books, regular price \$1.50, our price **\$1.25.**

"The Fair," Chicago advertises these at \$1.18, we offer them at **\$1.25** and save you transportation.

GRAND RAPIDS SOUVENIRS.

We have a large assortment of **Souvenir Novelties** with pictures of our **Public Buildings, Wisconsin River Bridge and Paper Mills and Dam at Nekoosa.** The price is **25 and 30c.**

Plain and Decorated Art Ware. A very good imitation of Rookwood ware in various designs, ranging in price from **50c to \$3.00.**

Burnt Leather Goods. Many useful and beautiful articles in Burnt Leather at from **25c to \$7.50.**

Cut Glass, Ebony Goods, Japanese Novelties, Fine Perfumes, Elegant Stationery, etc., all at the lowest possible price.

Remember we give you trading stamps with all purchases.

The week between Christmas and New Year will be **Calendar Week** and every one calling will receive a beautiful **Art Calendar FREE.**

Come and see our beautiful Xmas Display whether you wish to purchase or not.

WE WANT YOUR PRESCRIPTIONS.

JOHNSON & HILL COMPANY

Largest Distributers of Merchandise in Wood County.

WEST GRAND RAPIDS,

WISCONSIN.

LOCAL ITEMS.

—Muir the shoe man is back in his old stand selling shoes as before.

The river was frozen over Friday morning, the first time this season.

FIRE SALE—A cutter as good as new used only one winter. For information call at this office.

The Rebeckah's meet next Wednesday evening. This will be a business meeting and a full attendance is requested.

James Howlett has added another rig to his ten cent bus line during the past week. George Thorne has charge of the new outfit.

—Watch for the parade of Michael Strogoff at 12 o'clock on Thursday next.

A party of young people from Birou drove out to the home of Mrs. Thornton on Wednesday evening and enjoyed a candy pull.

Ernest Andrews has his "Merchant's Cafe," in operation, although he still has some fixing to do before things will be running smoothly.

—Remember that the Kern Shoe Co. gives a grand discount cleaning sale all the month of December.

The members of the high school football team were entertained by Charley Podawiltz on Wednesday evening at the Merchants' Cafe.

Canadian Jubilee Singers and Imperial orchestra at the M. E. church on Tuesday evening, Dec. 10. Tickets on sale at the 20th Century places.

—FOR SALE—A building 16x24 very cheap. Also a lot of studding and joists. Apply to D. FACETT.

The west side fire company will give a Jacob Reuter concert on New Year's night, which will be followed by a ball, with music by the home orchestra.

The Passion play entertainment at the Catholic church last Friday evening was largely attended and those present expressed themselves as highly pleased with it.

—Seventy-five people will take part in Michael Strogoff at the opera house Thursday evening, Dec. 12. Get your reserved seats now. 35 and 50 cents.

Wm. Suhr and Miss Edith Wussow, of Sigel were married on November 12th at the home of the bride's parents. Mr. and Mrs. Suhr will make their home in this city.

Anchor ice in the river compelled the Pioneer Wood pulp company to shut down their water power on Friday, it being impossible to run under the existing conditions.

—Muir the shoe man has taken an interest in the Kern Shoe Co. and would be pleased to see all of his old customers.

W. G. Scott, the west side jeweler, put in a new 3500 pound safe on Monday. The new strong box is a large one and is built especially for jewelers' use for protection against fire and burglars.

Edward Lynch has purchased the saw mill of A. H. McWitney situated three miles north of Milladore. Mr. McWitney intends to devote his time to buying and shipping wood hereafter.

The sale of dolls and doll fixtures given by the M. W. K. club on Tuesday evening was a brilliant success, both financially and socially and a neat sum was netted the society by the sale and supper.

—One big load of dry kindling wood delivered to any part of the city for one dollar. BADGER BOX & LUMBER CO. Telephone No. 314.

By the preparations our different merchants are making the indications are that they intend doing some Christmas business this year. Several announcements will be found in this issue of the Tribune.

The members of the Elk lodge met at their hall on Sunday and held a special memorial service, the first Sunday in December being the regular day for their service which is commemorative of the deceased members of the order.

—If you want to see Michael Strogoff at the opera house on December 12th you should not delay in securing your seats.

The west side Ladies' Aid society of the Congregational church will hold a social at the residence of Mrs. Frank Garrison on Wednesday evening. A large attendance of gentlemen is urgently requested; in fact all are cordially invited to attend.

—You are liable to hear something about shoes again, now that Muir the shoe man is back in his old stand pushing the shoe trade again.

The Marshfield papers intimate that Assemblyman F. A. Cady will remove to this city in the spring. F. A. realizes that Marshfield is a pretty good town, but that if he really would be in the swim he must be a resident of Grand Rapids.

—Look over the stock of Hirzy, the jeweler, before you decide what to buy for Christmas. Bargains there all along the line.

When you hold the receiver of the telephone to your ear nowadays it sounds as if the members of the Society for Furnishing Filipinos with Fur Overcoats was holding a social session in the next room, and that the grub had not been passed yet.

—Michael Strogoff will be given only one night, Thursday, December 12th, so don't miss securing a seat before it is too late. At the opera house. 35 and 50 cents.

Chilton Times: On Monday District Attorney Kirwan received from Wood county a check for \$190.97 the amount due Calumet county for the maintenance and support of Mrs. Henry Schmidt, a charge on Wood county. The same was turned into the county treasury.

—In order to keep the time, accurate time, all the time, you should see Hirzy's stock of watches and clocks. There are many that would make handsome holiday presents.

The entertainment of the Boston Musical and Dramatic company was largely attended on Thursday evening and all seemed to be pleased with the entertainment. There was enough of the ridiculous to keep the audience good natured and all of the work was first class from start to finish.

PERSONAL MENTION.

Mrs. John E. Daly has been quite ill for two weeks past.

Oil Inspector C. H. Wood made a trip to Medford on Monday.

L. E. Card of Dexterville transacted business here on Tuesday.

E. W. Ring of Pittsville was a business visitor in the city on Tuesday.

Miss Edith Nash left on Thursday for Chicago to be absent several days.

Mr. and Mrs. W. F. Sanderson are in Chicago this week on a pleasure trip.

Mrs. E. M. Platt left on Wednesday for Chicago. Mr. Platt having left on Sunday.

John Bell, Jr., spent Sunday in Omro visiting with relatives and friends.

Wm. Corcoran departed on Monday for Bruce to do some surveying for the Arpin's.

Chairman John Juno of Marshfield transacted business at the court house on Tuesday.

Rev. W. A. Peterson went to Wausau again on Thursday to assist in the revival work.

Andrew Donhard of Marshfield, spent Sunday in the city the guest of Orson Cochran.

Wilbur Briere left on Tuesday to resume his duties in the lumber business in Kentucky.

Jacob Lutz made a trip to Almond on Wednesday, making his first trip over the new line.

S. L. Alexander of Menomonie spent Sunday in this city visiting his numerous friends here.

Charles Johnson of South Bend, Indiana, visited friends in the city several days this week.

Floyd Moore, Louis Schall and Henry Wakely took in the sights at Wausau a few days last week.

Miss Jessie Steitzer spent Thanksgiving day with friends at Wausau, returning home on Friday.

Wm. Scott, S. N. Whittlesey and Arthur Sicles went to Chicago on Monday to attend the stock show.

Will Carey is confined to his home by an attack of diphtheria, which developed during the past week.

John McGloin, the furniture man, was called to Waukegan on Tuesday as an expert witness in a lawsuit.

Mrs. Charles Hiler left on Monday for Chippewa Falls where she expects to make her home in the future.

Miss Clara Krembs of Stevens Point spent her Thanksgiving with Miss Estella Lutz and stayed till Monday.

Mrs. Wm. Kellogg is still confined to her home by her recent illness, although somewhat better at this writing.

Orson Potter departed on Monday for Wausau where he intends to take a course in the Toland business college.

Morris Silber, formerly of this city but now of Milwaukee, was in the city Saturday and Sunday visiting friends.

Theodore Klett of Mukwanago interviewed the butchers about town on Wednesday on the hide and tallow question.

M. G. Fleckenstein, one of the proprietors of the tissue paper mill at Marshfield, transacted business here on Saturday.

Mesdames Geo. W. Paulus and Beulah Birou made a trip to Stevens Point on Thursday, returning the day following.

L. A. Wright, proprietor of the city bakery at Marshfield, was in the city Tuesday looking for a boy to learn the baker's trade.

Chas. Kieve has accepted a job scaling for the Arpin Lumber company at Catawba, Wis., and left for that place last week.

Chas. Hinkle left Monday evening for Gates county where he will work in the woods the coming winter for the Arpin Lumber company.

Mrs. Philip Jacobus of Marshfield has been visiting the past week at the home of her parents. Mr. and Mrs. Henry Birringer of the west side.

W. C. McGlynn of Pittsville, was in the city Thursday. Mr. McGlynn reports the land business still good at Pittsville for this time of the year.

Contractor A. H. Dustin spent Saturday at Marshfield. This was Mr. Dustin's first visit there since the big fire and he was surprised at the wonderful growth.

Will Raymond has accepted a clerkship in the dry goods department of Johnson & Hill's store. Will's many friends will be pleased to see him back in his old position.

Miss Elfrida Timm has finished her season's work with Miss Grace Getts and after spending a week among friends at Nekoosa will go to her home in Milwaukee.

C. E. Lavigne expects to leave on Monday for Washington where he resumes his duties with the census bureau. Mrs. Lavigne will remain here for a time yet to visit her relatives.

Joseph Balderson of Prairie du Chien, spent the later part of last week in the city the guest of his mother, Mrs. Jeannette Balderson, and other relatives. He returned home on Monday.

Attorney T. W. Brazzau made a trip to Marshfield on Sunday, going up on the Northwestern. This was the first trip over the road by the passenger crew and they experienced considerable difficulty in finding the stations along the road.

Mrs. J. W. Cochran went to Milwaukee yesterday, where she will be the guest of Mrs. J. W. Cameron over Sunday. Next week she will visit Mr. Cochran's cousin, Mrs. Wm. Crawford, at Mazomanie, and the week following will be at Janesville, Wis., with her son William, who will return home with her about December 21st for the holiday vacation.

Rev. Sam Goenfeldt and E. W. Long of Sturgeon Bay were guests of the Rev. John Goenfeldt in this city on Tuesday and Wednesday. Mr. Goenfeldt has charge of the Moravian congregation at Sturgeon Bay and Mr. Long is the foreman in the Advocate office at that place.

Herman Straecker of Thorp and John Eckhoff of Marshfield were in the city on Thursday inspecting our electric light plant and looking over the new machinery. Mr. Eckhoff is manager of the electric plant at Marshfield and Mr. Straecker occupies a like position at Thorp.

Oscar Morterud received a telegram on Saturday announcing the sudden death of his father at Bloomington. A sad feature of the affair was that his mother was on her way to this city to visit her boy for a short time and Mr. Morterud had to break the news of the unfortunate event to her. They both left that evening for home.

W. E. Gardner is visiting his daughter, Mrs. Frank Rafferty at Spring Valley, Minn., and reports that he is picking up fast, and that if the improvement continues he will soon tip the scale at the 200 mark. If the improvement continues until spring he will seriously consider the advisability of going to his claim in Douglas county and cutting four or five hundred cords of wood during the coming summer. He may reconsider this proposition before spring, however.

Mr. and Mrs. F. MacKinnon left last Tuesday evening for Los Angeles at which point they will be joined by Miss Grace Hoskinson who also sails the 5th of Dec. for San Francisco.

They expect to spend a most enjoyable winter in making a tour of southern California. Mr. MacKinnon will be absent about a month, returning after the holidays. Mrs. MacKinnon and Miss Hoskinson expect to arrive home about the first week in May, after visiting friends in New Orleans and Natchez, Mississippi. All join in the hope that Mrs. MacKinnon's health will be greatly improved by the change of climate.

A Card.

We, the undersigned, do hereby agree to refund the money on a 50 cent bottle of Greene's Warranted Syrup of Tar if it fails to cure your cough or cold. We also guarantee a 25 cent bottle to prove satisfactory or money refunded. JOHNSON & HILL CO. JOHN E. DALY.

Closuit-Podawiltz.

As we go to press we learn that Ben Closuit and Miss Virginia Podawiltz of this city were married at Appleton on Thursday. The details of the happy event are lacking but the Tribune wishes them success in their venture just the same.

Says He was Tortured.

"I suffered such pain from corns I could hardly walk," writes H. Rocinson, Hillsborough, Ill., "but Bucklin's Arnica salve completely cured them." Acts like magic on sprains, bruises, cuts, sores, scalds, burns, boils, ulcers. Perfect healer of skin diseases and piles. Cure guaranteed by Johnson & Hill Co. and John E. Daly. 25c.

—A. J. Snell wanted to attend a party but was afraid to on account of pains in his stomach, which he feared would grow worse. He says, "I was telling my troubles to a lady friend, who said: 'Chamberlain's colic, cholera and diarrhea remedy will put you in condition for the party.' I bought a bottle and take pleasure in stating that two doses cured me and enabled me to have a good time at the party." Mr. Snell is a resident of Summer Hill, N. Y. This remedy is for sale by Johnson & Hill Co.

On Dec. 24, 25, 31 and Jan. 1st the Wisconsin Central will sell round trip excursion tickets to any point within 200 miles at rate of one and one third fare for the round trip with a minimum rate of one dollar. Tickets good returning Jan. 2nd.

S.A.L.E

Wednesday Afternoon and Evening, Dec. 11.

Sofa Pillows, Autograph Quilt, Various Fancy and useful articles for Christmas by the Willing Workers Sewing Society in the Basement of the Moravian Church.

Refreshments Served.

Must be Sold

The R. Austin place, about 5 acres of land with dwelling house. Well of coldest and purest water, situated in a beautiful pine grove. At a sacrifice for cash. Title perfect. Inquire at law office of J. W. COCHRAN.

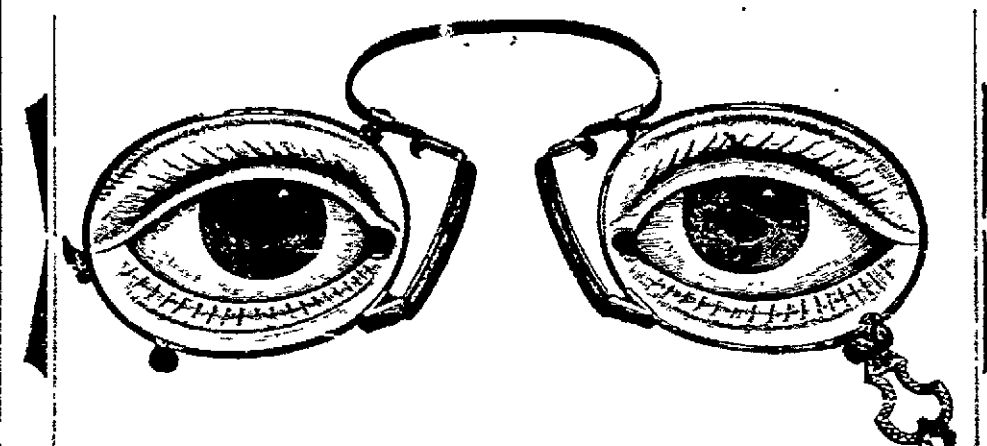
PILES

OUTLER'S COMBINED TREATMENT CURE is the only cure that combines internal and external treatment and CURE. One month treatment \$1.00. Sold by all druggists or by mail on receipt of price by CLARK MEDICINE CO., Chicago, Ill.

C. M. DOUGHARTY, Electric Light and Bell Wiring.

Full line of Batteries, Electric Fans and Electrical Supplies. Telephone 386. Grand Rapids, Wisconsin.

Defects in Eyesight



Can be corrected by having your eyes fitted accurately to a pair of glasses by J. R. CHAPMAN. Satisfaction guaranteed or money refunded.

If you will watch closely our advertisements hereafter you will find something new every week.

EVERY WEDNESDAY Is A Sales Day

Next Wednesday there will be a sale of

Ladies', Gents' and Children's Outing Flannel Night Robes.

Ladies' and Children's Cloaks will be sold at reduced prices from now on owing to the lateness of the season.

You will find something nice for a Christmas present among these goods. N. B. No trading stamps given on goods advertised on sales day

MRS. J. HAMM,

EAST SIDE, TELEPHONE NO. 268.

PHOTOGRAPHS!

LATEST STYLES.

You will probably want some photos during the holidays to give your friends, and if so I think it entirely probable that I can please you at my studio. Photos finished in any style to suit the customer. You cannot appreciate how many new styles there are to select from unless you visit my gallery and look them over.

Views, Crayon and Photo Enlargements, Carbon Prints, etc.

I have an extra nice selection of views from this part of the country. Come and look them over.

O. MORTERUD,

The Photographer.

HOLIDAY FURNITURE

Call at

Geo. W. Baker's

FURNITURE STORE, EAST SIDE

—And see those beautiful—

AXMINSTER RUGS

Extra fine quality made in choice colors and will wear many years. Sizes 9x12 feet.

Kensington Art Squares

Extra super, all wool. Beautiful designs, sizes 9x7½ to 9x10½ feet.

Philippine Brussels Art Squares, extra fine, in solid two tone effects, exquisite designs. Sizes 9x7½ to 9x13 1-2 feet.

Smyrna Rugs, sizes 18x34 to 30x60 in all of which will go at lower prices than can be obtained at any other place in the city. Make your selections early as these goods are bargains.

Your Choice of a Line of Beautiful Colored Pictures GIVEN WITH EVERY PURCHASE.

GRAND RAPIDS, WIS.

DRUMB & SUTOR, - Publishers.

DISPATCH WARSHIPS.

Germany Takes Steps to Enforce Payment of Claims Against Venezuela.

Port of Spain, Trinidad, Dec. 3.—Passengers arriving here from La Guayra, the port of Caracas, say that the German minister in the Venezuelan capital has recommended to the government that eight war vessels be stationed in the various ports of Venezuela to enforce the payment of claims against the republic.

Gen. Guerra, who was removed recently from the office of minister of war and arrested on the charge of conspiracy, has been ordered for a trial by court-martial.

Gen. Centeno, formerly a friend of President Castro and Gen. Muguerza, Rómulo García, Hernández, Michelena and Palacios, as well as the presidents of banks and principal merchants of Caracas, are prisoners in the capital, according to the latest advices.

Eighteen mercantile houses in Caracas are closed and not a single bank transaction has taken place there in more than a week.

Chili Preparing to Fight.

Buenos Aires, Dec. 3.—The conflict between Argentina and Chili is still pending. The Chilean government withholds its reply as to the basis proposed by the government of the Argentine republic. It is believed, however, that the proposition will be returned accompanied by serious comments.

The republic is greatly alarmed in both countries. It is notorious that Chili has recently purchased two torpedo-boat destroyers in England and is negotiating for an armed cruiser in the United States at the present moment. The Chilean government has summoned its minister at Buenos Aires, Señor Concha Sarmiento, to Santiago de Chile, under pretext that fuller explanations are necessary.

SHOWING NO MERCY.

Gen. Smith Says Time for Negotiations with Philippine Rebels is Passed.

Manila, Dec. 3.—Advices from Cebu, capital of the island of Samar, report that the late General Lukban has offered to negotiate terms of surrender with Gen. Smith. To this offer the American commander replied that the time for negotiations had passed.

Lieut. Com. James M. Hearn, commanding the United States gunboat Frolic, during November destroyed 147 boats engaged in smuggling supplies to the insurgents.

Gen. Smith has ordered all male Filipinos to leave the coast towns for the interior. In order to be allowed to return they must bring with them an affidavit of the whereabouts of the insurgents.

Five hundred natives of Catbalogan have volunteered to fight the insurgents in order to bring peace to Samar. Of these 100 have been accepted. They are armed with bolos and spears and are doing scout duty under command of Lieut. Compton.

At daylight yesterday Lieut. Baines of the Ninth infantry attacked and destroyed a rebel fort, inflicting heavy loss, and captured the officers' breakfast, which included canned goods. He found at the fort an arsenal with appliances for making and reloading cartridges.

The American machines are working havoc with the insurgent cause in the southern part of Samar. Lieut. William B. Fletcher, commanding the gunboat Quaker, has destroyed the salt manufacturing, thirty-five tons of hemp, twelve tons of rice and several barriques which served as rendezvous for the insurgents.

Manila, Dec. 3.—Col. Wint's column has had a sharp brush with forty insurgents in the Sipu mountains, killing several of them and burning fourteen cottages.

JURY UNABLE TO AGREE.

Maryland Man Caused Drowning of Girl by Rocking Boat.

Hagerstown, Md., Dec. 3.—In the case of Frank Rinehart, accused of causing the death of Miss Anna H. Padlock by rocking a rowboat, the jury has disagreed, and the accused has been released without bonds, subject to recall at any time.

After deliberating from 4 o'clock on Friday until 10 o'clock yesterday, the jury informed the court that an agreement was impossible.

The defense asked for a dismissal, but it was decided to hold the case in abeyance.

Rinehart says he is confident of final acquittal.

CAPT. TILLEY ACQUITTED.

Naval Governor of Tutuila Cleared of Charges Against Him.

Auckland, New Zealand, Dec. 3.—The United States naval court at Tutuila, Samoa, has honorably acquitted Capt. Benjamin F. Tilley, the naval governor of Tutuila, of all the charges against him. No evidence to sustain these charges was presented to the court.

Commander Uriel Sobree has succeeded Capt. Tilley as naval governor of Tutuila.

The charges against Capt. Tilley arose from certain allegations made by missionaries in Samoa against the captain's moral character.

MOVE MILL TO WELLS.

Kirby-Carpenter Company Sells to 1 Stephenson Company.

Menominee, Mich., Dec. 3.—[Special.] The Kirby-Carpenter Lumber company of Wells, Mich., yesterday bought the Kirby-Carpenter sawmill at Wells, Mich., and will move it to Wells in the spring for use as a hardwood mill. The company will also build a maple flooring mill there.

CHAINED TO SHIP'S MAST.

Stowaway from Cuba Escapes from Steamer at Baltimore.

Baltimore, Md., Dec. 3.—A Cuban negro boy stowaway on a Norwegian iron ore steamer arriving here declares he was chained to a mast by the captain's orders to prevent his escape. He got away through the assistance of one of the crew and appeared in Baltimore with the shackles on his legs, like in slavery days.

Several capitalists of southern California have bought 6300 acres of reclaimed land, seven miles from Stockton, from the California Nevada Dredging company. The land will be improved to the highest possible condition and will be used to raise vegetables. A cannery plant will be erected on the place and asparagus will be grown and canned for Eastern markets.

He—"Now, don't you bother to help me on with my coat." She—"It's no bother. It's a pleasure."—Town Topics.

ROBBED OF A LARGE SUM.

First National Bank of Ballston Spa, N. Y., is Closed.

A CARELESS EXAMINER.

Discovery of Irregularities in Teller's Accounts Running Through Long Series of Years.

Washington, D. C., Dec. 3.—The First National bank of Ballston Spa, N. Y., was closed today by a vote of the board of directors. The controller of the bank, Charles E. Fitcham, has issued a statement to the effect that this action was taken on account of the discovery of a defalcation by the teller, Charles E. Fitcham, amounting to \$100,000.

Ballston, N. Y., Dec. 3.—The First National bank of this place was closed today, pending an investigation by a national bank examiner. It is stated that the closing of the bank's doors followed the discovery of irregularities in the accounts of the teller, Charles E. Fitcham. The bank began business in 1893. Judge J. S. Lamoreaux succeeded the late George West as president early in October of this year and H. J. Donaldson succeeded to the vice-presidency. The new executive officers began at once a thorough investigation of the bank's affairs and discovered indications of defalcation on the part of Teller Fitcham. The investigation was pursued until it was seen that the defalcation had begun many years ago and attained large figures.

Bank examiners Graham and Van Vranken were sent for yesterday by Judge Lamoreaux. At the closing of banking hours they reported a shortage of \$100,000. The directors then decided to close the bank pending an investigation and a warrant for Fitcham's arrest was issued. Fitcham was bonded to the amount of \$100,000 by a wife and one daughter. Judge Lamoreaux said today that it was not possible to determine the amount of Fitcham's defalcation without an inspection of the outstanding certificates of deposit and depositors' pass books. The examination, he said, shows the teller alone is responsible. Mr. Lamoreaux added that it is not thought possible that any loss can come to depositors or certificate holders, as the bank has a surplus of \$100,000, which it is hoped will nearly or quite meet the deficit and leave the bank's capital of \$100,000 unimpaired.

An examination of the bank by Examiner Van Vranken last August failed to disclose any irregularity in the accounts.

BULLET STRUCK.

DOCTOR'S WATCH.

Professor of Osteopathy Has Duel with Highwayman Over Possession of \$9000.

Chicago, Ill., Dec. 3.—A lone highwayman and Dr. L. C. H. E. Zeigler, professor of osteopathy, fought a pistol duel on the prairie west of Garfield park for the possession of \$9000. One bullet flattened itself against the doctor's watch just over his heart and a second passed through his silk hat and tore its way across the doctor's chest and into his back, hidden there in an envelope. The professor believes one of his bullets struck his assailant in the hand, and the police are searching for a wounded bandit.

Some weeks ago Prof. Zeigler advertised for 400 cadavers, to be used for purposes of demonstrating the school of osteopathy in Illinois and other states. He announced in his published request for bodies that he was willing to spend \$21,000 for the number of cadavers he required, and the police believe it was the publication of these figures that led to the doctor's assault. The police also believe the hold-up to have been the outcome of a conspiracy, one of the phases of which was a confidence game whereby Dr. Zeigler was entrapped into carrying \$9000 in cash on his person.

At daylight yesterday Lieut. Baines of the Ninth infantry attacked and destroyed a rebel fort, inflicting heavy loss, and captured the officers' breakfast, which included canned goods. He found at the fort an arsenal with appliances for making and reloading cartridges.

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FEAR OF THE GALLOW.

Condemned Prisoner Assaults Spiritual Adviser with Iron Bar and Tries to Escape.

Mount Holly, N. J., Dec. 3.—A sensational scene was enacted in the county prison here today when Charles Brown, rendered desperate by fear of the gallows on which he later paid the extreme penalty for complicity in the murder of Washington Hunter, attacked his spiritual adviser and attempted to escape.

At 8:30 o'clock this morning the death warrant was read to Brown and he was left alone in his cell with Rev. Mr. Diezler. While the minister was reading the Scriptures Brown attacked him with an iron bar which he had concealed in his cell. The clergyman was rendered unconscious and Brown walked out of his cell into the corridor. He made his way to the jailyard and attempted to scale the wall.

Sheriff Fenton and Clerk Joseph Fleetwood, procuring revolvers, cornered the murderer, who waving the iron bar in the air, defied the officials. The sheriff threatened to shoot him, and Brown, seeing the impossibility of escape, finally surrendered and was led back to his cell.

PHILIPPINE TEACHER HURT.

Miss Nina H. Padlock of Ann Arbor, Mich., is Badly Injured.

Detroit, Mich., Dec. 3.—Letters from Manila received here describe an accident by which Miss Nina H. Padlock, one of the school teachers sent from Ann Arbor to the Philippines, may lose her life. She slipped on a plank spanning a small stream near her school at Holo and broke her leg, afterward rolling into the muddy water beneath. The stream was running full with malaria-infected water and blood-poisoning set in. As a last chance to save her life the surgeons took off the limb close to the hip and she is not yet convalescent.

PLENTY OF SLEEP NOW.

Kansas Man Dies Under Peculiar Circumstances.

Hiawatha, Kas., Dec. 3.—J. S. Lytle, a Kansas pioneer, died here at 6 o'clock this morning. His sickness lasted three years and was particularly noticeable in that he slept most of the time. While in Santa Anita, Cal., he slept from May 1901 to August 20. He had been sleeping continuously since the second day of that month. He died a few moments after awakening from his last sleep. During his long sleep he was fed by means of a rubber tube which had been inserted by the doctors.

STEERS BALLOON OVER PARIS.

M. Sevaro Makes a Successful Trip in His New Airship.

Paris, Dec. 3.—M. Sevaro made a trip in his balloon yesterday, sailing over Paris. The balloon was steered without difficulty.

Bridging a Great Canyon.

In the transportation of logs from the heart of the California timber belt to the mills an important engineering feat has been accomplished. A canyon on the south fork of the American river had to be traversed, and as it was 1000 feet deep it was determined to build a steel wire suspension tramway. The distance across the canyon is 2850 feet. Between the two terminal towers the space is 2650 feet. To raise cables across the immense gap without support between the towers. On these cables runs a cage conveying a car capable of carrying 3000 feet of green, and, therefore, very heavy, timber on each trip. The lower terminals are anchored in the solid rock, supporting the cables. —New York Post.

Andrew Carnegie Gives Mrs. Cleveland a Picture.

Pittsburg, Nov. 16.—As a memento of her visit to Pittsburg on Founders' day, Andrew Carnegie will present "Twilight" to Mrs. Grover Cleveland. The picture is by A. Bryan Wall, a Pittsburg artist, and shows a flock of sheep being driven from pasture in the evening, with the city lights in the distance. Mrs. Cleveland to the artist, Mr. Wall, on Thursday, Mrs. Cleveland admired the picture. When Mr. Carnegie heard of this he purchased it and will send it to President as a token of appreciation of the visit of Mr. and Mrs. Cleveland to Pittsburg.

Discovery of Coal in Ecuador.

Recently the Ecuadorian association received a cablegram from its chief engineer in charge of the railroad survey, which stated that a good quality of coal had been discovered on the railway near Itabamba. This place is on a direct line from Quito to Guano. It was already known that coal could be found in this part of the republic, but it had not been discovered until the railway route. This discovery will prove of greater benefit to the new railroad and of importance to the republic, which now secures most of its coal supplies from Australia and Chili.

LATEST MARKET REPORTS.

EGG AND DAIRY PRODUCTS.

MILWAUKEE—Egg market firm, fresh, cases included, 23c; fresh, cases returned, 22c; storage, 18c; country storage, 16c; seconds, 15c. Receipts 100 cases.

Butter—Market very firm; fancy prints, 24c; fancy or extra creamery, per lb., 24c; firsts, 23c; seconds, 22c; dairies, 21c; 20c; 19c; 18c; 17c; 16c; 15c; 14c; 13c; 12c; 11c; 10c; 9c; 8c; 7c; 6c; 5c; 4c; 3c; 2c; 1c; 0c. Receipts 100 cases.

Cheese—Firm. Receipts were 8000 lbs. today. Against 5000 lbs. yesterday. Full cream, new, colored, fancy, 11c; good to choice, 10c; Young Americas, new, 11c; 10c; 9c; 8c; 7c; 6c; 5c; 4c; 3c; 2c; 1c; 0c. Receipts 100 cases.

NEW YORK—Butter—Receipts, 5105 cases; dairy, 10c; creamery, 10c; 9c; 8c; 7c; 6c; 5c; 4c; 3c; 2c; 1c; 0c. Receipts 100 cases.

MINNAPOLIS—Butter—Receipts, 5105 cases; dairy, 10c; creamery, 10c; 9c; 8c; 7c; 6c; 5c; 4c; 3c; 2c; 1c; 0c. Receipts 100 cases.

CHICAGO—Butter—Steady. Creameries, 10c; 9c; 8c; 7c; 6c; 5c; 4c; 3c; 2c; 1c; 0c. Receipts 100 cases.

MILWAUKEE LIVESTOCK MARKET.

HOGS—Receipts, 57 cars; market low. Live, 5.00; 5.05; 5.10; 5.15; 5.20; 5.25; 5.30; 5.35; 5.40; 5.45; 5.50; 5.55; 5.60; 5.65; 5.70; 5.75; 5.80; 5.85; 5.90; 5.95; 6.00; 6.05; 6.10; 6.15; 6.20; 6.25; 6.30; 6.35; 6.40; 6.45; 6.50; 6.55; 6.60; 6.65; 6.70; 6.75; 6.80; 6.85; 6.90; 6.95; 7.00; 7.05; 7.10; 7.15; 7.20; 7.25; 7.30; 7.35; 7.40; 7.45; 7.50; 7.55; 7.60; 7.65; 7.70; 7.75; 7.80; 7.85; 7.90; 7.95; 8.00; 8.05; 8.10; 8.15; 8.20; 8.25; 8.30; 8.35; 8.40; 8.45; 8.50; 8.55; 8.60; 8.65; 8.70; 8.75; 8.80; 8.85; 8.90; 8.95; 9.00; 9.05; 9.10; 9.15; 9.20; 9.25; 9.30; 9.35; 9.40; 9.45; 9.50; 9.55; 9.60; 9.65; 9.70; 9.75; 9.80; 9.85; 9.90; 9.95; 10.00; 10.05; 10.10; 10.15; 10.20; 10.25; 10.30; 10.35; 10.40; 10.45; 10.50; 10.55; 10.60; 10.65; 10.70; 10.75; 10.80; 10.85; 10.90; 10.95; 11.00; 11.05; 11.10; 11.15; 11.20; 11.25; 11.30; 11.35; 11.40; 11.45; 11.50; 11.55; 11.60; 11.65; 11.70; 11.75; 11.80; 11.85; 11.90; 11.95; 12.00; 12.05; 12.10; 12.15; 12.20; 12.25; 12.30; 12.35; 12.40; 12.45; 12.50; 12.55; 12.60; 12.65; 12.70; 12.75; 12.80; 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REWARD BADGER BRAVERY

Congress Asked to Honor Capts.
French and Newton.

TWO GALLANT OFFICERS

Congressman Olsen Submits Resolution Adopted by the Wisconsin Legislature.

Washington, D. C., Dec. 3.—Congressman Olsen today laid before the House of Representatives the resolution adopted by the Legislature of Wisconsin, relating to the gallant acts of Capt. Frank L. French and Harry W. Newton, during the campaign in the Philippines, participated in by the Wisconsin volunteers.

Capt. Frank L. French resides in Sparta, Wis., and was a captain of the Thirty-fourth United States volunteers and distinguished himself in the expedition which resulted in the rescue of Lieut. Gilmore, U. S. N.

Capt. Harry W. Newton of Superior was with Gen. Funston on the expedition which resulted in the capture of Aguinaldo.

The President of the United States and Congress are urged by the resolutions of the Wisconsin Legislature to suitably recognize the gallantry of these two Wisconsin soldiers.

ADE ENJOINS STUDENTS.

They Were Selling His Book at Too Low a Figure.

Madison, Wis., Dec. 3.—Two university students, H. E. Miller and W. F. Mabbett, have been enjoined by the courts, at the instigation of George Ade, from selling any more copies of the football story entitled "Grouch at the Game" or "Why He Changed His Colors," written by Ade after the Wisconsin-Missouri football game. In their agreement with Ade, it is said, 10,000 copies of the story in book form were to be sold in the state of Wisconsin, the first 1000 to be sold to students at 50 cents a copy and the remainder at 25 cents. The two students, it is alleged, violated the contract and sold many copies of the story for 25 cents, and Ade has secured a temporary injunction until the affair can be satisfactorily arranged.

GO BACK TO KLONDIKE.

Two Rivers People Decide to Return in Quest of Gold.

Two Rivers, Wis., Dec. 3.—[Special.]—William Zahn and wife, who recently returned from Dawson City, where they had been engaged in mining for gold, have decided to return to the Klondike gold fields at once, and will leave today, accompanied by Fred Grunmann, a brother of Mrs. Zahn.

Mr. Zahn recently sold his share in a claim he owned for quite a large sum. In returning from the gold fields this summer Mr. Zahn and wife nearly lost their lives when the Islander, on which they were passengers, was wrecked. They lost all of their belongings, including quite a lot of gold dust. Mr. Grunmann, who accompanies them, has two brothers, Albert and George, living near Dawson City, where they have been successful in mining operations.

FARMER IS HELD UP.

Two Masked Men Secure \$285 from Helmi Hansen of Tish Mills.

Kewaunee, Wis., Dec. 3.—[Special.]—Helmi Hansen, a farmer residing at Tish Mills, was held up and robbed of \$285 about eight miles from this city, by two masked men.

PETITION FOR A RECEIVER.

A La Crosse Company is Alleged to be Insolvent.

La Crosse, Wis., Dec. 3.—[Special.]—Morris & Hartwell, attorneys for the Exchange State bank of this city, today served notice of a petition to appoint a receiver for the La Crosse-Brown Harvester company, which capital is \$200,000, on the ground that it is insolvent and has not for the past two years used its charter as contemplated. The suit is based on an unpaid judgment. There is much litigation with the stockholders already in the circuit and Supreme courts.

HUSTING STICKS TO LAW.

"Pete" Declines Offer to Play with National League.

Fond du Lac, Wis., Dec. 3.—[Special.]—Pete Husting, the well-known baseball player, who recently associated himself with his brother in the practice of law in this city, received a telegram yesterday from Harry Davis, now at Sacramento, Cal., playing in the American league, offering Husting a place in the National league for the winter. "Pete" promptly wired his declination, being determined to give his whole attention to the law.

GIVEN A LONG SENTENCE.

Five Years for Stealing Two Bags of Flour.

Janesville, Wis., Dec. 3.—[Special.]—Hugh Tully of Beloit will spend the next five years behind prison walls at Waupun, on account of entering a Milwaukee road warehouse in Beloit and stealing two bags of flour. The five-years sentence was given him by Judge Duwud in the circuit court this morning. Tully has already spent thirty months in the Waupun prison.

GIRL ATTEMPTS SUICIDE.

No Longer Loved by the Man of Her Choice.

Janesville, Wis., Dec. 3.—[Special.]—On account of being no longer loved by the man of her choice, Anna, a domestic employee at the Highland house in this city, attempted to commit suicide last night by the use of chloroform. She will recover.

FIRE IN SORORITY HOUSE.

Co-Eds at Madison Nearly Lost Their Home.

Madison, Wis., Dec. 3.—[Special.]—A fire broke out in the kitchen of the Phi Beta Phi society house yesterday afternoon, and after the fire department had extinguished it another was discovered in the basement. Beyond a little damage from the smoke the girls suffered no loss.

FARMER IS TAKEN IN.

Janesville, Wis., Dec. 3.—W. A. Dean, a prosperous farmer, made out a promissory note to show a stranger how to do it. He left the amount blank, but after the stranger had left the paper was missed. Mr. Dean notified the banks of the city and neighborhood not to accept the paper if it is presented for discount.

YOUNG GIRL HAS DISAPPEARED.

Leaves Arcadia November 9 to Go to Eau Claire—Nothing Heard from Her Since.

Eau Claire, Wis., Dec. 3.—[Special.]—Theresa Wytusch, a girl of 17 years of age, bought a ticket at Arcadia, November 9, to come to Eau Claire to see her father, who is at the poor farm here. She has not arrived and no trace of her whereabouts can be found. Her father is almost crazy with anxiety.

NEGROES ASSAULT AN AGED MAN.

Watchman at Racine is Attacked by Two Strangers and Terribly Beaten.

Racine, Wis., Dec. 3.—[Special.]—August Dievertz, night watchman at the Secor Trunk factory, is in a precarious condition, the result of an assault by two negroes. Dievertz is 60 years of age. Shortly before midnight he was making his customary rounds when he noticed two colored men skulking about the factory. One of the men struck the old man a blow on the head, knocking him down, and next kicked him into insensibility.

DR. AND MRS. ADAMS LEAVE MADISON.

Start for California Where They Will Spend the Winter—Health Greatly Improved.

Madison, Wis., Dec. 3.—[Special.]—Ex-President and Mrs. Charles Kendall Adams left this city late yesterday afternoon over the North-Western road for Redlands, Cal., where they will spend the winter. Their health has improved greatly, during the past two weeks, and it is expected that their journey will be entirely safe and that the change of climate will be most beneficial. Dr. Adams has been able to spend quite a considerable amount of time in the open air recently and his family and friends are very hopeful of his ultimate recovery.

PORTAGE TAX TOO HIGH.

Special Meeting of Columbia County Board is Called—A Clerical Error was Made.

Portage, Wis., Dec. 3.—[Special.]—The determined opposition of Mayor Jones to the action of the equalization committee of the county board of supervisors in increasing the city's personal property assessment nearly \$200,000 may result in a special session of the board to reconsider its action. County Clerk Hughes has sent a copy of the proposed call to each member of the board, along with an explanation signed by the members of the equalization committee, stating that the great increase in assessment was largely due to a clerical error, and giving a number of reasons why it is deemed advisable for the board to meet in extra session.

The city authorities claim that in making the assessment the committee ignored both the assessor's figures and those recommended by the special committee appointed at the 1900 session of the board to propose figures on the valuation of the personal property of the different cities, towns and villages in the county, looking toward a fairer and more equitable tax levy. For years the percentage of taxation as compared to the selling price of real estate in the city has also been greater than in any other part of the county, as is shown in the considerations in sales recorded in the office of the recorder deeded.

Under the new law requiring real estate to be assessed at its full value the common council at a special meeting last week adopted a tax levy of 1½ per cent. This with other estimated resources will amply provide for the current expenses of the city during the year.

DIES IN PULPIT.

Deport Woman Stricken While Making an Address.

Stout City, La., Dec. 3.—Mrs. F. I. Hopkins, who came here recently from Deport, Wis., and who has been one of the leaders of the Epworth league work, died while speaking in the pulpit of the Rustin Avenue Methodist church. The remains have been shipped to Deport for burial. Heart disease was cause of death.

Pioneer of Badger State.

Greenwood, Wis., Dec. 3.—[Special.]—Mary Ann Harris died Sunday at the home of her son, Postmaster Hartson of this city. She was nearly 87 years old and was ill but a few days, a cold being the immediate cause of death. Deceased was one of nine children, having an elder sister still living in Vermont, and a younger brother, Amos, Chamberlain, living in Columbus, this state. She came to Wisconsin in 1844 and has resided in Clark county since 1872. Besides the son, with whom she has spent her last years, deceased leaves a daughter, Mrs. George R. Brooks of Lynn. The funeral occurred this afternoon from the residence.

Mrs. C. Straw, Wautoma.

Wautoma, Wis., Dec. 3.—[Special.]—The funeral of Mrs. C. Straw, an old and highly respected lady of this town, was held here yesterday and was largely attended. Deceased was about 70 years of age and leaves several sons and daughters.

Henry Kaser, Sparta.

Sparta, Wis., Dec. 3.—[Special.]—Henry Kaser, one of Sparta's foremost citizens, died today from a complication of diseases. Deceased was one of the proprietors of the Sparta Flouring mill. The funeral will be held Friday afternoon.

John Dakers, Wautoma.

Wautoma, Wis., Dec. 3.—[Special.]—John Dakers, an old resident of this town, was buried today. Deceased was 75 years of age and leaves a widow.

J. Edwards Brown, Dartford.

Dartford, Wis., Dec. 3.—[Special.]—J. Edwards Brown is dead, at an advanced age. He formerly lived at Berlin and at Eureka.

Margie Zeilke, Oakfield.

Oakfield, Wis., Dec. 3.—[Special.]—Miss Margie Zeilke of this place died at St. Agnes' hospital, Fond du Lac.

Owen Hartman, Pardeeville.

Pardeeville, Wis., Dec. 3.—[Special.]—Owen Hartman, one of the first settlers here, died, aged 84.

Other Deaths in the State.

New London—Mrs. Fred Abel.
Janesville—H. R. Kenniston, aged 65 years.
Appleton—Mrs. Otto Schaefer died, aged 33 years.
Janesville—Mrs. Richard J. Whitton, aged 26 years.
New Richmond—Mrs. August Hein, a sister of Dr. F. C. Hahn of this city.
Appleton Man is Appointed.
Madison, Wis., Dec. 3.—[Special.]—Charles O. Gochbauer of Appleton has been appointed mailing clerk in the state insurance department at \$67.50 per month.

ENGINES ARE WRECKED.

Railway Trains in a Smash-up at Fond du Lac.

CAR ON ROOF OF DEPOT.

Passenger Train Crashes Into Cars and One of Them is Thrown on Top of Station.

Fond du Lac, Wis., Dec. 2.—[Special.]—Two wrecks occurred Saturday evening in the North-Western railway yards in this city. The first occurred at about 11:30 o'clock, when a passenger engine, which had been called in as a helper, ran into a switch engine on the main line. No one was hurt, but the engines were badly damaged. This accident occurred near the West Second street crossing.

The second and most important wreck took place Sunday morning when the passenger train, scheduled to arrive here at 3:10 o'clock from the north, ran into an engine and a number of passenger cars standing upon the switch at the north end of the passenger station. This accident is said to have been due to the carelessness of the switchman in throwing the wrong switch.

The train was going at a considerable rate of speed and the front of the passenger engine, as well as the rear of the engine with which it collided, was badly demolished. The "bumper" at the end of the switch, was knocked down and one of the passenger cars slid over it onto the roof of the passenger depot, tearing a hole in that part of the roof above the operator's office. No one was injured as a result of the collision.

Some of the engines were so badly damaged that it was necessary to take them to the repair shops at Chicago.

RIPON BANKER GIVEN THE RIGHT TO WED.

L. D. Moses will Not Have to Wait a Year as the Law Provides.

Ripon, Wis., Dec. 2.—[Special.]—L. D. Moses, a banker of this city, who was divorced a short time ago, has obtained a dispensation from Judge Kirwan which makes it possible for him to marry again without waiting a year, as a law enacted at the last session provides. In the petition asking for the dispensation Mr. Moses stated that he was about to marry when knowledge of the law came to him, and that unless he can take into himself the wife which he has selected for a partner it will result in a great loss to both of them.

The Moses divorce was quite sensational and in the adjustment of the property Mrs. Moses was given about \$25,000.

DAIRYMEN MEET AT MANITOWOC.

Organization Comprising Manitowoc, Brown and Calumet Counties is Formed.

Manitowoc, Wis., Dec. 2.—[Special.]—About fifty cheese manufacturers from Manitowoc, Brown and Calumet counties met at the Hotel Victoria Saturday for the purpose of organizing a dairymen's association, which is to be a branch of the Wisconsin Protective Cheese Manufacturers and Buyers' association. Joseph Wollinger of Dundas, Calumet county, called the meeting to order. C. W. Swope, assistant state dairy and food commissioner, was elected chairman and H. F. Meyer of Greenleaf, this county, secretary. The meeting was addressed by E. Adersheidt of Neenah and A. C. De Land of Sheboygan.

MONEY FOR LAWRENCE.

The New Gymnasium is Nearly Out of Debt.

Appleton, Wis., Dec. 2.—[Special.]—In view of the fact that the annual report of the new L. J. Lawrence gymnasium of Lawrence university is about \$3500 above the amount received by former subscriptions, further solicitations by the committee in charge were commenced a few days ago, with the result that five and six hundred dollars and one of \$200 have been made, leaving an indebtedness of only \$800 on the entire building. John McNaughton of this city was the first to give \$500 and closely following came L. M. Alexander of Milwaukee, whose name the gymnasium bears. Isaac Stephenson of Marinette, Wis., gave \$500, and one of whom donated \$500 towards paying the indebtedness on the building. W. H. Hatton of New London has given \$200 and one other philanthropic spirited person whose name is withheld from publication has contributed \$200. With the numerous smaller subscriptions already received and still to be solicited it is anticipated the building will stand completed and paid for before the expiration of the present year.

BRIGGS IS ALL RIGHT.

Rhineland Man Went West Out After Big Game.

Rhineland, Wis., Dec. 2.—[Special.]—D. E. Briggs, the real estate man and experienced woodsman, reported missing, has returned all right and ready for business. Briggs, while looking over some timber lands in the western part of the county he discovered some extraordinary large deer tracks apparently fresh. Anxious to secure one of the deer he started in pursuit and when one of them was overhauled and brought to bay he found himself a long distance from any shipping point and in a bad place, where a cyclone had played havoc with the timber. To reach a station with his big game required several days' time, hence the delay in not reaching home at the appointed time, which caused the fear and anxiety of his family and friends.

AUTOS COMPETE WITH CARS.

Will be Run in Opposition to the Street Railway.

La Crosse, Wis., Dec. 2.—[Special.]—A number of capitalists here are forming an automobile company to operate a line in this city to compete with the street cars. The railway company some time ago refused to give longer night service and run off on certain streets, and the automobile company will ask for a franchise to run on certain streets.

WRECK AT OSHKOSH.

Six Freight Cars are Thrown Off the Track.

Oshkosh, Wis., Dec. 2.—[Special.]—At 6:30 o'clock last evening a special freight train in charge of Conductor G. D. Hollis of Janesville was wrecked just west of the southern limits of the city. A draw-bar in the center of the train broke and six cars were derailed. Traffic was delayed for several hours.

CHINA'S GRAND OLD MAN.

In Li Hung Chang's Death the Orient Loses Its Greatest Man.

In the death of Li Hung Chang the ancient empire of China has lost its most powerful and greatest citizen and oriental civilization its most distinguished exponent. Our own Gen. Grant ranked him with Bismarck and Gladstone, and in return for the compliment Li compared Grant to himself. The great Chinaman had an unbounded admiration for the hero of Appomattox, whom he entertained when the latter was making a tour of the world, and every year after Gen. Grant's death he had a wreath placed on his grave. When Li visited this country on a tour of the world he planted a tree by Gen. Grant's tomb in Riverside Park, New York.

Li Hung Chang was not a leader of his people by birth or hereditary rank. He was not even of the blood of the ruling caste, the Manchus. He was of old Chinese stock and was born in 1822—the same year as Gen. Grant. He first came into prominence during the awful Taiping rebellion, which desolated China for fourteen years, costing 20,000,000 lives and incalculable financial loss. Li raised a regiment of militia and attacked the rebels on their march toward Peking. He gained notice by this and was promoted. First with the aid of Gen. Ward, an American, and next with Gen. Gordon, who subsequently met a tragic fate in the Sudan, he organized and disciplined an army and ultimately crushed out the rebellion. For this service he was promoted to be governor of the metropolitan province of Peking, and here he ruled with autocratic sway for a quarter of a century. He was the buffer

ly fell from the lips of the wily oriental and these, together with his numerous questions, will long perpetuate an interesting phase of his many-sided character.

POPULAR PRESIDENT'S WIFE.

Dolly Madison Was a Remarkable Mistress of the White House.

Beautiful, vivacious, affable and rich, Dolly Madison dispensed a lavish hospitality at her husband's house while he was Secretary of State and presided at such social functions as took place in the White House during Jefferson's days. Becoming regularly installed as its mistress at her husband's inauguration in 1809, she was the leader of Washington society for sixteen years.

No lady of the White House ever approached her in popularity except Harriet Lane, the mistress of the mansion at the time of the bachelor president, Buchanan, and Mrs. Cleveland. Mrs. Madison never forgot the name of a person she had once met. She always recollected every incident of consequence connected with the history of every person presented to her, thus making every one feel that he held a high place in her esteem. In this way she disarmed much of the hostility to the weak administration of Madison and won him many friends whose support was of the highest value to him and to the country during the tempestuous days of the troubles between the United States and England. Worthy as Madison was, says Leslie's Weekly, Mrs. Madison was a much greater person in her field than he was in his.

Shoppers as Detectives.

Professional shoppers are employed by a large dry goods firm to test the



The Red Ant Pest.

The little red ant, the terror to housekeepers, I have found by experience is not invincible. Finding them one day overrunning my refrigerator, I made an attack with soap and water, but to no avail. I procured an ounce of oil of sassafras, which banished the objectionable little creatures like magic. Since then they have appeared in my pantry and about the sink, but my oil has done its deadly work. My method is to follow the train—for they form a train in traveling—to its origin. Saturate a small cloth with the oil and apply to every portion of the distance covered by ants. If they come out of a crack, pour a little of the oil into it. This is sure death to them.—Good Housekeeping.

Housecomb Pudding.

One-half cupful of butter, one-half cupful of sugar, one-half cupful of milk, one-half cupful of molasses, four eggs and one teaspoonful of soda; mix the sugar and flour together; add the molasses; warm the butter in the milk, then add the eggs, which must have been well beaten; lastly, put in one teaspoonful of soda, dissolved in a little hot water; stir well together and bake half an hour in buttered pudding dish. Serve hot, with sauce. To make the sauce beat the whites of two eggs and one-half cupful of powdered sugar to a stiff froth; add a little wine or lemon juice.

Celery and Apple Salad.

Parse three tart apples and cut into dice, mix with two cupfuls of celery cut into half-inch lengths. Arrange lettuce leaves into cups for individual serving, fill with the apples and celery and pour over a plain French dressing just before serving. Roast-tined apples, having a slice cut off the end to make them sit firmly, and carefully hollowed out until only a nice wall is left, make very pretty receptacles for this salad. The apples should not be prepared long before serving, as they turn dark after being cut.

Apple Meringues.

Peel and halve tart apples. Make a syrup of granulated sugar and water and put the apples in it, letting them cook until they can be pierced with a straw. Arrange the apples on the platter they are to be served in; boil the syrup down and pour over the apples. When cold, heap irregularly with a meringue of the whites of four eggs, four heaping tablespoonfuls of pulverized sugar and the juice of a lemon. Sprinkle with chopped almonds and set in the oven on a board and brown quickly. Serve very cold, with a rich custard.

Celery Sandwiches.

Use dainty little baking powder biscuits freshly baked, but cold, or white home-made bread for these sandwiches. Only the very tender part of celery should be used and chopped fine and put in iced water until needed. Add a few chopped walnuts to the celery and enough mayonnaise dressing to hold them together; butter the bread before cutting from the loaf, spread one slice with the mixture and press another over it. If biscuits are used split and butter them. They should be small and very thin for this purpose and browned delicately.

Paranip Fritters.

Wash and scrape them and cut in slices, cover them with boiling water, cook until tender, mash them through a colander, return them to the fire, add to two large parsnips a tablespoonful of butter, salt and pepper to taste, and one egg beaten well. Mix thoroughly, remove from the fire, and when cool make into small flat cakes and fry in a little butter. Serve hot.

Household Notes.

Sunflower seeds are better bait for rat-traps than cheese.

A pinch of soda on a hot stove drives away disagreeable odors of cooking.

Sewer gas is counteracted by a handful of salt placed in toilet-room basins.

The white of an egg applied with a sponge will restore the luster of morocco.

A pan of lime set on the shelves near jellies, fruits and jams will prevent their molding.

When there is a scarcity of cream, the white of an egg well whipped is an excellent substitute for the real article.

To keep flies away from gilt frames boil four or five onions in a pint of water and put it on with a soft brush.

A beautiful canary-colored dye can be made by steeping white clover blossoms in water, setting the dye with alum.

Cold starch is improved if there is added to every tablespoonful of starch half a teaspoonful of borax dissolved in a pint of water.

In bottling pickles or catsup, boil the corks, and while hot you can press them in the bottles, and when cold they are sealed tightly.

Chinese and Japanese matting may be much improved by sponging with strong salt and water, but the wet must not be allowed to sink through.

In cooking custards, or in heating anything required to boil quickly, do not have the spoon in the liquid, remembering that much of the heat will be conducted away by the spoon.

Never keep pickles in glazed earthenware, as it is apt to have lead in the glaze, and the vinegar will act on it; keep them in glass or hard stoneware.



LI HUNG CHANG.

between the invading foreigners on one side and a reactionary court on the other, and it was his fate to be frowned upon and smiled upon by the latter in turn.

Through his contact with foreigners Li became impressed with the advantages of western methods and these he introduced in his own province of Peking. To do so he had to run counter to the rooted customs of centuries and often his work was retarded. As grand secretary of the empire, which he became in 1875, he was the negotiator of treaties with foreign nations and thus his name became well known in all civilized countries having commercial relations with China. Li's work was indefatigable. He introduced the telegraph and the railroad into China, founded a military and naval academy, created a navy, established arsenals, built forts and gave to the empire a wonderful impetus.

And then came the war with Japan, which proved the rottenness of Chinese methods. The unwieldy giant was whipped, both army and navy, owing to the ignorance of the Chinese, being practically worthless. Li became the scapegoat of that war, which he neither counseled nor countenanced, and suffered degradation by an ignorant and stupid court on account of it. He negotiated the terms of peace, however, and gained the best possible. He was transferred to the obscure provinces of Kwang-Si and Kwang-Tung as viceroy, where he remained until called to interpose his influence and offices between the enraged Christian world and those responsible for the Boxer outrages. The subsequent negotiations on behalf of the imperial court were carried on by him.

Li has been reckoned as one of the wealthiest men in the world, but this statement may be doubted. In this country Li will be long remembered for his inquisitiveness. He was an untiring and at times impudent questioner. He was shrewd, cunning, sly, diplomatic—in a word oriental. When in Germany the Kaiser asked him, "How do our women compare with those in China?"

"I really cannot tell," said Li, slyly, fastening his eyes on the corsage of a lady who was present. "We never see half as much of our women as you do of yours."

Sharp answers such as this frequent-

abilities of their clerks. This firm owns over thirty large shops, and employs nearly one thousand assistants. To find out whether every customer is politely served, a number of lady customers are employed to call at the various shops. They are told to give as much trouble as possible, and sometimes to leave without making a purchase after looking at nearly everything in the shop. Should the unfortunate assistant's temper not be equal to the strain, or should a single word be said that might offend, a report will infallibly reach headquarters and lead to the dismissal of the sorely tried handler of silks and ribbons.

Preferred the Old Way.

Mrs. Bradbury was instructing the new cook, who was not only new, but as green as her own Emerald Isle. One morning the mistress went into the kitchen and found Katie weeping over a pan of onions.

"Oh, you're having a harder time than you need to have, Katie," said she. "Always peel onions under water."

"Indeed, ma'am," said Katie. "I'm the last one to do that, askin' yer pardon. Me brother Mick was always divin' and pickin' up stones from the bottom. It's little he couldn't do under water. It 'twas 'ym' his shoes or writin' a letter; but me, I'm that unaisy in it I'd be gettin' me month full and drownin' entirely. So if ye please, ma'am, I'll pale him the same old way I've always been accustomed to, and dhray me tears afterwards."

Convenient.

"What are marsupials?" asked the teacher, and Johnny was ready with his answer.

"Animals that have pouches in their stomachs," he said, glibly.

"And for what are these pouches used?" asked the teacher, ignoring the slight inaccuracy of the answer. "I'm sure that you know that, too."

"Yes'm," said Johnny, with encouraging promptness. "The pouches are for them to crawl into and conceal themselves when pursued."

Grain Fields in Norway.

Less than 1 per cent of the land in Norway is in use for grain fields.

A boy who doesn't like to work never has any trouble in convincing his mother that he is sick.

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